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THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

BY

ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

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M C M I V

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TO MY SISTER
ANNIE L. TOWNE

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PREFACE

IN the autumn of 1902, at the request of The Outlook Company, I began the long journey so frequently mentioned in the following pages. The purpose of the journey was an investigation, as nearly complete as the brief time at command should permit, of the ideals and achievements of American women—in the professions, in municipal affairs, in the arts, and, above all, in the home and things pertaining to home-making.

Even at the very beginning of my travels, this object had appeared to me sufficiently large to give soberness to the glowing enthusiasm with which I entered upon my task: but, as my journey, with its multiplicity of new and unexpected experiences assumed proportions far beyond its originally planned

limits, so also did its purpose grow in breadth and in depth of meaning; with this difference: that, whereas my travels eventually were ended, my investigation increasingly seemed merely to have been begun. One of my friends to whom before leaving New York I confided the object of my quest, exclaimed: "It isn't an especially small object!" And, even while I agreed with her, I could not refrain from adding: "It is related to a not particularly small subject!"

In a journey extending over very nearly the entire United States, and occupying only six months in time, but little beyond observations of the subject, too often hasty and not infrequently casual, could be made. Almost at the very outset, I realized that if I devoted the few days which were all I usually was able to spend even in a city of great size, to collecting statistics concerning the women of that city and their occupations, I should be obliged to forego the more vivid advantage of personal meetings with these women, and personal visits to the actual scenes of those occupations. Whenever, therefore, it became necessary to choose between an experience, however minute, and a report of that experience, however comprehensive, I almost in-

variably chose the former. The choice, to be sure, was usually more involuntary than premeditated; a woman appealed to me so much more keenly than did an account of her attainments; a glimpse of her work had for me far more interest than any report of its processes possibly could have.

Statistics and reports, it is true, I did gather in great abundance. But, when finally, my journey, if not my investigation, was quite finished, and I began to write an account of its happenings and discoveries, I found that, not my note-books with their arrays of figures, not the pamphlets and calendars with which my trunk was well-nigh filled, but the memories of the women whom I had met comprised the significant, and the real, results of my travels.

A little white pearl button, from a baby's cloak, held more suggestions of the lives of women on remote Western ranches than were contained in all my laboriously acquired statistics. A small purple flower, from a pine-grown mountain-side in Oregon, falling one day from between the pages of the volume of Keats which had borne me company in that far-away country, recalled more definitely to my mind those women whom I had met

on farms, than the ample reports with which I was furnished.

And so it has happened that when I have in the forth-coming pages, used my note books at all, I have used them only as backgrounds, trusting that to my readers, as to me, people are more interesting than things, and that the comparatively few women of whom I have written in these chapters may prove to them more appealing than would such statistical accounts of a larger number of women as I, after a so short preparation, could have made.

As often was said to me, my object was not small. For that assistance in its pursuance, lacking which I could scarcely have so much as begun my happy labor, my thanks are due to many persons; first of all, and most of all, to the editorial staff of The Outlook, and the members of The Outlook Company for whose courtesy, kindness, generosity, and loyalty it would be difficult to find adequate words of appreciation; next, to all my old friends, who helped me with a sweet and unwearied zest which was in itself a lovely and a constant inspiration; last, but by no means least, to those many, many new friends and acquaintances with whom I met along the way of my far

journey ; their patience, their ready sympathy and their gracious hospitality, it would not be possible to remember too gratefully.

And now, it only remains for me to bid farewell—somewhat affectionately—to my chapters and to express the hope that, because they are few and brief, they may find the reader like the reader of olden times—"gentle."

E. M.

Arlington, Massachusetts,
November, 1904.

THE PIONEER WOMAN OF THE WEST

THE PIONEER WOMAN OF THE WEST

I

THE PIONEER WOMAN OF THE WEST

A MAN of keen vision and no less keen sympathy, who knows the pioneer life of the West very well—"as well as any one not a part of it could know it," to quote Mr. William R. Lighton—once told me that it reminded him of nothing so much as Dr. van Dyke's description of the Laurentian Hills: "Here you do not need to keep to the path, for there is none. You may make your own trail."

Does the life of any other section of the country remind us, even remotely, of this description? In the South, for instance, is there not a path, clear and unmistakable? We all know that there is; and we know, too, that until in the fullness of time the people of the South complete a new path, as clear, as unmistakable, they must needs often, indeed,

keep to the deeply worn way of the old one, lest, bewildered, they lose themselves, even in the familiar forests. The very word "trail" —has it not a strange sound to New England ears? The trails made in New England— have they not long, long since widened and broadened into trodden avenues?

It is only in the West that there is no path. In this new country, in this land without the background of a fixed condition, in this wilderness traversed by none of the paved roads of the traditional, you may make your own trail; you may be, indeed you must be, a pioneer. Unquestionably, it is a great love for this large liberty which creates and distinguishes the pioneer. Is it not, perhaps, the finding of it and the using of it that makes the pioneer life so palpitating, so warm, so radiant, and of such consequently immeasurable importance in the development of the Nation?

We have been encouraged by Mr. Bret Harte, as well as by many other persons, to believe that this is true of the men who by nature and choice are pioneers. Is it not even more vividly true of those women who venture into the pathless land? A woman must have twice a man's confident strength

before she can quite wish to venture; thrice a man's inducement before she quite will venture. A pioneer woman whom I met only last winter told me this; and remembering still the look in her eyes when she said it, I know that it is true.

I met her in the most casual possible manner. One day, in February, I went from Omaha, Nebraska, over to the town of Lincoln to visit the State University. That day in February was very far from warm. The wind, my host mildly observed as I left the house at half-past seven in the morning, was noticeable; and the thermometer, my hostess said—urging upon me additional wraps—registered twenty degrees below zero. An acquaintance whom I discovered in the frigid electric car advised me not to go. "The trains will all be late; you may be stranded somewhere," he said. However—perhaps the pioneer spirit is infectious—I continued on my journey. As my acquaintance had predicted, the trains were all late; and on my way back to Omaha from the State University I was stranded in a dreary little way station for three hours. But in that seeming misfortune I found one of the best, one of the most lovely, of all the many

beautiful and good fortunes of my journeyings.

That little Western railroad station may be a cheerier place in June, when the prairie before it is pink with clover and the sky above it is blue, than it was on that afternoon in February. The prairie was brown then, and the sky gray; and the wind outside still very noticeable. Inside, a huge stove made the middle of the unventilated room unbearably warm, and left the remoter corners uncomfortably cold. There must have been other grown persons in the station, but I remember only one, a young woman, sitting in one of the corners, holding a baby in her arms. The baby's only wrap was a white cloak, such as babies wear in Eastern winters. I had seen mothers in Nebraska attire their little children for February days; and this little child was half-coughing, half-crying. Almost before I realized it, I found myself sitting beside the mother and saying, "Is your baby quite warm enough, do you think?"

She looked up quickly. "The air is better here than near the stove," she said, emphatically, "and," she added with dignity, glancing at the baby, "her cloak is warm." She looked at me again, to see if her man-

ner and her words had had a sufficiently quenching effect upon this instance of that form of ardor which presumes to offer unsought advice, however good.

She was so obviously young, so evidently new to the prairie. Notwithstanding her decided words, her firm lips drooped a little; in spite of her determined dignity, her manner was appealing. She was alarmed about the baby, too; and I was sure that the baby was merely cold. I could not bring myself to leave them. While I was still casting about in my mind for some "careful words" with which again to address the mother, she suddenly relented. She seized my hand; "Do you *really* think the baby is cold?" she asked, quickly, impulsively.

"I certainly do," I told her; "although she probably doesn't feel cold," I hastily supplemented. "If we bundle her up more, perhaps she may go to sleep."

"But I haven't anything we can bundle her up *in*," said the mother.

Thanks to my hostess in Omaha, I had many things; and we soon had the small girl nestled snugly in the folds of my long ulster. In a pocket of the coat chanced to be a little gray chiffon veil which, several weeks earlier,

one day in New York, one of my friends had, in response to my protest against her wearing it, laughingly taken off, and then, in turn protesting that she had no way of carrying it, tucked into my pocket. It was exactly what we needed to tie about the baby's delicate throat, and, knowing that my friend would like to have it put to so sweet a use, I gave it to the mother, and she deftly arranged it. Before very long the baby girl actually did cease coughing, cease crying, and go contentedly to sleep.

"She really *was* cold," observed the mother, as though she had doubted it until that moment; "but how did *you* know it?"

"Well, I have seen a great many babies in Nebraska, in February; and they all had on more things—"

"Such as gray chiffon veils around their necks," she interrupted, with a smile. "It *has* made her stop coughing, though," she conceded, naïvely; "but I am afraid you may need it," she added.

"Not in the least," I assured her; and then I told her how I happened to have the veil, and how pleased my friend would be to learn that a tired little child had found it warm and soothing.

A slight shadow crept over the mother's face. "You remind me of college," she replied to my unspoken question. "One's possessions always belonged quite as much to one's friends as to one's self, in college."

"College!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Yes," said the baby's mother, "I was in college two years—in Massachusetts. We handed things about, just in the way you've lent my baby your friend's veil—"

"Which has been in my pocket ever since I left New York," I interposed a trifle reminiscently; the great prairie and the wild wind are very far from the Atlantic seaboard.

It was the turn of my new acquaintance to exclaim. "New York!" she said; "the East! Really, *are* you from there? Have you just come? Have you ever been in Boston! Do you know *my* college? Have you seen the new Abbey pictures? Did you *ever* go to Float Day at Wellesley? Did you ever hear Mrs. Julia Ward Howe recite the Battle Hymn of the Republic? Oh, tell me, please tell me *everything!*" She plied question upon question, like another Rosalind in another Arden. She was so eager, so hungry for news of all those things which, as she presently told me, she had chosen to leave for

this one thing, greater to her, dearer to her than them all, this sharing of a pioneer's life. "Tell me," she repeated; and I told her all that I could of all she asked. Then, seeing that she longed to hear still more, I gave her an account of the recent Twelfth Night festivities at the National Arts Club, and of one of the Artists' Festivals in Boston, and of the performances of "The Hunchback" at Radcliffe College; and I told her much of that dear inconsequent gossip which we all so delight to hear regarding the places we love.

Finally, when I had finished saying that the Museum of Fine Arts might be removed from Copley Square, and that the Browning Society undoubtedly did intend to repeat their production of "The Return of the Druses," and that Wellesley College had adopted student government, there was a short silence. Then the child's mother, her face still bright with her happiness in the home tidings, said, with another touch of that quaint *naïveté* which she had shown so early in our acquaintance, "I suppose you wonder why I care so much about hearing it all?"

"Because you belong to New England, perhaps?" I suggested, tentatively.

She smiled; and then she said seriously:

"No, I don't belong to New England. I was born there, I went to school there, I grew up there—but I belong out here now. I think I must always *really* have belonged out here, though I never *knew* that I did until I knew—" she hesitated for a moment, and then she concluded simply, "the man I married. He belongs out here. He always knew he did; he has been out here since he was a young boy. He came because he wanted to make his own way, in his own way. There is no one to suppress him out here, and nothing to hinder him—and there is so much space!"

Almost unconsciously, she lifted her eyes and gazed out of the window at the prairie, unbounded, unobstructed, pathless. "There is so much space," she said again.

"Yes," I assented, "there is."

She turned and looked at me very nearly as intently as she had considered the brown plain. "I understood how he felt," she said, slowly and earnestly, "and I wanted to come too; so, you see, I don't belong to New England."

"No," I agreed, "you belong here."

"Yes," she said; but her face again became shadowed, ever so little; and I added: "You

do—only, sometimes you feel a little lonely for the things there, perhaps?"

"Yes," she said again, her face still grave; "sometimes I do," and then it was that she said, "It is harder for a woman than for a man. A woman doesn't so easily give up the safe way, the old way; a woman gets so attached to the accustomed order of things. A man isn't so afraid to try new ways." She paused for a moment, and then she repeated more earnestly than before: "But—I belong out here. I want to help try new ways."

Just then the baby girl, who had been sleeping happily all this time, never guessing that we had half forgotten her, stirred; and as her mother and I gently folded her more closely from the cold, she smiled in her sleep. The mother's face lost all its shadow; she turned to me with a smile no less sunny, no less lovely, than her child's. "I do not feel lonely *now* for the old ways," she whispered: "I shall never *really* be lonely for them again."

"I am sure you never really will," I said, with confidence. Then she told me more about her life and her hopes. The story was not unfamiliar; in the West it is not at all unusual. Her husband owned a small cattle

ranch in a neighboring State. That ranch, fifteen miles from the nearest neighbor, thirty-five miles from the nearest town, was her home. It had been her home for not quite two years. The little girl, who was four months old, was her first child. Five months earlier she had gone, as so many women living on remote ranches do go, to a city hospital, where she, and then she and the child, had been cared for. "And now we are going back home," she said, as she concluded the story, so short and yet so deeply, unspeakably significant. Her husband would meet her, she added, at the town, thirty-five miles from the ranch, meet her and their first-born child, and together they would drive, by day and by night, to their home.

"We have our whole lives before us," she said, her face glowing with enthusiasm; "and we can make them what we will. Oh," she exclaimed, "it is glorious to think of it! And," she added with a sweet and fervent gravity, "we intend to make them *good*."

She told me all these things more tenderly and seriously, it is true, but no less simply, than she had spoken of her college days and her childhood spent in rural New England. It was almost evening when she finished.

The gray of the sky had become rose-colored, and one star was shining. The little child still slept; and the mother and I, watching her, did not speak again until the belated train came.

In the train the mother promised to get a thick shawl for the baby before starting on the long drive to the ranch; and she gave me a button from the baby's white cloak as a parting gift. A habit of reading and writing while on the train had led me to take with me that morning a copy of Dr. Rolfe's edition of "Romeo and Juliet," which one of my friends had challenged me to edit from memory according to Miss Adams's version. Just before we reached Omaha I give it to my new-made friend. She smiled a little wistfully as she regarded the slender volume of Pompeian red; it held for her, as it holds for most of us, such countless and subtle suggestions of the mystic circle of the academic life.

"It may be a long time," she said, as we were parting, "before the next time I meet a person who cares how Shakespeare is edited!"

"It may be long, too," I replied, "before the next time I meet a pioneer who is a pioneer indeed!"

She waved her hand to me from the window as the train bore her away. I did not see her again; it is not likely that I ever shall; but I have often thought of her since; and among those possessions of mine which I particularly cherish I count the little button of white pearl that once had a place on her baby's cloak.

"I belong out here," she said; and she does—I am certain that she does. Even in those cold hours, in that dismal station, she kept her sturdy faith, her dauntless courage; she did not so much as lose her quaint humor, her naïve girlish grace. She was so young, so strong, so simple, and, with it all, she was so exquisite. Of a certainty, she does belong out there in the pathless land. Her husband will make the new path of which she spoke with such absolute trust, but, unknowingly it may be to any of them, she—and that not without aid from her little child—will to a great extent determine its direction. Can we not partially foretell that direction, and, foretelling, may we not be very glad?

Somewhat later in the evening of that long February day, when the hospitable warmth with which my kind hostess in Omaha welcomed my return had made me forget how

many degrees below zero the thermometer still registered, I said to her, "Do you know any pioneer women?"

She smiled. "I am the daughter of one," she said; "I am one myself."

With the memory of that other daughter's mother still so new in my thoughts I could feel no surprise. "Please tell me about it," I said.

"There isn't so very much to tell," she began. "My father and mother went out to make a new home. I was a little girl; but I remember about it. We decided where on the claim the house should be built; and I helped clear away the underbrush." She paused, and her face lighted; her voice, when she spoke again, had the happy fervor of the other woman's voice. "I have always liked to remember that house," she said.

Who would not? Have they not a peculiar power, those men and women who as children helped clear away the underbrush on the Western claims on which their fathers and mothers decided to make new homes? My hostess had; and her own children reflected it. Her own home was a stronghold. She did so much, she could do so much, with her heart and her mind and her hands; and

her children were "joyous children;" they were capable and zealous; they, too, did much, could do much. Through the whole house there shone the light of a fine vigor, a bright expectancy.

I was saying something of this to my hostess when my host entered the room, followed by the children. "Oh, *that*—that's the very essence of the West," he exclaimed, overhearing my last words. "It is the thing that makes it so magnificent; it might be strong enough without that, but it wouldn't be so splendid."

"How do you account for it?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, heartily, "the women of the West have something to do with it." Are we not all very sure that they have?

An experience which I had very shortly after leaving Omaha deepened my own conviction that they have. The hazards of traveling over the prairies in midwinter are somewhat many and great. Between Omaha and Denver the train, which for hours had been moving very slowly and uncertainly through the deep snow which covered the ground and the falling snow which filled the air, stopped. The conductor, after a pro-

longed investigation, returned to say that a freight train on the track a mile above had been wrecked. "We'll have to stay here until the track is cleared," he added. We stayed there for seven hours. After about two hours the conductor again returned. "They are going to take our engine to help with the wreck," he said; "we'll have to turn off the heat in our train, and it may get cold." It got very cold.

All the other passengers in the sleeping-car were men. They soon left the train and went down to watch the clearing of the track. I sat for a time looking out of the car window. A station was near, and close to the station there was a small frame house. Presently a woman opened the door of the house and stood for a moment in the doorway, staring first at the train and then down the track. Taking my traveling-bag, I immediately left the car and went over to the house. The woman saw me coming and waited.

She grasped my hand as though I had been an old friend; she took my bag; she brushed the snow from my wraps. "Come right in," she said, cordially, "and rest and get warm." It was the greeting of the pioneer to a comrade.

I went in. She placed a chair for me beside the kitchen stove, and while I rested and she made a cup of coffee for me I looked at her. She had the most steadfast eyes that I have ever seen.

"Have you lived here long?" I asked her, when at length she came and sat with me before the kitchen stove—the "friendship fire" of the prairie.

"Our house was the second house built here," she said; "there ain't more than forty houses here now; this is a new town; it ain't fifteen years old."

"And you have seen it grow!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she said, "and it's grown fast; and it'll grow faster, now the railroad runs through here."

"It isn't exactly running to-day," I suggested, partly to break the silence which followed.

She laughed. "No," she agreed; "but most generally it does. Before we had it we used to have to drive over to the next town, twenty miles away, to get it. We had to drive over there to get 'most everything," she continued, reflectively. "There weren't any stores, any *anything* here, 'cept our house and farm and another house and farm."

"There is ever so much more here now, isn't there?" I commented.

"Yes, there is," she said, with a touch of pride. "We've got a school, and a post-office, and three stores, and two churches, and the railroad. The people that's settling around come *here* now to get the train, and see the sights, and buy things—just like we used to go over to the nearest big town when *we* was first settling before we were a town."

"And, after a while, I suppose those people will have a town of their own—" I began.

"Oh, yes, if they work hard and keep straight," she said, confidently; "and there'll probably be more people who'll settle around *them*. There's plenty of room for new towns out here."

"And plenty of courage in the people who make them," I added.

She looked at me with a new friendliness in her unwavering eyes.

"Yes," she said, with a fullness of meaning. "And there has to be; it takes grit, 'specially in a woman."

"Oh!—it must—I know," I said quickly.

"I came when I was married," the woman

began slowly; "that's when women generally do. I lived in the town that was twenty miles near; my husband did too. But he wanted to start out for himself, and prospects was good over here. He got this land and we came. We've been real prosperous and happy. My husband's a good man and we've got good children, and things have turned out well with us. But it's took grit."

It was the pioneer story again, in all its strength and its simple, unconscious grandeur. The woman recounted it in still further detail. She told me about her children, who did not return from school before I left; and about her husband, who was at that moment helping remove the wreck from the track a mile above.

He came in as I was reluctantly preparing to go. I had given to my hostess as farewell tokens various trifles from my bag, and, seeing them, he smiled, though not unkindly. His wife's womanly delight in a pale-blue silk scarf and a soft linen collar, which, as he remarked, looked like a bit of tissue-paper, gave him a certain amused pleasure.

"Women can't help liking fine things," he said to his wife, but she only smiled by way of reply.

As he carried my bag back to the train he repeated, musingly: "Women can't help liking fine things. They have all kinds of good ways." He smiled again, gently. "It's why they make such a dif'rence," he said, in the manner of one voicing for the first time a newly discovered truth; "it's why they do —'specially here."

"They make a great difference here, don't they?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "they make it good or bad, more or less, 'cording to how they want it." I thought of his wife; how she had wanted it no one meeting her could fail correctly to surmise; how she had made it, in her own case, no one meeting her husband could fail unmistakably to see. She had said herself, "Things have gone well with us;" and her husband had said, "Women like fine things; they have all kinds of good ways."

One of my friends in Portland, Oregon, to whom, shortly afterward, I was relating some of my experiences, agreed with me that there was something particularly appropriate in the manner in which I had met these women who had told me most about the pioneer life. Almost invariably I happened upon them through some unexpected chance;

in every instance I met them, not at a journey's end, but along a journey's perilous way. Traveling from Denver to Portland, I met still another at a small town in Idaho, where the train stopped for breakfast. Her two children and her husband were with her. They lived fifty miles from the town, and they had driven that fifty miles in the March weather to take the train; but they were not tired.

"We are used to long distances and to all kinds of weather," the woman said; "and we are so glad to be on time for the train."

The train continued on its way to Portland. From the boundaries of Portland, a city of as fixed a social order, of as mellowed a provincial culture, as Cambridge, Massachusetts, the pioneer life seemed as remote as it seems from Harvard University itself. I soon found, however, that it was not.

One day, as I was going up the Columbia River in a trading vessel to a mountain village in Oregon, I met another pioneer woman. She was standing alone on the calm side of the boat's deck, looking down at her hand, on which there was a ring, very new, very bright. She glanced up just as I, seeing her, turned away to return again to the

other side of the vessel from which the wind had driven me. "Don't go," she said.

"But wouldn't you rather have me go?" I asked her.

"No," she assured me; "and it may be a long time before I see a woman again."

"Do you live on a farm?" I asked, seeing that she wished me to speak.

"No; but I am going to live in a lumber camp," she replied. She again looked down at her hand, at the ring, so new and so bright. "I was married to-day," she said.

Before she could say anything further her husband, who evidently had been but a moment gone, returned, and I left them.

Late in the afternoon the vessel stopped, as it so often had stopped that day, running aground in the sand, at the foot of the great tree-grown mountains. Two members of the crew threw a plank from the boat to the dry sand; and the woman with the new ring, and the man who had given her the ring, stepped to the shore. The woman was very young, and the childlike gown she wore accentuated her youth. Against the gaunt heights of the mountains she appeared strangely sensitive and fragile and small.

She hesitated for a moment after reaching

the shore; and the man, turning to wait for her, slipped on the sand. Instantly she seized his arm to stay him; had he not caught her, she would have fallen. They stood motionless for a little time; then the man held out his hand. The woman grasped it, and slowly and unfalteringly they went together up the sandy way and into the woods at the edge of the mountains. Until the trees hid them from sight I watched them, the woman holding the man's hand that he might not slip, and the man stepping very firmly, lest, slipping, he bring hurt to the woman. Simple as the picture was, it was profoundly beautiful and impressive; and a Western man, old in years and rich in knowledge, to whom I described it, chose to consider it deeply symbolic of the pioneer life of the West.

As the boat pushed away from the shore, and continued on its course up the river between the mountainous coasts of Washington and Oregon, I said to the captain, who stood near:

"Is there a path through the woods over there?"

"To the camp, where those two are going?" he replied. "No, there isn't any path; but that man can make one, all right."

Without a doubt, he could; and, remembering the woman who was with him, I believe, without a doubt, that he did.

Not very long ago one of my friends in Boston was showing me a priceless relic of the days of John Alden and Priscilla—a relic rather more of "the Mayflower of Plymouth," perhaps, than of the "fair-haired, taciturn stripling." My friend remarked upon this, and then she said: "Still, after all, the Pilgrim Mothers meant quite as much to America as the Pilgrim Fathers!" Who would question this? They meant very much to America, those pioneer women of that time; and these Pilgrim Mothers of the West, the pioneer women of this time, mean no less. So long as they go out into the wilderness, so long as they help make the trail, we need not fear for the West, for its present nor for its future. They are strong, and their strength they will give to their children; and the strength of these women is that which is "as the strength of ten," for their hearts are pure, and they are true and brave.

THE WOMAN IN THE SMALL TOWN

II

THE WOMAN IN THE SMALL TOWN

IT has often been said of us in America that we have no leisure class; that as a Nation we resemble Paracelsus at the moment of his attainment:

> "Too bent on gaining more to calmly stay
> And scrutinize the little which he gained."

This criticism is directed not only against American men, but also, and in equal degree, against the women of America. A foreigner usually is the critic; an Englishman who has lived a disturbed week in New York, or a Frenchman who has tarried an amused fortnight in Washington, or a German who has lingered a perplexed month in Chicago. "American women are too busy; they do too much of too many things," exclaimed one of these at the end of his first day in New York.

But New York is not America, and the women of New York do not make up the entire sum of American women. Indeed, if one chooses to be statistical, one may say that fully three-fourths of all the women in America are to be found, not in cities at all, but in small towns and country villages, and on Eastern farms, Western ranches, and Southern plantations.

These places, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the United States, often far from large cities, are, without doubt, difficult of access to strangers. It may be for this reason that foreigners do not more frequently seek them; and, finding them, discover that in these little communities life is not filled to overflowing with too much of too many things, that in these quiet towns women are not too busy, that here, if anywhere in America, are people who comprise a leisure class.

Toward the end of last January I went directly from a somewhat breathless and overwrought visit in Chicago to a small town in the mining district of Michigan. Very nearly the very first words I heard upon alighting from the train formed, as I soon discovered, a keynote to the happy conditions of things

in that absorbingly interesting town. My hostess waited, with characteristic serenity, while arrangements regarding the transportation of my luggage to her home were being quickly made; then, commenting upon the "left-over remainders" of haste which I had brought from Chicago, she said, with a smile, "You needn't hurry here; there is plenty of time." I had warned both my host and hostess that I should ask many questions, and, forgetting that I need not hurry, I at once began. "Why is there plenty of time here?" I said to my hostess.

She meditated for a moment, and then she said, enigmatically, "Wait, and you will see."

So far as I did see, I think the reason for a certain charmingly leisure spirit with which the women of that town led their unmistakably busy lives was due to the fact that their interests, though keen, were few; that their activities, though deep and real, were not various. Moreover, in social intercourse there was not from day to day a medley of new and unexpected elements. Society consisted in a quiet meeting together of a few familiar friends, not in an excited arriving and departing of a crowd of semi-strangers and

casual acquaintances. The women there, in that society, did not "touch and go, and sip the foam of many lives." The size of the town alone made this impossible; as my hostess said, "Every one knows every one else; there is not the stimulus of meeting continually many new people."

Neither were there the restlessness, the superficiality, which sometimes are the results of meeting too often too many new people. There were, on the contrary, a repose and a definiteness of individuality which almost every woman I met in the town possessed, and which, in two or three, amounted to a real distinction.

Some one in the city of Washington to whom I once said, "What do you think the women of Washington are especially interested in?" replied, "Everything!" When I put a similar question regarding the women of that place to a woman in the town in Michigan, she said in surprise, "Why, it depends upon the particular woman!"

I found that it did. One young woman, who called upon me shortly after, was, one of her friends, an earlier caller, had mentioned to me, a lover of vocal music, and herself an excellent singer. She had lived most of her

life in the town, and was a teacher in one of its remarkably well-conducted public schools. I rather wondered as to the direction which her love for music had taken; and I asked her friend what she sang. Then, observing that she looked puzzled, I added in explanation, "Church music, or ballads, or—"

"Oh, that depends upon *where* she sings," was the explanation, given in a slightly amazed tone.

This amazement I was not long in understanding. On Sunday morning I recognized the young woman among the men and women of the vested choir; she sang with the chorus, and at the offertory she sang the solo. Her voice was one of the most exquisitely sweet and sympathetic that I have ever heard. Just before the evening service I went with the rector of the parish over to the choir-room to watch the little girls, of whom there were at least half as many in the choir as there were little boys, robe themselves in their crimson vestments. The soloist of the morning had already arrived. She at once turned to the rector and began to discuss with him some musical matter which dealt strictly and somewhat technically with purely ecclesiastical music. Her friend, who also was a member

of the choir, was standing near, adjusting her mortar-board cap. "It is church music that she sings," I said, indicating the soloist.

"Why, of course—in church," she replied, with some suggestion of bewilderment.

Later in the week I went to a presentation of "Queen Esther," given by the school-teachers of the town. The young woman who loved vocal music sang the part of the Queen, and sang it with much charm and taste, and evidence of careful preparation.

At her school she sang with her pupils. One evening her friend, remembering that I had spoken of ballads, asked her to sing several for my benefit, which she did in a really delightful manner.

"She sings all kinds of music," I said to her friend.

"Oh, yes," she agreed. "You see, singing is the thing she does."

It was indeed. The rector told me that she was called upon to do it continuously, for widely differing occasions, quite as a matter of course. He added that much of her training, which evidently was very good, she had obtained without direct instruction. "It's the thing she is interested in," he said.

Her daily work was the teaching of a primary grade in a public school. Aside from the interests of her work, she had this other interest, definite, predominant; and she devoted herself to it almost to the exclusion of any other occupation apart from her teaching, so variously, so completely; and gave of it with such simple and adaptable generosity. And this because she had that leisure which is possible only in the small community—the leisure which comes of contact with few persons, and these the wonted few.

Aside from those things which go into the strengthening of the one supreme effort in some particular direction which each one of us makes, is there anything that we do, or can do, very thoroughly in the city? Is there any one of us who can have but one secondary interest? Are we not, in short, constrained, as well as inclined, to a contact with too many persons and an ensuing interest in too many things? Though we may find compensations for the conditions of city life, we must still admit that those conditions forbid leisure, and deny to us that intangible grace of life which only leisure can give, and which, to so large a degree, is to be found in

small towns, especially in the lives of women in small towns.

Another young woman gave most of her leisure during the summer, she told me, to the cultivation of her flower garden. Almost every one whom I met in the town lamented the fact that my visit had not been arranged for a summer month. "Because you ought to see that lovely garden," they explained when I asked why they regarded January as so inopportune a season.

"What does she do with her flowers?" I asked one of the gardener's friends.

"She gives them away," was the reply.

"To whom?" was my next question.

"To every one," said the friend, comprehensively. "She decorates the church every Sunday with the loveliest ones, and she sends them to people who are ill, and to people who are well, too; and to people in trouble, and to people who are happy. They go all over town, the flowers from her garden."

The gardener had not contented herself merely with gardening. She was a student of botany. She used a microscope with no little skill, and had in her possession a most beautiful and scientifically arranged herbarium of interesting and in two instances

somewhat rare specimens of native wild flowers, which herbarium she had herself made.

"I am very much interested in flowers, you know," she said to me.

In the city, is an interest in flowers always quite so large, quite so sweet and far-reaching, quite so distinct as this? As a woman living in a city said in reply to the question: "If not, the reason is that there are so many things to do that there is not enough time to do so much of any one thing."

The friends of my hostess in that town in Michigan made up a charming circle. I soon met them all, for they called with punctilious promptitude, and, because of their affectionate regard for my host and hostess, welcomed me into their circle with a friendly cordiality which it is a pleasure to remember. The very manner of that welcome was typical and significant; it took as many forms as there were women who gave it. None of my visitors made any inquiries whatsoever as to what absorbed my days; but they told me, sometimes unknowingly, what absorbed theirs, and invited me, often unconsciously, to share it. Did not Emerson regard this as the ideal of hospitality?

One woman came to call, accompanied by her little baby girl. She was a sweet little child, too shy to speak very much, but still not ill at ease.

"She seems accustomed to calling," I said to my hostess.

"She is," was the reply; "her mother often takes her. Sometimes she brings her to the meeting of the church sewing guild."

"What is her mother particularly interested in?" I asked.

"Her home," said my hostess, "and her children, and the church."

These are the three great interests of most women in small towns. The life of the village wife and mother is centered in her home, and the life of her home is largely determined by her relationships with her church, for her home is linked with other homes chiefly through her connection with those many "gatherings together" for a common purpose which make the churches of small and isolated communities "meeting-houses" in the truest meaning of the word.

The church of the village is the organizer of its society. Not only is it the one place in the town in which very nearly all the people of the town habitually assemble, and by

that very assembling quicken the social instinct which no one of us, however solitary, lacks, but also it creates and permeates social customs.

Several years ago, in a little town in the farming region of Minnesota, I came to know a woman who, at the time when I saw her first, was living in a boarding-house and impatiently awaiting the completion of her own house, for the building of which she and her husband had long been planning and saving. Few of the families of the town employed servants, and more than one of the busy mothers frankly envied their neighbor's luxurious existence, and advised her to enjoy it while she could.

"You certainly won't have quite so much spare time when you are in your own home," I said to her one afternoon. She had several children, and I knew that, like most of her friends, she would be without what all the people of that section, true to Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's rhyme, described as a "hired girl."

"No," she replied, "I sha'n't have so much time, but I shall have other things. I don't like to board; it's easier than keeping house, but it's not so nice."

"It isn't very homelike," I commented.

"Of course it isn't," she continued; "and it does so cut one off from society."

Her words were most impressive, but I soon realized that she meant something very simple and explicit by them.

"How does it?" I questioned.

"In every way," she explained. "I can't return the hospitality of the family friends; I can't do anything of that kind. I can't have the ladies in to afternoon tea; my husband can't have his friends in evenings; I can't have the choir come for a social gathering, nor the children's companions for a party. I can't invite the sewing guild to meet with me, and I can't entertain my minister and his wife." She ceased her rueful recital and said with a laugh: "But I ought not to complain; our house is almost finished, so I sha'n't be out of things much longer."

The things to which she referred were the social functions she had cited; each one of these grew out of her union with her church. In order that she might contribute her share to the common social fund, and thus render herself free to partake of these things, its benefits, and to secure them for her husband

and children, she needed, and she knew that she needed, her own home.

I went away from that village in Minnesota before the house of my friend was quite finished; and long before I returned again it had become an accustomed fact, even to its mistress, who dispensed its hospitality with untiring zest and warmth. I did not, as I had hoped to do, go to her town last winter, but I met her, by a happy chance, in an adjoining city, whither she had gone for a short visit. She gave me a brief account of our mutual acquaintances in her village, and then she told me at great length of various improvements which she and her husband had made in the furnishings and surroundings of their home.

"I like to think of your house," I said to her. "You have been quite as glad to have it as you expected to be, haven't you?"

"Yes," she said, contentedly, "I have. There is a lot of care and work about it, but I don't mind. We enjoy our home, my husband and I and the children; and," she added, naïvely, "our friends do, too."

I remembered a tendency I had had when in her town to pause involuntarily at her front gate. "I know they do," I said warmly,

and she colored with pleasure, for in her the social instinct was very strong.

"I don't know how it is in a city," she went on to say, "but in a small town a woman can't get any satisfaction out of life—especially a woman with a family—unless she has her own home. She can't do her part any other way, and her children don't grow up with the right idea of things."

Certain it is that she was doing her part. As for her own idea of things, was it not utterly and exactly right? It is true of America, as it is not true of any other nation of the world, that any pursuit which a woman shows herself desirous and capable of following, she is free to follow. And American women have proven themselves very able in very many directions; but in small towns—and three-fifths, at least, of the women of America are in small towns—it is in the making of homes that they are most able, that they do their parts best.

They make their homes, as artists make great pictures, not so much because they will, as because they must. Like great artists, they give to the making, themselves; and out of their renunciation, out of their travail, and out of their joy are builded up and

welded together these households, simple, happy, and good, which are our greatest national strength, as well as our most typical national achievement. Whatever America may be in the future, it is to-day a nation of small communities; and these communities are merely groups of homes, made by American women.

The women of villages, so far as I have known them, take very little interest in the life of the outside world. This can scarcely be regarded as an unavoidable ill; for even when journeying is not possible, newspapers are readily to be obtained; and many villages have their libraries and reading-rooms.

My hostess in the village in Michigan considered for some moments before she replied to my question, "Why is it that the vital matters of the outside world are not of vital interest to the people, especially to the women, here?" Then she said: "Because these matters *are* outside; they have no immediate bearing on conditions here."

Chicago was comparatively easy of access to that town; many of the residents subscribed regularly to Chicago newspapers; several women of the town went not infrequently to Chicago; but there was not one

habit of custom in the entire order of things in the place as they were directed by women which even remotely suggested any influence imposed by Chicago. That the result was a certain provincialism need hardly be said, but it was at least a provincialism after its own kind, not after the kind of Chicago.

A town which I visited in Minnesota after leaving Michigan seemed to me even more isolated, and with less apparent reason, than the town in Michigan. It was very near Minneapolis. Furthermore, Minneapolis comes more frequently and more closely into contact with New York than any other city west of Cleveland, and yet the women of that town lived even more to themselves than the women in a somewhat inaccessible village in the swamps of Mississippi to which later I went. Two of them whom I particularly remember were persons of the most delicate refinement. They ordered their homes and trained their children after the time-honored ways of gentlewomen; they were accomplished and well-read and mentally alert; but they were curiously untouched by the world so immediately outside them. It interested them in some sort, it is true, but they had not in the slightest degree that subtle feel-

ing of kinship with it which women of their kind living in cities invariably possess to so great a degree.

The explanation goes back to the pioneer days. Minnesota is not an old State. Its pioneer life is not yet completely merged into its village life. The farm of the earlier time was necessarily out of any possibility of communication even with the next farm during many months of the year; for the next farm was seldom less than fifteen miles away, and the roads were often closed by storms. The women of the farm learned to live much alone. Is it strange that their children, the women now living in the towns which have grown up around those farms, should still keep in so large a measure apart?

New York and Boston, however, have much less effect upon the circumstances of life in the small towns of the New England and Middle Atlantic States than we are accustomed to suppose. I was much amazed to discover that this was true even of villages directly on the main railroad and within less than a day's journey of the one city or the other. One New England town to which I went was about four hours distant from Boston, on the one hand, and five hours from

New York, on the other; but so far as I saw, and so far as all the women whom I met convinced me, even those things which are most characteristic of life in New York and in Boston did not, by force of imitation, enter into the customs or into the conversation of that town.

A woman to whom I expressed my natural surprise at this unexpected provincialism—as she herself somewhat proudly named it—said emphatically that by nothing but by force of imitation could metropolitan usage, or even so much as an interest in metropolitan affairs, come into a small town!

"But why?" I ventured.

"Because they have no proper place in a small town," she said.

"Why not!" I again queried.

"For the reason that the people of a small town can take no active part in them," she replied.

"Not when the town is so near two cities as this?" I advanced, tentatively.

"No," she insisted; "because, though this is near, it isn't near enough."

"How near is near enough?" I asked, eagerly.

My new acquaintance tried to say it with-

out smiling, but she could not: "About as near as Montclair is to New York, and Cambridge to Boston." Then she added, more seriously, "Near enough for daily visits. Most of us here can go to the city not oftener than once or twice a year. We *live* here! our interests not only are here, but they should be here. Why should we, for instance, discuss Herr Conried's probable policy in managing the Metropolitan Opera House? What difference does it make to us? We shall not hear the operas, whoever conducts them; so hadn't we much better devote our time to discussing ways and means of getting an organ for the church here? We *shall* hear the organ."

This is a simple social creed; but is it not wholesome? Is it not just because the women of small towns are—unknowingly to themselves, often—broad-minded enough to choose the narrow way, that they have the grace and the vigor of mind and body in which as a nation we so openly glory? To give her time and attention only to those pursuits in which she can and may take an active personal interest would seem to be, not the theory, but the practice, of the women in the small towns in most sections of Amer-

ica. The practice may make her life less variegated as to color than that of women living in cities; or, in other words, she may become and remain provincial, but, as a college professor once said, "to be provincial is to be individual."

Most of the small towns which I visited were so small that though many of them had their theatres—called in many cases opera-houses—they almost never had the opportunity of seeing in those theatres any players of first rank; but they had, far more often than they would have in New York, the opportunity of seeing those plays which transcend all rank. I saw "The Taming of the Shrew" last winter in a little village in Oregon, and "The Merchant of Venice" in a town in Nebraska; in a small place in Massachusetts, a recent "Hamlet," unknown to any city, had been seen; and in Tennessee I heard accounts of "King John" and "Coriolanus." These plays were produced, and every year as many plays of Shakespeare are produced, in remote villages, not so much because the people of the villages wish to see plays acted, as because they have read and do read Shakespeare.

Among cultivated people—and the pro-

portion of cultivated people in villages differs little from that proportion in cities—the desire to see plays acted can be kindled only by seeing plays acted by those few persons who, to quote Mr. William Winter, "possess the dramatic faculty," and who, because they do possess it, can illuminate and endear to us even Shakespeare himself as no commentator, however gifted with felicity of verbal expression, ever can. Is not the most vivid conception of Hamlet in America to-day a remembrance of Mr. Edwin Booth? and has not our Viola somewhat of the elusive loveliness of Miss Julia Marlowe? The women of small towns are indifferent to the acted drama in itself only because they have lacked the occasion to witness it at its best.

Great acting they may not see, but great books, and always good books, they read. The free public libraries and public subscription libraries—one or the other of which I found even in the smallest of Western and Southern towns, as well as in New England villages—had been, without exception, instituted by the women of the several communities. One library in a Mississippi town had been erected and endowed by a woman of

the place, and another, in a village in Nebraska, was, through the energetic efforts of its women readers in raising money for that purpose by means of various festivals, enabled to purchase yearly a considerable number of new books.

The librarians — usually women — were very kind about showing me the books and giving me catalogues, and telling me, in so far as they could, what books were most widely read among the women of their towns. Aside from novels old and new, and poetry old and new, and histories of many times and places, these books were, in all cases, such books as are of a general and permanent nature; books as distantly removed as possible from the faintest hint of the journalistic; books, not about the "questions of the day," but about the questions of all days. Among these were Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution," but not Mr. Jacob Riis's "How the Other Half Lives"; Mr. William Winter's "Shakespeare's Country," but not his "Shadows of the Stage"; Miss Ida M. Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," but not Mr. Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery."

Booksellers in various small towns told me, without any inquiring whatsoever on my

part, that inasmuch as women were their chief customers, their books were selected with more than a little regard to the wants of their patrons. I found an exquisite little copy of Dr. van Dyke's "The Story of the Other Wise Man" in a book-store in a Massachusetts town; and Temple editions, not only of Shakespeare, but of most of his contemporary dramatists, in a similar shop in another Eastern town. In an isolated community in South Carolina I met with a copy of M. Maeterlinck's "Treasure of the Humble."

"Women here read those books which can help them in living their own lives," the rector of the parish in Michigan told me; "not accounts of lives that cannot touch theirs, not academic by-play nor mere cleverness. They read real books."

Reflecting upon the many conversations I had last winter with librarians and booksellers in small towns, as well as with the readers themselves, I think women in most small towns do read real books, and as many of them as they can obtain.

The number of these is seldom large, and the advent of a new book is an event welcomed as joyously as the arrival of an hon-

ored guest. It must indeed be a book of the favored kind, not a book which, however charming, depends in the slightest measure upon that charm for its appeal, nor yet a book which deals with a particular phase or problem of life out of reach of the village.

A woman belonging, as she mentioned, in a little town in the State of New York, impressed this upon me with especial clearness. I sat beside her one day last winter in a train; and, observing the books which I happened to have with me, she asked to look at them. They were Mr. Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto"; a pamphlet copy of Hawthorne, containing "The Great Stone Face"; and that "gentle tale of love and languishment," Thomas Lodge's "Rosalynde."

My traveling companion dipped into all three as freely as she wished, for I assured her that I was in no haste to begin to read; and the journey's end was not within immediate prospect. She read somewhat in each of the three, but it was not long before she closed the other two with an appearance of finality, and gave herself exclusively to the volume of Hawthorne, which was new to her, she said as she returned it.

Then she added: "I had never seen the other two, either."

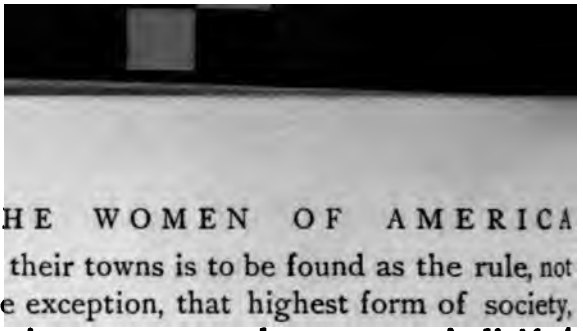
"But they seem not to interest you," I said.

"They don't interest me," she acquiesced, succinctly. "I don't know enough about what a Ghetto is to care for that one; and I think the other one is tiresome."

"The Great Stone Face" touched her own life; and when I begged her to accept the pamphlet, she turned upon me radiantly.

"I do covet it!" she replied; and she surely appeared happy to possess it.

Not only this woman, but the women whom I met, as a whole, in or from small towns, seemed to me to be happy in the deepest sense. Mr. Edward Rowland Sill has said that "nothing short of living some segment of life together" can make two persons into friends; and the women of villages are able to live so many and such large segments of life together. As Valence says, this is "munificently much." They enjoy that finest kind of leisure—the leisure to do few things and to do them fully. Above all, they are very learned in "gracious household ways;" and so make their homes that



THE WOMEN OF AMERICA in their towns is to be found as the rule, not the exception, that highest form of society, the intercourse, not between one individual and another, but between one home and another.

THE SOUTHERN WOMAN AND RECONSTRUCTION

III

THE SOUTHERN WOMAN AND RECONSTRUCTION

IN the South to-day there are women whose girlhood dates back to the time before the Civil War; women who were themselves parts of a civilization never surpassed in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, a civilization the grace and charm and fineness of which have been the themes for many stories told to the little Southern girls of succeeding generations, as they sat at the feet of their elders and touched, with fingers taught to be reverent, a slender chain of pearls, or a quaint brooch, or a delicate bit of lace, sole relics of a grandmother's gay, youthful splendor. Every Southern woman of the present generation has listened many times during her life to these bright chronicles; they are her heirlooms. Throughout all the grief and horror of war her grand-

mother faithfully kept these memories for her mother; and, no less faithfully, her mother cherished them and gave them in time to her, untarnished, unspoiled.

She kept not only memories, the grandmother of the Southern woman of to-day. Her jewels she lost, or by reason of her poverty was forced to pawn; the family silver, the rare old books and pictures and beautiful house-furnishings, went a similar way; her home, the birthplace of her race, as dear to her as her children, she saw burned before her eyes, to gratify the insensate impulses of persons never in happier times admitted within its doors; her rose-vines were trampled beneath alien feet. Her husband returned from the war, if he returned, broken-hearted and old; to live, if he lived, amid the ruin and the desolation of a land once so proud, once so rich. She lost much, the Southern woman of that day; how much, even her granddaughter can never quite count; but, also, she retained much. Impoverished as she became, the children and the grandchildren of her family did not lack their inheritance—"the brave form, and the bright mind, and the great heart—all the world calls rank." These no true woman of

the South lost; these she gave to her daughter; and these are the priceless inheritance of her granddaughter, the Southern woman of to-day. Only yesterday I said to a Southern woman of the present generation, "What do you value most of all that you have?" Without an instant's hesitation she replied, "The standards by which generations of my family were bred."

The cherished traditions, the no less valued memories, are not quite all the inheritance. The woman who recalls, with a woman's memory, the years before the war, recollects, too, the years of the war, and the years of the Reconstruction period after the war. Perhaps these latter years she remembers more vividly than the others, for the iron of the time entered very deeply into her soul; so deeply that she could not hide it from her daughter; so deeply that it touches her granddaughter. It is a portion of her granddaughter's inheritance; from it she can never be severed; even in her happiest hours she must feel always, if not its bitterness, still its pain.

Those women of the South of to-day who —to a degree beyond the imagination of any one unacquainted with the facts—pos-

sess this heritage are, more than any other persons or forces in the country, helping to effect that reconstruction of the Southern States which, completed in 1870, has since been practically overthrown, and at the present time is one of the gravest and most difficult of national problems. Last spring, when, after many years' absence, I returned to the South, it was this change in the temper of the South which, of so many instantly discernible changes, impressed me most. I visited six Southern States, each one already familiar to me, either because I had myself once lived in it or because persons intimately known to me belonged to it in the passionately unalienable manner in which all Southerners, irrespective of the places wherein they may chance to reside, belong unalterably to the native States of their forefathers. I sought those men and women whom I had reason to believe not only knew, but would tell me much that I had not yet been told, even by them, about the Old and the New South; who would tell it unreservedly, realizing that I, a Southerner like themselves, could not hear it easily, nor repeat it very lightly. As I had expected, they told me many things; and all these things strength-

ened my conviction that the Southern women living in the South to-day are taking the initiative in helping their States to forget the war, and in urging the whole South to look, not backward into the past, but forward toward the future.

One evening last April I was listening to a long account of the taking of New Orleans which an old friend, a veteran of the Confederate army, had been giving me as we sat on the steps beneath the roses which again blossom over the galleries of his Southern home, when another friend, leaving the group on the steps of her own house a little way down the street, came and interrupted the "old story of the former day" by questioning me as to the arrangements for the benefit of negroes made in public libraries of the North.

It was a subject upon which I was able to give her very slight accurate information. After promising to investigate and to write to her regarding the matter as soon as I had acquired some definite knowledge of it, I said:

"Do you mind telling me why you ask?"

"Not at all," she replied. "I want to know because we ought to do something

about it down here. Of course, as things are, we can't allow the privileges of our public library here to the negroes. And yet they must have books."

"Do they want them?" I said, rather wonderingly, for I had received a different impression of the negroes of the community.

"No," said my friend, frankly, "they don't; but they *ought* to want them. The only thing to do is to educate them to want them. The only thing to do with the negroes, anyway, is to educate them. It's their only chance, and it's our only hope."

She was silent for a long interval. The veteran of the Confederate forces looked at her keenly for a moment. Then he arose, and gathering several of his choicest roses, held them out to her with stately courtesy.

"Whatever you say about it is right," he said.

When she had gone, her white gown "glimmering through the laurels, in the quiet evenfall," my old friend did not resume his recital of the taking of New Orleans. He busied himself with the rose-trellis for a brief time, and then, turning to me, he exclaimed in a low voice:

"There is no need for anxiety about the South while such women as that woman belong to it!"

Then he told me the story, of which no faintest suggestion had ever before come to me, though many of my childhood's hours had been spent in listening to stories of the past, recounted, not only by this woman herself, but also by her friends. Her husband, my friend the veteran said—and this much I had always known—was the youngest son of one of the proudest families of the entire South. She had married him at the beginning of the war, the very morning before he, a mere boy, rode away so confidently, so bravely, to share whatever good or ill might befall the soldiers of his State. When peace was declared he returned, and after a few piteous months died in the solitary negro cabin which of all the beautiful estate of his family alone remained. "He died as a man of his race would," my old friend said, "defeated but not conquered; the name of his State and the name of General Lee on his lips."

"And afterward?" I questioned.

"Afterward—his wife had no one to help her. She clothed him in his uniform; and,

utterly unprotected, for her natural protectors were dead or in prison, she watched beside his body for two days and a night, until the time for his burial. And the negroes and the adventurers from the North came and looked in at the window of the cabin, and jeered, and threatened her. But she did not quail; none of her family ever did. After his funeral she used to run morning after morning to his grave—the grave she went through unspeakable agonies to get—to see if it had been molested. The negroes used to follow her; but I suppose God didn't altogether forget the South; for the negroes didn't hurt her, and they didn't touch the grave." Too shaken to continue, my old friend the veteran ceased.

A girl playing with a child in the neighboring garden broke the silence with a soft laugh. My friend started; and then he said, with deep feeling: "And that woman, with such memories as I have told you of negroes; that woman, the flower of her family, around the dead body of whose husband, the pride of his family, negroes gathered to insult him and her, that woman comes over to talk about getting a library here for negroes, and educating them!"

"She has helped all the plans for their education here as much as she could," I said, remembering how earnestly she had advocated kindergartens for negro children and sewing classes for negro girls.

"She certainly has," said my friend; "and," he added, "she is always telling *me* that the thing to do is not to keep negroes from voting, but to teach them, so they can vote."

"The very theory of representative Northerners!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said the veteran, his fine head erect, "it is! I need not tell *you*," he went on, "that it is not a theory which any Northerner, no matter how representative, could with impunity mention to me!" His voice softened as he concluded: "But if that woman, with her background, her experience, can suggest it, I—any Southern gentleman—will listen to it with respect, with regard, and, in time, even follow it!"

From a man who gave all that he possessed to the Confederacy; who to the day of Mr. Davis's death referred to him invariably as "the President;" who, in small matters as well as in large, has remained unswervingly loyal to the opinions of the Old South, these words are of the deepest significance. The

decrees of Congress, the views of Northerners whom he confessed to be his equals, he had habitually refused to admit into his consideration of the problem of the negro's political and human rights; but from the woman of his race, whose sorrow, the sorrow of many another Southern woman of her time, he had seen, he was willing to accept actual guidance.

At the present day, in the South, she is not exceptional. Other women, with scarcely less terrible memories, are doing as great service. I remember, among the friends of my childhood, a woman who never failed to discourage in the children of her neighbors the bitterness which another friend occasionally stimulated. When a little girl in one family was permitted to have a frock made of the Confederate gray, and a little girl of another family besought her mother to provide her with a similar garment, it was this friend who interrupted the child's pleading. "The Confederate gray was for the soldiers, in warfare," she said, gently, "not for the little children in time of peace! The war is over now, and we must try really to have peace."

She was very tenderly fond of little child-

ren, particularly little girls; she had no daughters of her own; and though I saw her almost daily during a number of years, I did not hear until a few months ago that she had once had a daughter. The little girl was her first child, born at the beginning of the war. Her husband was away in the army, and the town in which she lived had been captured by the enemy. The young mother, desperately ill as the result of anxiety, exposure, and insufficient nourishment, was unable to give nutriment to her child; and the baby, only three days old, was fed upon hardtack softened in water, all the food that could be obtained either for the mother or the child. The little girl died; but the mother struggled back to life, her spirit so unbroken, her vision so clear, that even when surrounded by the happy, healthy little daughters of her friends, she could still speak the sane word and lead in the right direction.

A woman of her family, to see whom I took in April a two days' journey, told me of many things that she had said and done to improve conditions in her town; how decidedly she had condemned the various ruses by which the negroes on election days were frightened from the polls; with what earn-

estness she had striven to reconcile her family to new circumstances; how friendly she had tried to be to the Northern women who, coming to the South to teach in negro schools, had been ostracized by so many Southerners. "She forgave so much," her relative said, reverently; "she was a grand woman."

"And you?" I asked, presently.

The woman of my friend's family did not fall short of her kinswoman's standard. "I? I'm not grand, but when I remember how *she* suffered, I haven't the heart not to give up my prejudices and help to make things as she thought they ought to be," she said, simply.

She did not tell me much of what she, with tireless industry, tried to do to help in reconstructing her neighborhood; for, like all her family, she was reserved and modest; but her friends told me. In her community, hers is the progressive spirit; she does what she can, and it is much.

In return for the numerous questions I put to her, she asked me, I recollect, if I had ever conversed with Mr. Booker Washington, and if I knew the opinions of educators in the North concerning his theories in com-

parison with those of Mr. Du Bois. She not only advised me to visit the rural negro schools in the South, but gave me every assistance in carrying out her suggestion. If the immensity of the Southern problem oppressed her, the necessity for its solution by the people of the South, themselves, was perfectly clear to her. As she said, no Northerner of to-day, however open-minded and sympathetic, can possibly comprehend fully the present situation in the South.

"We must right things, ourselves," she said. Recalling to mind that older woman of her family, I can but believe that, more than any other influence, it was her voice, silent now, which taught this younger woman of her race to feel that things should be righted.

One of the most beautiful, and one of the most pathetic, services which any woman ever rendered to any nation, the mother of the Southern woman of to-day rendered to the American nation, when she shielded her daughter from a too-early knowledge of the sorrows of her people. No little Southern girl saw aught that could be hidden from her eyes; no girlish life was clouded and embittered through any words that a Southern

mother spoke. When the Southern woman of the present generation came into her womanhood, then, and not until then, was the full weight of the truth brought to bear upon her. Then she learned what particular circumstance had left her mother so fragile physically; what especial memory gave to her mother's eyes such depth; what definite incident had stilled her mother's laugh. The knowledge, so long delayed, had lost somewhat of its bitterness; it left the younger woman, as the older woman had hoped, the more able to help in the righting of the wrong.

When I asked, last May, what woman was most active in the philanthropic work of a somewhat large Southern city, the name instantly mentioned was that of the daughter of a woman of whom I knew this story: The war had taken from her, as it had taken from so many others, all her fortune. She, sensitively made, delicately reared, endured many hardships. One day, during a very warm summer which she was spending with her children away from the city, her youngest child died. Having no means with which to do otherwise, she dressed the little child as she so often had dressed it in its lifetime,

and, holding it closely in her arms, went to the city wherein was the burying-ground of her family.

Her daughter is the inspiration of a great work for the desolate and forsaken, carried on to-day in the large city in which she lives. The one time that I met her, I remember distinctly. I was a child and I gave her a handful of roses; after thanking me, she told me how lovely had been the flowers in the garden in which she had played as a little girl, and how particularly sweet had been her mother's roses. She knew the other story—ah, she knew it well—but she told me about the flowers among which her mother had been brave enough to send her to play, while she, alone, with only her little dead baby, went on the journey to the burying-ground of her family.

"It is a marvel that any of the Southern women lived, that all the children did not die," one of my friends exclaimed recently. She herself was a baby ten days old when General Sherman's army raided the town of her birth. Her mother, still very ill, was obliged to leave her sick-bed in order to escape the flames of her house, to which the soldiers set fire. In her weakness and fright,

she lost sight of the negro nurse to whose charge she had given her baby. Too exhausted to go in search of the child, she sank down upon the steps of a church. An officer, taking compassion upon her distress, went himself, guided by the mother's description, to seek the nurse; and, as my friend said in telling the story, miraculously found her in the crowd, and returned to the mother, holding the baby before him on his horse.

This is only one of the many stories that my friend has told me of her life throughout the years clustering around the Civil War. Of all her stories, it is, perhaps, the least sad. Yet, not only in her own city, but in her State as a whole, to-day, she is one of the most potent influences in favor of the New Reconstruction. Not only does she hold the theory that the salvation of the South can be effected only by the making of the negro into a self-respecting citizen, but, in so far as she can, puts the theory into practice. Just before I visited her in the spring, a negro, upon her recommendation, had been given an important semi-public piece of work, for which he had shown himself capable, and given it, furthermore, in preference to a white man

who had applied for the contract, but was known to be inefficient.

She encouraged me to talk with her young sons about conditions in the North; and, as explicitly as I could, to acquaint them with the standpoints of Northerners with respect to the difficulties of the South. My own personal trust in the judgment of representative Northerners she was not ill-pleased to hear me mention to her Southern boys; and when I said that such Northerners were unfailing in their good will toward the South; that they felt a true sympathy with Southerners; and that they wished, not to direct Southern affairs, but to assist the people of the South in their political troubles, my friend, allied by the closest bonds to all those persons, to all those events, to all those traditions, to all those memories that hold a Southern woman of to-day to the past, said, "I am glad to have my sons see that view of the question."

It must not be understood that Southern women, even of to-day, have lost their sectional prejudices. They are still not quite so much American women as they are Virginians or South Carolinians. A Northern man once asked me why Southerners of to-

day are proud of that circumstance of ancestry which makes them members of a Southern State. Another Northern man suggested that it was loyalty; but when I repeated this explanation to a Southern woman, she smiled slowly. "Loyalty!" she reiterated, "it is not loyalty which makes us proud; it is pride which makes us loyal!" Then she added, "Who could help being proud to belong to a State which could claim as its own such families as made the South what it was, and are making it what it is—families whose women no less than its men have borne themselves always, even amid the downfall of their country, as conquerors, not as conquered!" It is this sentiment, justifiable or not to the Northerner, as the case may be, but deeply rooted in the South, which has impelled the women of the South to place above the portraits of Mr. Davis and General Lee, and over the Confederate battle-flags, wreaths of laurel. However completely any woman of the South of to-day may have come to acknowledge the rightness of President Lincoln's doctrine, a portrait of President Lincoln cannot yet find a place in her home; however loyal she may have grown to the American flag, the Confederate flag cannot

lose its place—its honored place—in her heart and in her house. She is an American woman—an American woman of the South.

The phrase implies so much! All that it holds is not sorrowful, not even somber. That outward aspect of the Southern life of to-day which so delights Northern visitors is not so much a relic of the past as it is a beginning of the future. The beautiful old civilization has vanished, and in its stead is rising up the new civilization, with its promise of a greater, nobler beauty. If the former charm is lost, a truer loveliness is being found; for the people of the South, women as well as men, are slowly gaining in public spirit and extending their love and their loyalty beyond one native State to the whole United States. They are becoming, not less Southern, but more American. Surely a rose-leafy charm were little to relinquish for so great a good as this!

But is the flower-like grace of Southern custom a mere tradition? Does it not still prevail? Northerners are the first to assure us that it does! They return from visits to the South, praising the gracious hospitality of Southern women, the old-school courtesy of Southern men, the sweetness of Southern

children. Indeed, Northerners boast of the qualities of Southerners, particularly of Southern women, more than Southerners ever do, even in their thoughts.

What Southern woman of to-day has not been scrutinized more than once by the keen eyes of some old friend of her mother's youth, and then informed: "You are all very well, my dear, but you will never be the equal of your mother!" The very fact of her mother's superiority over herself is a Southern woman's most treasured pride. The fairy tales of her childhood were chiefly stories of her mother's girlish beauty and grace, as the annals of her womanhood are largely recitals of her mother's courage and strength. How could she fail to recognize in her mother her superior? It may possibly be that her recognition of it has helped her to become a woman perhaps not undeserving of all the encomiums of her Northern guests.

How charming, after all, even to a Southerner, to whom it is so wonted, is the nonchalant gracefulness of Southern life! Not very long ago several Southern families spent a summer in a small New England town. These families were unused to New England, and while in that town lived, they told

me, in a constant condition of surprise and expectation, never knowing what the townspeople might do next. After hearing about that summer from the daughter of one family, I venture to say that the townspeople lived in much the same attitude of mind with regard to their Southern visitors.

My friend realized this in some measure, for she remarked plaintively that a New England neighbor, meeting her one morning as she was crossing the road with a cup of coffee in one hand and a piece of toast in the other, looked "as though she couldn't believe her eyes."

"She couldn't," I said; and then I asked, "How did you happen to have the coffee and toast with you?"

"Why," my friend exclaimed, "while I was at breakfast I thought of something I wanted to speak about to one of the home families boarding across the street."

"You might have left your coffee-cup at home," I said, reproachfully.

"But I hadn't finished my coffee," she said, as though that ended the argument.

So far as she was concerned, it did end it. In her town in the South not only the congregation, but also the rector, and the bishop

war. There are a few such towns in the South, but there are many more whose social fabric was not only touched, but torn to shreds by the war. Material prosperity had so long been enjoyed by those persons who comprised the aristocracy of the Old South that it had unconsciously helped to make a social tradition which could no longer be followed when, in lieu of affluence, the direst poverty fell upon the people who had made the society of the South. Like the political situation, the social situation of the South, disorganized by the war, has not yet had time to reorganize itself. That the reorganization in both instances must be upon a different basis no true Southerner doubts; what that basis will eventually be not even the wisest prophet can quite tell.

That the South has a future as great as her past no American questions. If some earnest Americans not of the South see occasion for discouragement in the present condition of political opinion in the South, they see it perhaps partly because no Southerner can yet discuss fully with any person excepting another Southerner the problem of the South. A partial view is always disheartening; but that sad barrier which the

war put between people who, whether Northern or Southern, were all American, sometimes makes itself felt still; and Southerners find themselves reticent even with Northerners who are their warm personal friends, of whose understanding and sympathy they are certain.

I asked a Southern woman recently why she thought this was the case. "Northerners do understand sometimes; they do sympathize," she agreed with me. "But," she added, "it is not their problem. They understand it because they are broad-minded; they sympathize because they are human; but we—we know because we have suffered from it."

But is it not a great deal gained that the North and the South, if not yet intimate, are at least friendly once more? Will not the complex problem be solved that much more easily, and the barrier be forgotten all the sooner?

The New Reconstruction is beginning in the South, and the future of the South promises a brightness as great as the hope of its present. The Southern woman of yesterday did much to bring about this better condition of things, and the Southern woman of to-day

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN COLORADO

IV

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THE question as to the granting to women of those political privileges now held chiefly by men, of the imposing upon women of those political duties as yet performed mainly by men; the question of woman's suffrage, in other words, unless it threatens the immediate community in which we live, is a problem regarding which a few Americans, it is true, have the most ardent possible convictions, either pro or con, but in respect to which the majority of us in America, whether men or women, are, if not indifferent, still somewhat neutral. This neutrality is the result of a real perplexity. Mere presentations of the problem fail to compel our instant interest; do not succeed in gaining our vivid attention.

We go to hear the suffragist's speech; her

burning words leave us cold. Why has she not melted us to a belief as fiery as her own in her solution of the problem? The anti-suffragist, before the echo of his antagonist's words has ceased, replies to her address. We hear appreciatively his brilliant oratory; but why do we not, illumined by its light, pledge allegiance to his answering of the question? Open to conviction, we find ourselves curiously unconvinced; always ready to "listen to reason," involuntarily responsive to it under other circumstances, we listen to the very firmest reason concerning equal suffrage, and are left but little impressed, strangely unresponsive. Has the abstract question so meagre a vitality, or do those persons to whom it is unmistakably a living issue err in their methods of presenting it before audiences to whose actual experiences it is unknown?

At a college settlement, one winter, the girls belonging to a club in which I was especially interested challenged an organization composed of boys of approximately the same age as themselves to debate with them this subject: Resolved, That Women Should Vote.

Both clubs chanced to be unusually inter-

ested in the question, and the challenge was at once accepted by the boys. Their eagerness to argue the negative side—which was, needless to say, the side apportioned them—the exultation with which they found and read anti-suffrage essays, addresses, and even sermons; the enterprise they displayed in collecting columns of unfavorable statistics; in short, the zest with which the boys undertook to debate *this* subject: Resolved, That Women Should *not* Vote, stimulated not only the girls, but more than one resident of the settlement, to really strenuous exertions in the direction of framing arguments for the affirmative side. One resident who had the privilege of Miss Alice Stone Blackwell's acquaintance actually contemplated calling upon Miss Blackwell for aid, after hearing a rumor from one of the girls to the effect that "one of the boys had written to Dr. Lyman Abbott!"

The girls lost the debate; to their chagrin, and to my great surprise. Argumentatively, they had presented a far stronger case than the boys; as even those persons in the audience whose sympathies were entirely with the negative side admitted. "Logically, the affirmative side wins," I said to one of these.

"Yes," she granted, "but the advisability of woman's suffrage isn't a question of mere abstract logic."

"Why not?" demanded one of the girls.

"Because it contains certain elements of sentiment," replied her opponent.

"Please explain," I asked, in response to an appealing glance from one of the defeated side.

"I mean," the anti-suffragist willingly replied, "that the field of politics is a battle-field, in which the ballot is the chosen weapon of defense and attack. There is, among certain men and women, a deeply rooted instinct which, in the face of the most irreproachable reasoning, still tells them that the military life cannot be properly lived by a woman."

The girls had gathered about her and she paused, looking into their earnest faces. "You understand what I mean?" she said, inquiringly.

"Yes," one of them returned, "but why should they have such a feeling? Are they afraid the woman will hurt the military life?"

"No," said the older woman, quickly; "they are afraid she may hurt herself."

When, presently, she was preparing to go

home, one of the girls, after a slight hesitation, detained her. "There are *other* men and women," she said, "who have the opposite instinct, who feel that the military life *can* properly be led by a woman. *They* are not afraid she will hurt herself. Which side is right?"

The anti-suffragist smiled a little sadly.

"Which, indeed!" she exclaimed. "We must wait to know. Time, perhaps, may tell; argument never can."

This reply, and indeed all the other incidents relative to that debate at the college settlement, frequently forced themselves into the foreground of my memory during the weeks I spent last winter in Colorado. For ten years the women of Colorado have had the use of the ballot; for ten years they have been—to use the phrase of the anti-suffragist of the settlement—living the military life. Have they been of value on the battlefield of politics? Scarcely a day passes in Colorado wherein this question is not answered, in the affirmative or in the negative. A singularly clear-minded woman whom I met in Colorado Springs explained to me that this diversity of reply is not unnatural. "Ten years is not a very long period of time," she

said; "by no means long enough to form the basis of but one true answer to so grave and many-sided a question. Women in Colorado, in the use they have made—and not made—of their political power, have helped, and they have hindered."

It happened that when I reached New Orleans, several weeks after leaving Colorado, the National American Woman's Suffrage Association was meeting in that conservative city, and giving rise to considerable discussion among the people of New Orleans regarding the desirability of equal suffrage as an aid in solving the political problem of the South. I heard many impromptu dissertations and arguments in connection with the subject, one of which I remember with particular clearness.

One evening a group of Southern women and Southern men, all of whom chanced to be somewhat closely allied with public interests of no small importance, were discussing the matter with eager interest and earnestness. Knowing that I had so recently been in Colorado, they asked me many questions as to its influence upon public life and municipal affairs in that State.

When they had put to me quite as many

inquiries as they desired, and after I had given replies to the full extent of my ability, there was a momentary silence. Then, before the "ball of talk" could again be "tossed on high," one of the company, who throughout the evening had listened much more than he had spoken, said slowly:

"You have all talked a great deal about the influence of woman's suffrage in public life. But what about private life? You have argued at great length about the effect of the woman's ballot upon other people. But what about its effect upon *her?* What has it done to *her*, for *her?* It seems to me that's a pretty important part of the question."

The speaker was not an opponent of equal suffrage. As he frankly said, he was, on the contrary, inclined to regard it, as a theory, with distinct favor; but none the less, he asked, as I have since heard many other persons, whether in sympathy with the one side or the other of the subject, ask: "What has the ballot of the woman done in Colorado, not to politics, but to that woman herself?" Has she, as so many earnest persons feared she might, hurt herself with the weapon; or has she, as no less large a number of equally earnest persons believed she could, used

that weapon without any personal injury whatsoever?

A period of ten years is, no doubt, too small to serve as a foundation for a single, comprehensive and unalterable answer even to the smallest [illegible]n as to the actual resultant effect of [illegible] suffrage upon public affairs in Color[illegible] A new political expedient cannot, pe[illegible] be fully tested in ten years. In the [illegible] State ten years form undoubtedly n[illegible] fraction of the whole; but in the life of a wo[illegible]man, do not ten years mean a great deal? In one year a woman may work such injury to herself as to make even so immediate a reparation impossible. That the majority of those women in Colorado who are actively engaged in politics have hurt themselves with the ballot, and hurt themselves very cruelly, appeared to me, during my visit to Colorado, to be so unmistakably apparent as to leave little room for that doubt concerning the matter which I would have preferred to retain.

It had seemed to me at once interesting and significant that women in Colorado not yet old enough, legally, to vote, gave evidence of such slight interest in their approaching political privileges. I met a large

number of girls of varying ages in various places in Colorado; most of them talked to me with every appearance of sincerity concerning their imminent public responsibilities; but only one expressed an enthusiasm for the political situation in her State. Many of them were indifferent, and even more said decidedly that they were sorry they lived in a State in which suffrage had been granted to woman. One of these latter added in explanation that "it created so much excitement."

Stir up agitation it certainly does—an agitation that is too frequently an end in itself. Public life in Colorado is hysterical. That women have, by their attitude toward their political duties, helped to make it so is to be feared. The simplest discussion of the most trivial matter is marked by a breathless tenseness out of all conceivable proportion to the occasion.

I very soon found, in Denver, for example, that it was unwise to put questions to any woman whomsoever regarding any public issue, if another woman at all likely to disagree with her chanced to be present. Instead of hearing one reply, or even two differing replies, I was obliged to listen to a

long, excited and chaotic argumentation between the two women pledged to opposite sides of the situation. Very much more often than once I was disconcerted by an impromptu debate of this kind which I had inadvertently instigated.

A woman whom I met one day in Denver was, as I soon found myself reluctantly obliged to admit, a typical representative of that particular group of women suffragists in Colorado who would seem chiefly to be engaged in what my young informant plaintively described as "creating excitement." Political power had intoxicated her; she reveled in it, not as a means to an end, but as an exhilarating indulgence, as one conversation, in particular, which I had with her revealed.

The shops in Denver observed much the same rules relating to employees as the shops in New York, Boston, and Chicago; hours, vacations, and other kindred matters were very similarly regulated. Merchants in New York, Boston, and Chicago, as most of us know, have not only agreed without ill-feeling or resistance to ordinances bettering the circumstances of their employees, but have in many cases been foremost in suggesting

and assisting these and other reforms. Why might not this have happened in Denver? That it had not, the woman who exulted in her possession of the ballot evidenced.

"Have you been into any of our shops?" she asked one day; and when I replied that I had, she continued: "Don't you think our shop girls are well treated?"

Grateful to her because she had introduced a topic of such especial interest to me, I agreed with much warmth. "How did you bring it about!" I then questioned.

"By the ballot," she began in an oratorical tone of voice. "We women said to the shopkeepers, 'You *must* ameliorate the state of your employees;' and they didn't *dare* to refuse. If they *had* refused, we could have made them smart; because we have the ballot!"

"But why were you so strenuous?" I asked, in genuine amazement. "We said to the merchants in the East, 'Why don't you improve the condition of your employees?' Merchants are not necessarily inhuman and unprincipled. In the course of time many in the East did what they could. Our saleswomen are very well treated—"

"You haven't the ballot," she interrupted.

"No," I admitted, "but we have shops as admirably conducted as yours—"

"Oh," she interposed, "I grant that *you* may have *influence*, but *we*, we have *power*."

She was, of course, perfectly correct; but in the instance cited, has not influence been quite as effective as power, and perhaps also a little less crude, and more than a little less rasping?

The proprietor of a not unimportant shop in Denver could scarcely speak of the part taken by women in instituting labor reforms in that city without irritation. "They threaten, and call names, and stir up such a needless commotion," he said. The owner of a large establishment in Boston said, on the other hand, that he considered the State of Massachusetts to be peculiarly indebted to its women for help in improving the conditions under which women and children worked. "In the very nature of things, women are more able than men to offer practical suggestions on these things," he said, emphatically. In Chicago another merchant, and in Cleveland still another, spoke in equally enthusiastic terms of the beneficent influence exerted by the women of the respective cities

upon labor legislation. The exercise of political power on the part of that woman in Denver who reminded me repeatedly that she had the ballot may have given to her a melodramatic thrill not otherwise obtainable, but has it made her any more useful as a citizen than her co-worker in Boston, Cleveland or Chicago, who has not the ballot? And has it not perhaps made her a trifle less womanly? Has she not hurt herself a little with the fascinating weapon?

She has, it is true, brought upon herself a lesser misfortune; beyond the weakening of her personal dignity, and the blunting of her sense of taste, she has crippled herself lit tle further. Unfortunately, as one of her acquaintances, a suffragist, told me, neither this particular woman, nor any other member of her group, is representative of the most powerful class of women politicians in Colorado. "She lacks *skill*," said her acquaintance; and then she pointed out to me another woman, who, she said, possessed skill.

As to the nature of that skill I was, needless to say, exceedingly interested. The woman in possession of it was of unquestionable importance in the public affairs not only

of her city, but of her State as a whole. Her friends referred to her in phrases which, if vague, were yet undeniably indicative of unqualified admiration. "What is it that she does?" I asked.

"[illegible] the expansive reply.

"[illegible] nquired.

"[illegible] ne the instant answer.

"We [illegible] begun to despair of receiving [illegible] finite information, one of [illegible] s of this woman, whom I was beginning [illegible] nire for her obviously great interest in philanthropic affairs, said to me, by way of comment upon my somewhat enthusiastic tributes to so large an active interest on the part of so otherwise overworked a woman:

"Oh, but that's a part of her campaign plan. She does it to get votes."

This accusation I repeated to a friend of the woman against whom it had been made, in order that she might refute it. To my astonishment, she said:

"Certainly! The people she helps will, of course, vote for her! For whom else should they vote? She has been kind to them; she will continue to be kind to them. It is for their own good to give her their support."

"But, granting that," I said, "isn't being friendly to them in order to secure their support a sort of bribery? Isn't it buying votes —with kindness, I know, but still buying votes?"

"Well," said my companion, "she must *have* votes! You wouldn't have her buy them with money, would you?"

She gazed at me in evident perplexity.

"If you prefer people who are doing charity work for the mere sake of doing it—" she began. Without finishing, she went quickly across the assembly-room in which we had happened to meet. After a few moments she returned, followed by a sweet-faced woman, with the introducing of whom she concluded her interrupted sentence. "Here is a person of that type!" With which she abruptly left us.

An expression of bewilderment came into the face of the person of that type.

"Do you know what she means?" she asked me, looking after the other woman.

"That you are doing charitable work—I think," I ventured.

My new acquaintance laughed, in some relief.

"Oh, yes, I try to do all I can," she said.

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"It isn't much. Charity work is hard to do in Denver; harder than in most cities."

"Why?" I inquired, in surprise.

"Because one's motives are distrusted so often; and that is a hindrance." She looked at me thoughtfully. "Shall I explain?" she asked.

"I think I understand," I said.

Before I left Denver I understood still more clearly. The woman who had offered to explain to me the nature of her difficulties in giving aid to those who needed aid told me a little concerning her work among the poor of the city; but it was principally from other persons that I learned how faithfully and against what odds she labored. "You see," one of her friends said to me, "she is handicapped all the while by the prejudice of the people she tries to help. Half the time she can use for their benefit she has to take up in overcoming their very natural suspicions as to her possible ulterior object."

One day, when I was calling upon a family living in the tenement district, to whom the woman who did charity work for the mere sake of doing it had shown herself more than once a true friend, I said to the mother of the family:

"Your friend is very good to you, isn't she?"

"Yes," agreed the mother. "I don't jest see why she is, though," she added in a puzzled tone of voice; "she ain't runnin' fur no office."

It is not too much to say that had she been a candidate for any office, the recipient of her sweetly given assistance could not have been persuaded to a belief in its sincere unselfishness. By making coin of that most lovely of all human virtues, charity; by regarding the rendering of deeds of kindness as the spending of so much coin for political support, women in Denver prominently engaged in politics have not only lowered their own standards; they have lowered also the standards of the less fortunate, the less protected women of the tenements, who so sadly need not only aid which is not self-seeking, but, as leaders in public affairs, women whom they may revere.

"One must secure votes," I was told again and again by women in Denver to whom I spoke regarding this unlovely method of securing even one vote. "Would you have them bought with money?" I was frequently asked.

other manner of obtaining the political support of the poor was even remotely suggested. Ten years is but a brief period of time. Perhaps at the end of twenty years a new method may be evolved. To-day the less favored women of Denver are skeptical with regard to the single-mindedness of those more fortunate who offer them friendship. Men who have help to give money—give it, as their friends admit, with dual motives. They may or may not have hurt the city and the State of Colorado; but themselves — have they not wounded themselves very deeply with the weapon which they have chosen to wield?

Also, by perverting the most tender of human feelings to a hard and practicable political use, they have become less fitted to guide the children growing to manhood and womanhood in their State. I was present one day when a large group of children learned an unconsciously taught political lesson.

I was visiting an orphan asylum in Denver in company with many other persons. Among these was a woman deeply and unselfishly concerned in public charities. As we went into one of the rooms in which chil-

dren of various ages were gathered she impulsively took a little fatherless and motherless baby in her arms and caressed it, with tears in her eyes.

"How sweet she is with that baby!" I said to a woman standing near me.

"Yes," replied the woman, with a sudden accession of interest and curiosity, "she is. And I hadn't supposed *she* was looking for a new office!"

A number of older children were so near us that they overheard these words. They looked at the speaker, then at the woman holding the baby; then they smiled knowingly.

Until I went to Colorado I had supposed that, whether women should or should not have the ballot, women who desired that ballot desired it because with it they believed they could be more efficient in public affairs than without it. This I found to be by no means invariably true of the women suffragists whom I met in Colorado. I conversed with one woman who has frequently, both in her State and elsewhere, been mentioned to me by prominent suffragists as one of the National leaders in the movement. She said much that was very interesting and clever

regarding the equal suffrage movement—which she told me she regarded as a "sacred cause." Knowing that I was interested in labor reforms, she recounted to me the many ways in which a woman might employ her ballot in the interest of such reforms.

"Strikes, for example," she said. "Had women in Pennsylvania had the ballot, the coal strike might [illegible]een avoided."

The next day [illegible]wspapers bore headlines announcing [illegible]ike at the smelting works in Color[illegible] I immediately went to Colorado C[illegible] [illegible]rough the kindness of a school-tea[illegible]e the acquaintance of the wives of [illegible] the strikers. They were unanimo[illegible]ring that the votes of women in Co[illegible]whatever such votes might do in Pennsylvania, had in no appreciable measure helped to settle labor difficulties.

One of these women, whose husband was closely involved in the strike, asked him to give me his opinion of the matter. He reflected for a moment, and then he observed, pointing out the window as he spoke to the military encampment at the foot of Pike's Peak:

"Two hundred and fifty armed soldiers is

campin' out yonder; there's a report that the strikers is goin' to blow up the smelters with dynamite; there's a hint that Cripple Creek is goin' to strike too; the Governor's comin' over to arbitrate. All them things is happenin', but how many women has been over from Denver to look round and get ideas on how to vote so as to stop strikes? There ain't been one."

This was his opinion and his entire opinion. After giving it he went again down to the village street, leaving me alone with his wife.

"Some of the women in Denver will perhaps come later," I said to her.

She smiled a trifle cynically, but said nothing. I was in Colorado City once each day, and occasionally twice, during that first distinctly exciting and gravely important week of the strike at the smelting works. No women came from Denver.

"Why do none of them come?" I asked the man who had so succinctly described the situation in Colorado City.

"They ain't got no personal feelin' 'bout it," he replied; "it's too far off."

"It is in their own State," I returned. "Each one of them can cast a vote affecting the entire State—"

"Oh, yes," he assented; "but *that* ain't what they'd call a personal feelin'. It don't touch *them;* it only concerns us over here."

When I suggested that a personal feeling in this very direction might not be impossible on the part of the women voters in Denver, the wife of the striker said slowly:

"No, but it ain't probable. Politics ain't run that way."

"Not even when women are in them?" I questioned.

"No," said the woman.

"Women don't change politics as much as politics changes women," put in her husband.

The longer I remained in Colorado the more truly did this remark seem to describe the result in that State of the use of the ballot by women.

That large public affairs are considered of moment by the women of Colorado is unquestionably true; but that these women are more absorbed in the ballot itself than in the public service they may render by means of that ballot would seem also to be true. I found that women in Colorado accepted with difficulty, or not at all, the theory that a woman could possess an interest in public prob-

lems without being also in possession of a desire for the ballot. I discovered, too, that they were disposed to repudiate the possibility that American men who do not believe in woman's suffrage are not therefore uninterested in public affairs, but are no less anxious than American women who hold that they are entitled to the ballot that such affairs should be conducted honorably and efficiently, and to the end of securing the greatest good to the greatest number.

The campaign policy of even those women who are regarded in Colorado as the most worthy, and who indisputably are the most influential, representatives of woman's suffrage, is but too evidently marked by self-interest. One woman told me frankly, when I asked her what argument or persuasion had inspired her to so fervent a faith in the efficacy of a vote:

"With a vote a woman is of consequence in public affairs."

"But may she not be, even without a vote?" I asked.

"Oh, no doubt," returned the suffragist, "but she doesn't reap any personal good from it."

Another woman living in the tenement dis-

trict of Denver, who had been telling me that she never had voted, and to whom I had said, "Having the ballot, I should think you would consider it your duty to use it," replied greedily:

"Do yer [illegible]d git enough out o' usin' it ter pay [illegible]other I'd have doin' it?"

V[illegible] these circumstances to a[illegible]d, with a short laugh, "P[illegible]n[illegible]not conducted along altr[illegible]es[illegible] quoted a remark to that effect made by [illegible]ell-known Tammany man.

"But surely," I found myself replying, "The women of Colorado are not in sympathy with Tammany methods!"

"Most certainly not," she said hastily.

"Judge Jerome—do you regard his political theory and practice as so lacking in altruism?"

"Jerome!" she exclaimed impatiently. "He is so extreme! And, besides," she added, "he is so blind to obvious facts! He doesn't see that the remedy New York needs is the woman's ballot!

"But—" I began.

"Don't talk to me about William Travers

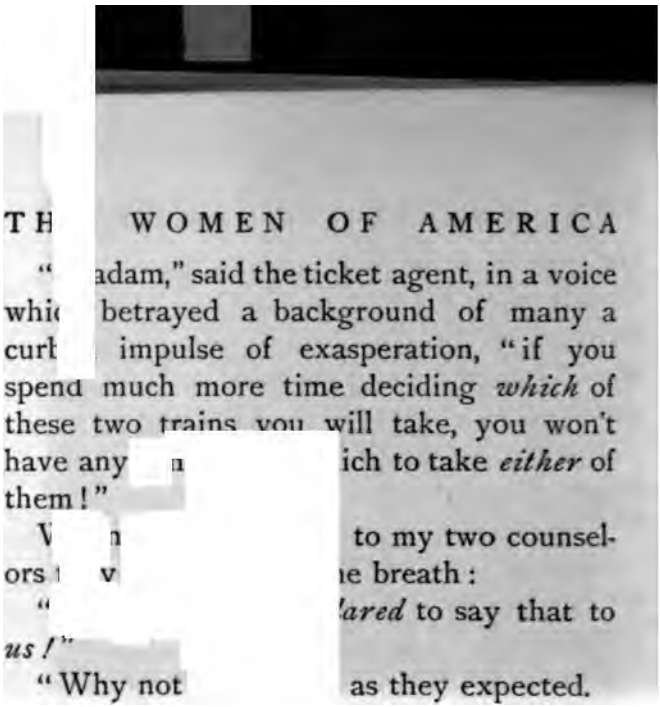
Jerome," she interrupted. "He bores me."

"I should think he would particularly and especially interest women actively engaged in politics," I could not forbear adding.

"*No* one opposed to the ballot interests women who are in favor of the ballot!" was the rejoinder.

Not the battle, not the battlefield, but the weapon, is the chief subject under discussion —unceasing discussion—among women in Colorado. The ballot is used indeed as a weapon of defense—personal defense; and of attack—even more acutely personal attack. Into every incident, however slight, it enters. Sometimes the entrance has a diverting quality.

One of the very few amusing things which happened to me while I was in Colorado occurred in this connection. One day, as I was about to buy a ticket from Denver to Colorado Springs, two ardent women suffragists whom I had met chanced to enter the railway station. They kindly recommended to me two respective routes, dwelling upon the comparative picturesqueness of each in such glowing words that I hesitated in my attempt to make a satisfactory choice between such an embarrassment of scenic riches.



TH WOMEN OF AMERICA

" adam," said the ticket agent, in a voice whi betrayed a background of many a curl impulse of exasperation, "if you spend much more time deciding *which* of these two trains you will take, you won't have any ich to take *either* of them!"

V to my two counsel-ors v ıe breath:

" *lared* to say that to *us!*"

"Why not as they expected.

"Because *we* have the ballot, and could revenge ourselves!"

Whether that ticket agent surmised that I had not the ballot, and could not revenge myself, I do not know; but I do know that he was the only ticket agent in the United States whom I found guilty of rudeness. I cannot censure him very severely; the waving of the ballot is not exactly an incentive to suavity.

To the end of vindicating her right to the ballot, and of assisting women in other States to secure a similar political privilege, more than one woman whom I met in Colorado felt justified in using very strange means. One woman, who in the strongest terms had

made to me several statements in regard to conditions in Denver, which statements I afterwards found to be incomplete, replied, when I asked her why she had not more fully described to me the matters in question :

"Could I be expected to give you so excellent an argument against the cause for which I stand?"

Truly, as I had been told in Colorado City, women change politics less than politics change women.

An earnest advocate of woman's suffrage, to whom very recently I was telling something of these things in connection with the use of the ballot by women in Colorado, assured me that the principle underlying the question was not thereby affected. If it be true that suffrage is one of the natural rights of every human being, then its abuse in particular instances does not make it less unalienable a right. If, on the other hand, it be true that the ballot is a political expedient, it becomes a menace when it is used to the ill of the State or of the individual.

However suffrage may be regarded as an abstract problem, it is not to be denied that in Colorado its use by women has, whatever else it may have done or failed to do, brought

grave disaster upon those women. The possession of the ballot, and the employment of th possession, have hurt the woman of Colorado as women can least afford to be hurt. Her ideals have been lowered ; the delicacy of her pe right and wrong has been d er good she may be able to r tate and to the Nation by her good, however great, comp njury which she has wrought to and to the Nation by reason of e has dealt her own womanhood ?

THE WOMAN IN HER CLUB

V

THE WOMAN IN HER CLUB

AN Englishwoman, at the end of a year spent in traveling over the United States, exclaimed: "The most American thing in all America is the American woman's club!"

The majority of us will hesitate before we agree unreservedly with a statement so utterly without qualification, but even the most conservative are, in the words of Ian Maclaren's canny Scot, "prepared to admit" that in this peculiarly American institution, the woman's club, may unquestionably be found the very essence of democracy. The motto of an association of women in an Eastern city, "Of all, by all, for all," expresses the spirit not only of that club, but of almost any organization of women existing in the United States.

Beginning with those articles of their sev-

eral constitutions which deal with "
tions of membership," and ending wi
rules governing admission to the G
Federation, the clubs of women in Ar
are as a whole characterized, not by
row exclusiveness, but rather by a bro
clusiveness.

The "requirements of members" a
very nearly all cases such as may be fu
by any woman of intelligence. Numer
membership is practically unlimited. In
clubs a long "membership list" is no
permitted but urgently desired; not
quently does a brief official communi
to a woman already within the folds r
its recipient that "the aid of every m
is needed, and the influence of each m
should be used in securing as many
members as possible." So strong a
prevalent is this democratic feeling
Southern woman, prominent in the cl
fairs of a distinctly Southern State, i
cussing with me that question which
cently threatened to disorganize the G
Federation of Women's Clubs in An
the question as to the admitting to tha
of associations composed of negro w
said, "We *ought* to admit them; we

no more right to keep *them* out when they are eligible than we have to keep out any other clubs which come up to the standards." The speaker was not so much a reconstructed Southerner as she was what one of her friends enthusiastically described as a "perfectly splendid club woman." She felt instinctively that a club, or a federation of clubs, is essentially, in the words of the motto of an organization in Boston, "The union of all for the good of all."

An American woman with a purpose so immediately and involuntarily seeks other women with an identical purpose, and organizes a club! One of my friends who lived for an interested winter in a village in England, in recounting to me the experiences of that winter, often mentioned a sweet and kind woman belonging to the village who gave all her leisure hours to reading to such blind persons in that place and in neighboring towns as desired her friendly services.

"Did she have any one to help her?" I instantly asked.

"No," was the answer; "but she scarcely needed any one; she knew so very few blind people; and she herself had time to read to all she knew."

"But did she know all there were?" I in-
quired.

"Probably not," said my friend, "but sh
knew as many as she could help. She di
what she could for those, and trusted tha
o [illegible] ing equally thoughtfu
al [illegible] y knew."

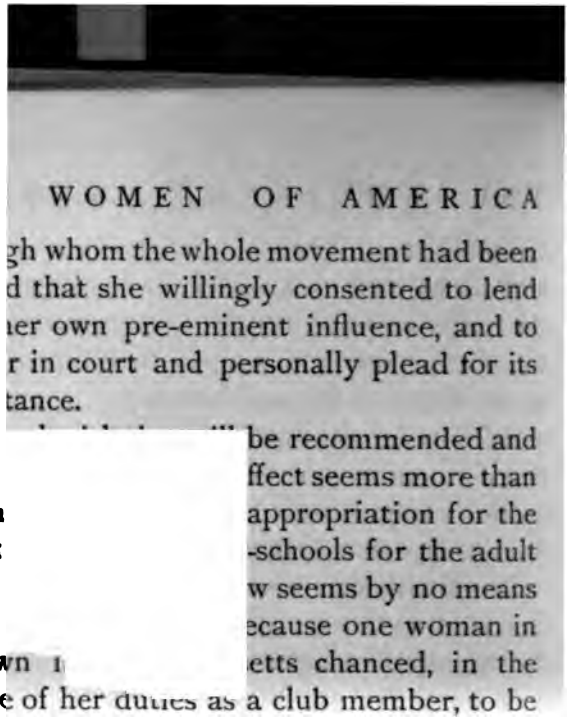
[illegible] ill become any perso
wh [illegible] another person activel
e [illegible] unselfish aid to the un
for [illegible] be amiss to compare th
m [illegible] glish woman with th
method of a woman in America whose worl
for the blind has been no less real.

I met her about two years ago, at the ver
time, it chanced, when her interest in the blin
was being especially aroused. In connectio
with her duties as a member of one of th
committees of her club, she had been calle
upon to read to a blind man. From this ma
she heard of other persons similarly afflictec
these mentioned to her still others. Ver
soon the members of her club and her man
other acquaintances received postal card
asking them to join an organization to b
known as the Massachusetts Association fc
Promoting the Interests of the Adult Blinc
its object being: To help the blind to hel

themselves. The association was formed with characteristic celerity. It easily secured a lengthy list of sympathetic members. These members were not long in discovering that in the State of Massachusetts but little public provision for the care and education of persons becoming blind late in life had yet been made. Last winter the friends of the members of this new club received circulars which opened with this sentence: "Your attention is called to the fact that a resolve providing for the appointment of a commission to investigate the condition of the adult blind within this Commonwealth is before the Massachusetts General Court."

The resolution became a law last February, at which time the Governor of Massachusetts appointed a Commission of three persons—"which commission shall investigate the condition of the adult blind within this Commonwealth, and may recommend legislation."

To my keen regret, I was in Nebraska on the day when the resolution was brought most definitely before the Massachusetts General Court. Among the speakers in its favor was Miss Helen Keller, who was so touched by the sincerity and earnestness of the woman



T
thro gh whom the whole movement had been
sta d that she willingly consented to lend
to ıer own pre-eminent influence, and to
aj r in court and personally plead for its
ac tance.

be recommended and
su ffect seems more than
proba appropriation for the
maint -schools for the adult
bl w seems by no means
imj ecause one woman in
a town ı ıetts chanced, in the
course of her duties as a club member, to be called upon to read to one blind man, an association has been organized which will eventually provide opportunities so complete that all the adult blind in the entire State may learn to read for themselves.

Meanwhile, that indefatigable woman is herself doing all that she can in the direction of personal assistance to those blind persons whom she knows, and claiming the freely given services of her friends in finding and helping others. The last time I saw her, she was meditating as to how she should go about raising funds for the purpose of having Dr. van Dyke's "The First Christmas Tree," which the blind so frequently expressed a desire to

read for themselves, printed in embossed type; and considering various suggested plans for the establishing in Boston of an employment bureau for the benefit of any blind persons in or near the city, who might be desirous of seeking occasions for the exercise of such manual accomplishments as they had acquired—and, as my friend confidently added, "*will* acquire in still greater measure."

The woman's club has made for itself a clearly defined place in the public life of the American Nation. Its work, in many cases, is of a public or semi-public character; and minute reviews of its smallest purpose or achievement are, consequently, duly chronicled in the daily newspapers. If the club be located in a city, or in a town of comparatively large size, and if, in addition, it be a member of the State and General Federations of Women's Clubs, résumés of printed or publicly read reports of its work find their way into numerous magazines and newspaper articles. In short, to add to the already vast accumulation of written information regarding "prominent women's clubs" in America is impossible. The most that one can accomplish is a compilation.

I realized this more and more fully as I

we last winter from one city to another in the course of my investigation. One member, in response to my inquiries concerning the fine club-house of her organization, would refer me to a magazine, easily obtainable in any [illegible] plete account of the erec[illegible]n of [illegible]ng; another member, by way [illegible] uestion touching the civic work [illegible]r club, would recommend anc [illegible] another widely circulated peri[illegible]ıer, being approached for a histor[illegible]ociation, would immediately mention still another article in still another representative journal. Club women in many cities very kindly sent me, in addition, the year books, annual reports and calendars of their various associations. Indeed, for purposes of compilation, I found every facility; but I was loth to compile, and therefore I went from the larger towns, the various clubs of which belonged to State and General Federations, to the very small villages, in which the woman's club, if it existed at all, existed apart from any federation whatsoever, and, above all, carried on its work out of the range of "the publick eye."

During the months of my journeyings I discovered many of these organizations, each

one living its life in a sweet seclusion ; each one fulfilling its object, whether social, literary or philanthropic, with eagerness and interest, but without excitement. Had they not been so thoroughly American in spirit and in practice, they might almost have recalled to the mind of the lingering visitor the assemblies of the chief citizens of Cranford.

The procedures of an association of women in a little town in the far South, known as the Village Improvement Society, were especially suggestive of the "quaint ways" of the Cranford ladies. The object of the society was, primarily: To light the town. When one is reminded that this particular town was among those places which the war left very dark, and when one has reflected upon the large aims and the correspondingly small means of the association, this object gains in depth of meaning.

My hostess in the village was, I learned quite by chance, a member of the society. On the first evening of my visit, as the long twilight was fading, she invited me to go with her to light the lamps, and I followed her about the pleasant old house, holding lampshades for her, moving vases of flowers to give place to lamps, and listening to leisurely

related bits of tales of the days of candles and fantastic candlesticks.

I had observed with some surprise that my hostess put two small lamps in the bow-window in one room, and another lamp of larger size on the window-seat on a half-way landing of the stairs. She made no comment either upon these or upon several other seemingly unnecessary lights, and I curbed my desire to make inquiries, until, after asking another member of the family for information concerning the whereabouts of the "back-gallery lantern," and being told that a neighbor had borrowed it, my hostess said, "Well, I can put a lamp in the kitchen," when my curiosity became quite boundless, and I asked:

"What is the 'back-gallery lantern'?"

"It's the lantern I light and hang on the back gallery on nights when the moon doesn't shine," was the reply. "It throws a light on the back street."

"Are there no town lights on that street?" I questioned.

"There aren't any town lights on any street," replied my hostess. "We are hoping to have some before long; but until we do, the members of the Improvement Society

are doing all they can to light their parts of the town themselves."

"And that is why you put the lamps in the windows," I said, beginning to understand.

"Certainly it was," my friend replied, at that moment placing another lamp before the kitchen window. "Every member of the club does it; there are a good many members, and you would be amazed to see how much light their lamps send into the streets."

The next evening, walking through a number of the streets, I was amazed indeed to see to how great an extent the lamps and lanterns of the members of the Village Improvement Society illumined the dark ways of their town. In the window of one small cottage there shone a candle.

"I never see that candle," said one of my companions, "that I do not think of Portia, and say to myself, 'How far that little candle throws its beams!'"

"And I never see it," another added softly, "without remembering the old, old custom in Germany, of putting a candle in the window on Christmas Eve, to light the Christ Child on His way."

The Society distributed the responsibili-

tie lighting the streets of the town after the nplest and most natural manner. Each men er of the association helped to the ex- ter f her ability. "You know," explained my hostess, "no one in the town is very rich; and we have regular street lam ery person in the club can xtra lamp or two, on dark hts do not need to burn ar k, for every one is at home by l the moon shines on a good mar ome of the members can light as many as four additional lamps and a lantern; some have only one extra lamp; and a few allow a candle for every dark night."

"How did you happen to think of it?" I asked, for I could not hear enough about so lovely a piece of public service.

My friend laughed. "How, indeed!" she repeated. "I don't quite know. A few of us had always put lights in our windows on dark nights; we needed street lamps, and we could not have them, so it suddenly occurred to us that if enough of us formed a club and pledged ourselves to light the town as much as we could, we might in that way at least approach having street lamps. It has suc-

ceeded even better than we had expected," she concluded, with justifiable satisfaction.

"I suppose in the course of time you will buy public lamps with the club funds," I ventured.

"Our only club funds are our small weekly dues," was the reply, "all of which we save to spend at Christmas for presents for the little children in town whose parents are too poor to buy anything of that kind for them."

Without a doubt the Village Improvement Society in that town in the far South fulfills its object; in more senses than one, it does "light the town."

Mr. Clement Scott said once: "My first play, my first Hamlet, my first Juliet, my first Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, are cut like cameos on the memory." A club of women in a little pioneer town in Nebraska always comes instantly to my mind when I recall my first Rosalind, for it was a member of that association who took me upon that memorable occasion to see the "fair princess," in whose praise Orlando abused so many young trees "with carving Rosalind on their barks."

The name of the club was the Shakespeare Society; its object: "To read and enjoy the works of William Shakespeare.

Ah, how the members of that organization —all of whom were women—did "read and enjoy" Shakespeare! I remember clearly; for though I was not qualified for the dignity of membership in the club, my unfeigned devotion to the worn volumes of "school editions" of the plays which I possessed occasionally prompted my august elders to invite me to a meeting of the Society, and even better still, though less often, to a stage representation of one of the plays.

Recollecting that through the great kindness of a member of that village club I was enabled to see Mr. Edwin Booth's Hamlet very nearly the last time he played it, I went to the town last winter partly to seek some one in the place who might perhaps remember the association.

"Remember it!" exclaimed the first acquaintance I met. "It isn't a thing of the past. It is even more active now than it was when you were here last. It has been meeting without interruption, lo, these many years!—which," she added, "if you stop to count, you will find are not quite so many as you seem to suppose!"

Whereupon she began to recount to me the history of the club, in detail, since my

last visit. In addition to its regular weekly assemblings, which were given over entirely to reading the plays, and listening to papers written by various members about the plays, and the life of Shakespeare, and the Elizabethan Era, and the development of the English drama, and the contemporaries of Shakespeare, and, as my chronicler sweepingly concluded, "other kindred subjects," the association had given a number of public festivities, and with the money thereby obtained had presented a complete standard edition of the "works of William Shakespeare" to the village library; and had also purchased for the same institution a considerable number of those books of history and criticism which are so useful to Shakesperean students.

"There is scarcely a person in town who isn't interested in Shakespeare," she exclaimed. "It means a great deal to an isolated community," she went on, earnestly. Many books are out of the question; we cannot get them; but we may have Shakespeare, and 'tis enough, 'twill serve!'"

"The Shakespeare Society has aroused the interest?' I suggested.

"Partly," said the member of that society,

modestly. "Why, even the children read Shakespeare; and when they organized a Band of Mercy they chose for their motto, 'The quality of mercy is not strained!" It caused a great deal of amusement, but it shows that the influence of the club extends even to the 'tender juvenal.'"

"The kindness of the club always extended in that direction," I said, heartily; and then the member proposed that we go together to call upon that other member who had taken me to see "As You Like It."

"I remember that Rosalind distinctly," she said, musingly. "I have seen others since, I had seen others before, but, in spite of her extreme youth, she was the most truly Shakespearean." With this opinion I was not slow to agree, for that Rosalind, as it chanced, was none other than the Rosalind of Miss Julia Marlowe, which she was playing almost for the first time.

Before I ended my visit my hostess showed me a leaf from Juliet's tomb, and a violet from Warwickshire, which one of my friends, traveling abroad, had inclosed in her letters to me, and which treasures, in a burst of fervent gratitude for that first glimpse of the heroine, who has been described so happily

as "one of the most enchanting women in literature," I had bestowed upon her, as small but appropriate returns for her kindness.

"Every member of the club has enjoyed them, especially the violet," she told me; "so few of us can travel; and it thrills us to look at that flower and reflect upon the fact that it actually grew in the very fields through which Shakespeare himself must often have walked!"

As a kind of supplement to the accounts given me by my other friend, she mentioned that the club had increased in length its membership list; and, in pursuance of its object, had done much studying along many lines. In a college town this circumstance in connection with a woman's club, literary or otherwise, would scarcely excite comment, or have attached to it any very unusual significance; but in a prairie town in Nebraska it means a great deal. Such towns, almost without exception, have for their prime objects material prosperity; their women, as well as their men, are so often, first of all and most of all, bent upon making money. Is it not something that in one such town a club of women having for its sole object the reading and enjoying of the works of

"This King Shakespeare"—to quote Carlyle—should so truly be said to exist that its love for the great things of true literature is reflected even in the children of the place? Already that comparatively small and not at all illustrious association has done much to give grace and joy to the village of its members—a village which natural conditions might so readily have tended to shape into an ungraceful and joyless materialism. That the Shakespeare Society will continue as it began would seem so probable as to be almost certain.

The women's clubs of very small towns are, as a general rule, of a literary character. A woman in a little village in Southern California explained to me that this was due to the fact that, however limited and insufficient must often be the opportunities of women in isolated communities in other particulars, in the possession and use of such books as they can obtain their happiness may be quite unbounded. Their familiarity with the books they read is often nothing short of marvelous. A member of a Shakespearean association in a village in northern Minnesota, looking over a copy of Mr. Sidney Colvin's edition of the "Letters of John Keats" which I had

with me, was amazed that Mr. Colvin should have regarded "The web of our life is of mingled yarn" as a "less familiar" quotation, and should have considered it needful to mention in a foot-note the source of

> "Let Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
> Live register'd upon our brazen tombs!"

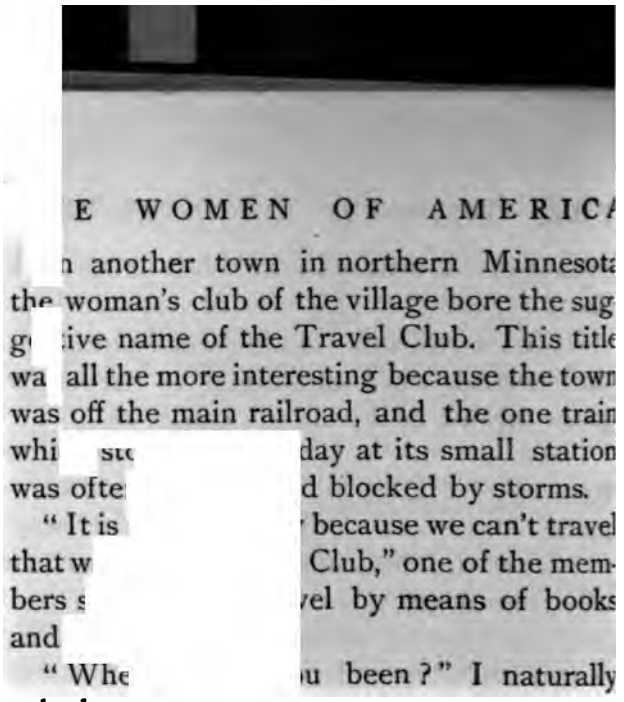
"They are not quite so easily placed as 'O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you,'" I said, in defense of the public for whom Mr. Colvin had edited.

"To any real student of Shakespeare they are," was the somewhat crushing rejoinder of that student of Shakespeare.

As a kind of mild retort I challenged her to name off-hand all Perdita's flowers, whereupon, to my delight, she vanquished me completely by reciting without an instant's hesitation the entire scene of "those flowers there."

"Our club," she reminded me, "studies Shakespeare."

Most of us are in some sort readers of Shakespeare, some of us even belong to clubs that study Shakespeare, but could very many of us quote at random whole scenes—and quote them correctly?



E WOMEN OF AMERICA

n another town in northern Minnesota the woman's club of the village bore the suggestive name of the Travel Club. This title was all the more interesting because the town was off the main railroad, and the one train which stopped day at its small station was often blocked by storms.

"It is because we can't travel that we Club," one of the members travel by means of books and

"Where u been?" I naturally asked.

"To the English cathedrals. That journey took all the meetings for a year, but it was well worth it. And to Athens. That needed only about half a year; but we all became so interested in Greek art that we gave the rest of the season to studying it."

"Have you been to Rome?" I questioned.

"Well, not yet," said my new acquaintance. "You see, we were going to visit all of Italy last year; we began with Florence, and we read 'Romola,' and then in some way we found ourselves reading Dante—and we are still reading Dante. We never can keep to our subject," she remarked, almost apolo-

getically; "I am afraid you think we are very desultory."

"No," I replied; "I am only thinking of the pleasure Mr. Stephen Phillips must have given you—"

"We have never heard of him," she interrupted; and I, of course, forthwith recommended to her "Paolo and Francesca," which her club shortly afterward perused with appreciative joy.

"The Travel Club must be a great benefit to the town," I said to another member of the association.

"We hope so," she replied; "it undoubtedly is to its members. It brings them in touch with the great people and the great things of history, and that is always beneficial."

"Were they not in the club, I suppose they would read and study less," I said tentatively.

"Much less," was the immediate reply; "it is so difficult to study alone; and, besides, the discussions between the club members at our weekly meetings are so much more valuable to each member than any amount of solitary contemplation could be."

This woman, I afterward was told, had

originated the club. She was interested in foreign lands, but she found that she could not happily follow her desire to acquaint herself with the glories of those countries without calling upon her friends and acquaintances for companionship and sympathy. The democratic spirit of organization is so insistent, even in an interest in the Florence of Da .

A woman i own, a town boasting a woman's c belonged to both State and Gen rations, in referring to this smaller which I had been extolling to ted—not, it should be added, wi of cavil—that Athens and the ci Medicis were rather distantly removed dition, as well as in space, from a new little village in the wilds of northern Minnesota. However that may be in a final analysis it were idle to speculate; but what of the lectures we hear delivered before the Woman's Club of Omaha, Nebraska, relative to the subconscious mind; or that topic of a study given to a class in the Chicago Woman's Club which reads, "Beheading of John as a Pivotal Point in History;" or an address announced in the Calendar of the Atlanta Woman's Club en-

titled "Ancient History as read in Architecture"? Subjects such as these—which, taken quite at random, may yet be said to be typical fragments of the usual annual programme of any woman's club in America—may or may not have any very apparent relation to our outward National aspect; but they do evince our inner National feeling and desire; the feeling that all things past, present, and future are free to all who would have them; the desire to be, not a detached clan, but, even in the most subtle affairs of the intellect and the emotions, a united, broadly apprehending, deeply sympathetic Republic, allied each with the other, related to the world.

In a Western city of less than fifty years of age, an association of women devoted one winter to the reading of Early German History, and another year to the study of Prehistoric Pottery. When I said to the leader of the organization, "Why these things?" she replied, "Why not these things?"

Then she went on to tell me that, in connection with German History, the class had turned to the Nibelungen Lied; and thence to Wagnerian opera; and, aside, to German drama.

"It isn't so much what you study as the way you study it," she said, with a smile.

The way in which a woman's club so frequently studies its subject may appear bewildering to the casual observer, but it is perfectly definite and coherent to its members; and this, after all, is the principal, and perhaps the only necessary, consideration.

Though the clubs of women in very small villages were, I found, almost invariably literary, associations in town which, while larger, were still not yet cities, often had for their objects the study of domestic science and art—made feasible by the possibility of such needful equipments and teachers as could scarcely be obtained in a place of very small size. The members of these organizations were, very naturally, housekeepers who wished technical training in the adornment and management of their homes.

The Mothers' Club was very frequently the suggestive name of an association in a larger town. Before the meetings of such a club, the members often invited graduate nurses to give simple practical lectures concerning the care of children; or asked physicians to express their experienced opinions on the same subject. The president of one

Mothers' Club told me that her association held a monthly reception, to which the school-teachers of the children of its members were invited. "We don't invite them for the purpose of discussing our children with them," she quickly explained; "but simply because we wish to have friendly personal relationships with the people with whom our children spend so large and important a portion of their time."

Professional clubs—those associations regarded as so particularly American by our foreign visitors—are seldom found excepting in cities of considerable size, for the obvious reason that only in such places are a sufficient number of professional women to constitute a club usually to be found. An incident which occurred at a meeting of a professional woman's association in Boston serves more vividly than many protestations to show the character of clubs of professional women almost anywhere in the United States; and also to mark the difference between such organizations in America and in England.

Among the guests at the meeting of the club—an association, it should be said, of writers—was an English woman, a member of a similar society in London. She asked

a number of questions about the club; and presently she said to me, "Who is your most important honorary member?"

After a moment's reflection, I mentioned the name of one of our honorary members, distinguished among women of letters, not only in America, but also in England and even on the Continent.

"Who is you quired in return.

Our guest, equal to that with which I had spo- r most eminent associate, mention ame of one of the reigning family id.

"But why the !" I exclaimed, in surprise; "in , I mean," I hastened to add. lon club was an association of wom- ers, and England numbers more than one brilliant woman author to whom high honorary position in such an organization would seem to be so utterly natural and right.

"Her Highness is a princess of the blood royal," said our guest, in a tone which, though perplexed that any explanation should be requested, was absolutely certain that no further elucidation could possibly be required.

We in America are at once so homogeneous and so decidedly individual in our orga-

nizations. The slightest circumstance of club life, no less than the most weighty, reveals this predominating characteristic. The motto of all our clubs might fittingly be those words, chosen by many, and accurately descriptive of all, organizations in this country; words embodying, furthermore, fully and unmistakably, our great National ideal: Each for all, and all for each.

THE WOMAN FROM THE COLLEGE

VI

THE WOMAN FROM THE COLLEGE

MR. CHARLES. F. THWING, President of the Woman's College at Cleveland, in speaking of the fundamental principles which should govern the various processes of collegiate training for girls, once said:

"Women go to college that they may go from college."

This sentence is typical of much that we must grant concerning the entire body of our institutions of learning in America. With our vast and incomparable system of public education, we are very far from being a nation of scholars. The histories of the universities and colleges of America all go to prove that scholarship in America has been considered, always, merely as a means to an end. Our colleges for women have been

fo ded not so much because we love learning as because we prize the efficiency which le ning develops.

irls in America go to college that they m thereby the more readily become, not al able women; that they may go the more completely e it life, but to live. The fir t thing which the woman's ica stimulates and cultivates ti is a fine quality of self-re. ce. ored woman is a person of resources.

Not long ago an acquaintance, to whom I had just told the good news of the continuous advancement of a mutual friend in her chosen occupation, said in comment:

"It is not so much because she is brilliant that she succeeds as it is because she is always prepared for emergencies, however great—"

"Or small," I added.

"You are thinking of the magnet," was the quick reply.

"The magnet?" I questioned.

"Yes," my acquaintance explained, "One day, at college, one of the other girls dropped her eye-glasses in a narrow opening between

two walls. She couldn't reach them, and had very nearly decided that they must remain permanently out of reach."

"But they didn't?" I asked with interest.

"No," answered my acquaintance. "Our successful friend happened to remember that their frame was made of steel. She went to the physical laboratory, borrowed a magnet, tied a string to it, and, lowering it carefully into the opening, gravely drew up the eyeglasses."

Happily, this delicious story was recounted to me before, in the course of my investigation, I had visited any colleges. At each one of the many girls' colleges in all parts of the country to which I went during the winter and spring I repeated it to some person connected with the particular institution, and invariably that person exclaimed, "How exactly like a college girl!"

It is not unnatural that the influence of the woman from the college should be, as it is, so frequently of an academic character. Her scholastic training has taught her to value that particular training. Earlier in the history of American women the college woman became a school teacher because, of the few professions open to her, teaching was the

m t widely open; at the present time she
te hes, if she teaches, because she believes
th the process of intellectual education
rep esents a benefit not only gracious and
ple sing, but most vitally necessary. It is
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methods nity that at the present
time—very nearly nine years later—the town is unique. It has, as it had when the woman from the college went to it, an enormous pork-packing establishment, by means of which much of the city's material prosperity is explained; but also it has, as it did not then have, a public library, beautiful in architectural design, rich in the finest classics of many nations and ages, and, most significant of all, habitually used for study and reference by the majority of the people, young and old, belonging in the town. I once took an Englishman from Oxford University to visit that library, and I remember still the expression of extreme amazement which came into his face when the librarian replied to

his exclamations upon the array of works dealing with the Italian Renaissance by observing:

"Yes, we have a great many books on that subject, more than you see, for nearly a third of them are out to-day."

"I had not expected to find an interest in the revival of learning out here in a town not fifty years old," the man from Oxford said to the librarian, by way of apology for his too evident astonishment.

"Oh," returned the librarian, "it is not so much an interest in the Renaissance as the Renaissance itself that you are finding here!"

She generously left me to make her words clear to the Englishman, knowing that my delight in the intellectual awakening of that city had been by no means small. To say that it had been brought to pass because one woman who chanced to be a college woman happened to teach for a year in the high school of the town would be to make what has been wittily called a "universalization," and, moreover, a "universalization" open to justifiable question; but that one woman, just because she was a college woman, helped more than any other person or circumstance to effect it is certain.

She went directly from a community in which the living of the intellectual life amounted to a subtle passion, to a town in which education was regarded, if regarded at all, as the memorizing of a few pages, in a few books, during a few years, completed by the presentation of a diploma tied with a satin ribbon. Being neither an iconoclast nor a scoffer, but merely a gifted woman with a superb collegiate training, she gave way to no lamentations over this sorry scheme of things; it was an emergency, but she was not unprepared; she spent no force in deploring the situation, but, with much hope and no less faith, she accepted it, and sought to improve upon it by the simple process of enlargement. She inspired in her pupils a desire for more pages, in more books, during more years; she even went the length of suggesting second and third diplomas.

Her pupils instinctively caught her spirit. They awakened to the startling perception that to commit to memory the words in a one-volume work on English history is not to study English history; they kindled to the disquieting thought that to have perused all Shakespeare's plays once or twice, or even thrice, is not to have read Shakespeare. In

one brief year they became fired with the glorious realization that education, far from being a short period made up of tasks irksome and dull at best, is as long as life, and nothing less than another name for living. Those pupils could not put their experiences into words, but they put them into deeds—deeds which for a time were rather more suggestive of formless restlessness than of any coherent purpose.

The fact that I was in that city during this remarkable year in its growth, and that my devoted allegiance to the woman from the college led the members of her classes to bring their woes to me, and demand that out of my friendship for her I give them some clue to her meanings, I shall always consider as causes for fervent gratitude. Her pupils did not enjoy the awakening; it unsettled them.

One day I met one of them in a street car, bending over a book.

"You have no idea how fond I have become this year of algebra and geometry!" she exclaimed.

"Weren't you always interested in them?" I asked.

"No," replied the girl, "but I am now.

They are such a comfort. One solves a problem in mathematics, and that is the end of it."

"So it is of any problem," I commented.

The girl sighed profoundly.

"The trouble is one can't solve any other problem," she

"I mean," nued, in response to my obvious "that when I have worked out equation, for instance, and found s, I've done all I *can* do, all *any* o er do, because there isn't anything else to do; but no matter how much I study my Greek history lesson, I never finish studying it; I know there must be something else in it that I haven't got out."

She was genuinely distressed; but in the eight years since that day she has become as genuinely happy. Last winter I did not fail to include her city in my investigation. She went with me one afternoon to the library; with a little smile she took one of the catalogues, and, turning its pages, pointed out to me a long list of books relative to the history of the Greeks.

"I still like mathematics," she said; "they are still a consolation to me; but, on the

whole, I take more joy in the thought that I shall never get out of Greek history all there is in it!"

This former pupil of the college woman does not give all her time to the history of the Greeks; indeed, she can use very few of her rare leisure hours for the study of books. She is now a wife and the mother of a baby girl; but with all her household duties she is tireless in her endeavors to keep alive in her city a love for true education, to assist in carrying on the work begun so simply by the woman who had helped her to a sense of the inexhaustible greatness of life and of learning. As we sat before her pleasant nursery fire upon our return from the visit to the library, playing with her small girl, I said:

"How are you planning to educate your daughter?"

"Well," she said earnestly, "as soon as she is old enough I shall begin by sending her to the college from which came the woman who made me realize what education is."

"She taught you to love it, too," I added.

"Yes," the sometime pupil of the college woman agreed, "she did indeed! She taught this whole city all the love for it they have."

"I have always wondered just exactly how she did it," I said reflectively.

"By loving it herself," was the quick reply of her pupil.

She had loved it so very well; so well that she had inspired the people of a pronouncedly materialistic town to build a library and buy books that their children might "complete their education;" so well that she had led those children to realize that never could they even approach the completion of education. Truly, as the librarian said, that town has experienced a Renaissance.

The woman from the college is the surest safeguard in this country against that evil which pessimists occasionally seek to frighten us by prophesying—an aristocracy of wealth. Women, particularly American women, fix the standards of society, make the rules that govern social relationships. What woman of an American college, unless she be a dishonor to that institution, will employ a financial measure for the obtaining of such standards, or, in the construction of such rules, allow herself to use a financial foundation? Not all women in America, unfortunately, are college women; but each year an increasing number of graduates, "beautiful, free

and strong," come from our colleges for women, and, as Mr. Sill wrote to a graduating class of Smith College,

> " Led on by courage and immortal hope,
> And with the morning in their hearts,"

give what they have received; do as they have learned; become somewhat as they have aspired. A college is a commonwealth; the college woman may safely be trusted to make her village or her city also a commonwealth. So far from encouraging an aristocracy of wealth, she will intuitively help to extend and to maintain in America a democracy founded upon character.

The "more rigorous scholastic rule" which Emerson enjoined, "such an asceticism as only the hardihood and devotion of the scholar can enforce," when it has grown by habitual enforcement to be a fixed condition of the life of the woman from the college, becomes her most potent means of influence in a community in which material interests are prevalent. It arouses, first, curiosity, then admiration, and finally imitation.

One summer a college woman whom I knew went for a few weeks to a factory town. By some chance she found herself in a boarding-house with three young women who from

th childhood had been employed in the m of the place. These girls represented the ore prosperous portion of the community. One of them I had met at a college settlement, and for several years had been in the h omewhat frequently. She w nd of fine raiment, an ve had almost been able to aterial advancement by the q ntity of her personal adornment.

During t ollowing the visit of the college woman to her town I observed, with some concern, that the girl from the factory wore no new feathers and furbelows, and, indeed, little new apparel of any kind. Her old garments, neatly freshened and repaired, were made to serve. She was even more cheerful than formerly, and I tried to believe that my fears lest financial distress might have come upon her were groundless. I, of course, did not question her; but it was not long before she took me into her confidence.

"Can you tell me anything about Schumann?" she asked suddenly one night when we were alone.

"Schumann?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said the girl. "You see, I'm learning to play a piece of his music."

We talked a little about Schumann, and then she said shyly:

"I've always liked music, and always wished I could play. Well, last summer a lady boarded at our house; she said she'd always liked German and wanted to study it. She wore real plain clothes, 'cause she was saving up money to go and study in Germany. And it came into my head that I could do that and take music lessons—so I am doing it."

She ceased; and then, in response to my instantly expressed sympathy, she added:

"And I believe, after all, I like plain clothes best, anyway."

Another college woman whom I knew, an American scholar who would have satisfied Emerson himself, puzzled even her closest friends by foregoing a fellowship, one year, to accept a position which involved rather more chaperonage on her part than teaching, in one of those seminaries for young girls designated in ordinary phraseology as a "fashionable finishing school."

Not many days ago the current annual circular of that identical institution was sent

to i . This year-book announces that the objects of the school are two: namely, to pr re girls for college, and to give to such gir as shall be unable to attend college an educational discipline which, in so far as possible, he duties of life and help them t levelopment of mind and dispos d every page in the circular, o hat it contained not one word ted in the slightest possible d school had formerly had but one mely, to acquaint its pupils with the customs and conventions of what we colloquially call society. From a finishing school the institution has become —if one may be permitted the phrase—a beginning school.

The woman who came from the college impelled the reorganization. She was so irresistibly a student, so involuntarily a teacher; as one of her friends said, not at all the kind of person one connects in one's mind with a "fashionable finishing school." With regard to externals, she did not appear out of place in that institution, but decidedly the reverse. She was a brilliant scholar, and she was also a peculiarly charming woman. Her very graciousness engendered in her pupils, when

in her presence, that ease of manner for the very cultivation of which they had been sent to the particular school. They admired her long before they paid homage to her attainments. She won their affection quite as considerable a time before she inspired in them a desire to acquire during their school days, not so much manner as something to give life and distinction to manners.

She was a true woman of her college; she made use of a method so natural and spontaneous that it hardly can be called a method. Her department in the school, it should be mentioned, was that of English Literature. From somewhat apathetic hours of imperfect recitations, her classes became merely beginnings of unending discussions of subjects ranging all the way from free will (resulting from a reading of "Hamlet") to the real meaning of the word style (growing out of a reference to Walter Pater).

"She makes us want to know what we think about things," one of her pupils said to me one day.

It would be difficult to express more precisely and comprehensively than this the achievement of the college woman in that "fashionable finishing school;" she made the

pu —and the other members of the fac-
ul too—wonder what they thought about
th s! Do not psychologists tell us that
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Se veral of her pupils decided that in order
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may also be taken for granted. By imperceptible degrees the school ceased to be a finishing school; it cannot be said, however, to have ceased to be fashionable, for, as a senior of Bryn Mawr recently observed to me, "Going to college, you know, has become the fashion!" She was a thoughtful senior, and she spoke, it is true, with a shadow of regret, fearing for the dignity of the scholastic life; but it seems to me that the threatened danger is very slight. The ideal of the college is so high and so great; should it become the fashion, will not the fashion then be very good? Will it not do much to abolish finishing schools?

It is not so much her knowledge as the de-

velopment of character by which her acquisition of that knowledge is attended, that commends the college woman to our affections, and gives to her work in the world, whatever it may be, so vital an importance. She is more completely a scholar than she might have been without her collegiate training; but it is not this circumstance which delights us so much as it is the fact that she is the more fully a woman.

For this reason are we not justified in feeling a trifle disturbed when we find scholarship regarded, most ardently regarded, as an end in itself, as we do seem to find it at some of our colleges for women? The naïve pedantry of the freshman at Wellesley; the classic solemnity of the sophomore of Vassar; the sweet gravity of the junior at Smith; the invulnerable self-certainty of the senior at Radcliffe—none of these, however, has ever given firm reason for disquietude. The superiority of the American woman is due to-day, as it has been due in the past, to her exquisitely developed womanliness, not to the means by which she has reached that development.

The aim of Bryn Mawr is distinctly scholastic; the aim of most of the other colleges

for women in America, predominantly Smith College, and the woman's department of the University of Chicago, is civic. A member of the faculty of the former, in reply to my numerous questions relative to the college, said in conclusion, "At Smith College we regard scholarship as a tool; we believe in good tools."

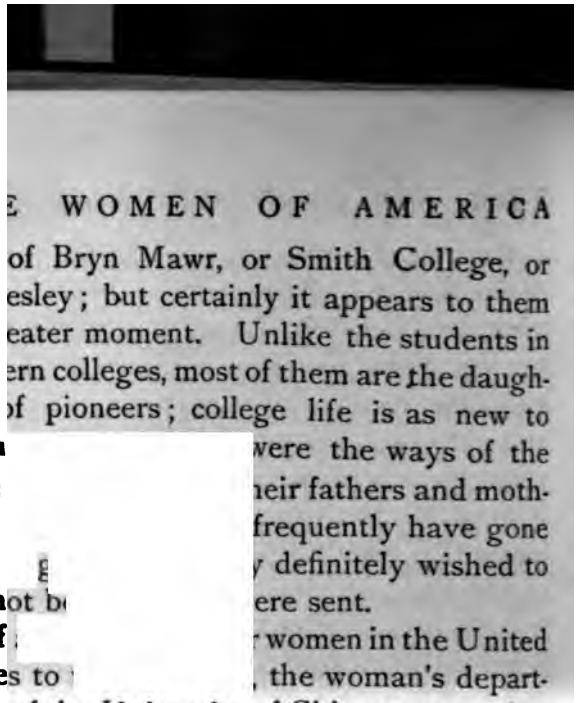
This sc e attitude of Smith College t achievement, aside from its ne ation, seemed to me to be pai ant in that its aptness is by no ed to that one institution; it as lescribes the standpoint of ver and every college for women .

More often th... and by more than one person, was it confirmed during the few days I spent in the pleasant village of Northampton; but that confirmation of it which left the deepest impression was made by President Seelye, when, of all the many, many admonitions which in his baccalaureate address he might have given to the members of the graduating class, he presented to their most earnest consideration the claims of public service, claims incumbent upon them as educated women, and involving re-

sponsibilities and duties most faithfully to be accepted and performed.

The charming friendliness with which the girls of Smith welcome the visitor to their college is, to my mind, one of their most delightful and most typical characteristics. The days I passed in the engaging company of a kind and hospitable junior still linger in my thoughts in the form of memories which it gives me "a kind of joy" to possess. She answered my formidable number of inquiries with an unwearied readiness which I appreciated to the extent of feeling emboldened to ask a hundred new questions. Those things which I evinced a wish to see, as well as many which I was glad indeed of the opportunity of seeing, she showed me; such things as I desired to hear, both knowingly and unwittingly, she took me to hear; and, altogether, she entertained me with such sweet and leisurely grace that not once did I have reason to surmise, what one of the faculty afterward told me was the case, that she was one of the very busiest persons in the college.

It cannot be said that the women students of the University of Chicago look upon their collegiate career more seriously than do the



of Bryn Mawr, or Smith College, or Wesley; but certainly it appears to them of eater moment. Unlike the students in Eastern colleges, most of them are the daughters of pioneers; college life is as new to them were the ways of the untr heir fathers and mothers. frequently have gone to c y definitely wished to go, not b ere sent.

Of women in the United States to , the woman's department of the University of Chicago seemed to me to have the most nearly perfectly developed campus-house life. I was happy in being a guest at one of the dormitories presided over by the Dean of Women and her assistant.

The relationships of the girls in the house with their two superior officers interested me even more than that segregation of the Junior College of the University, which has caused so much excited discussion everywhere in the country except among the students of that Junior College itself, to whom the outward form of their collegiate opportunities appeared to be of less importance than the inner substance.

Representatives both of the Junior and of the Senior College were in the dormitory, girls not only from Western and Northern, but also from Eastern and Southern States; girls who were more keenly alert mentally, and yet more quiet in manner, and even in voice, than girls whom I have met in any Eastern or any other Western college. The house was nothing less than a realization of an ideal community; the students were singularly sensitive and responsive to their obligations each to the others. To the Dean and to her assistant they deferred, not as to persons in authority, but as to superiors in mind and in experience. The degree to which a household of this character will prepare its student members for the highest kind of civic service it is a joy to contemplate. Of the many great and good things which the University of Chicago is doing for its women students this impressed me as the greatest and best.

To my surprise, the question as to co-education was by no means the foremost subject under discussion at Chicago, nor indeed in any college or university in which it exists. At Cornell I patiently refrained from referring to the matter until my visit was half

ended, hoping that some one of the many girl students I met would take the initiative in mentioning it. Finally, not a single student having remotely touched upon it, I said to a girl at whose boarding-place I had been accommo ith a room:

"What do ink about co-education?"

"I think—i blem," she began, with some slight h

"It certai nstantly agreed.

"Oh," sa vith relief in her voice, "I was afraid you might be a person with views about it."

I assured her that a view of it was precisely what I lacked, and she then freely gave me her own personal opinion and experience of the subject. Having been for two years in a college solely for women, and also for already a year and a half a student at Cornell, she was peculiarly well qualified to discuss the question without uninformed prejudice.

"From the standpoint of scholarship," she said, "it makes very little difference whether women study with men or by themselves. The difficulty about co-education is in the restriction it places upon college life—"

"In what way do you mean?" I inquired,

"I mean," continued my informant, "that one of the most important features of a college for women is the college life, the free intercourse of girls with girls—the fun, in fact."

"But why is not that quite as fully possible here?" I asked.

"Because," was the answer, "so many of the things that girls in girls' colleges do for pure fun we can't do here."

"Would they be so undesirable?" I ventured.

"Yes," said the particular girl, "because, you see," she added delicately, "they would look so undignified."

Somewhat later I repeated this conversation to a member of the faculty of the Woman's College at Cleveland, and she indorsed the view of the girl of Cornell with unmistakable emphasis.

"She struck at the very root of the matter," was her comment; "she touched upon the very thing which makes the subject problematic."

Still later a professor at the University of Chicago approached the question from the opposite side by saying that his belief in

a s egated college rested mainly upon his con ction that one of the most valuable elemer in the college life of men was nothing els han the intimate association of men with men, which co-education tended in some measure to disturb.

I recount varying expressions of the san the President of a State iv farther West, where co-edu ned from the beginning, and r regarded as a matter of course he immediate vicinity any question sion as to its advisability. He listened without any appearance of personal interest, and then he said slowly, "But—society is co-educational."

As for the women themselves at co-educational institutions, I found them unusually serious and thoughtful. A never-subsiding consideration of the desirability of college life and scholastic training, and of the subsequent uses to be made of the benefits derived from these things, has given to the girl students a poise that may well compensate for the lack of that innocent gayety which is so dear a part of life in a college for women alone. They have been challenged to defend their right to the higher education;

and the acceptance of that challenge has revealed to them the necessity of being "sober and vigilant."

Life in America is so widely various. The help of American women is required in so many diverse circumstances of life; is it not fitting that our systems of collegiate education for women should differ broadly in form —especially when they agree so nearly in spirit? Almost without exception they seek to aid their students to the attainment of a more complete, more self-dependent, more useful womanhood.

Of all the gifts of the woman's college to the student and to the American Nation, who can select one and say of it that it is the greatest? I have asked many college girls, and no fewer college women, "What is the best and most permanent gift of the college for women?"

According to their own sentiments, they selected from among the countless benefits of their collegiate career those things most precious to themselves. Perhaps Alice Freeman Palmer, beloved of all college women in America, irrespective of their several colleges, and revered by all lovers of true women even beyond the boundaries of the

United States—perhaps Mrs. Palmer saw most clearly and deeply, and has voiced most truly, that gift of the woman's college which is greatest.

She said once: "I have forgotten my chemistry, and [illegible]sical philology cannot bear examin[illegible] all around the world there are me[illegible]nen at work, my intimates of c[illegible] who have made the wide earth [illegible]lace to me."

Every wo[illegible] a college will hardly fail to agree[illegible] words, quite without addition or modification, express her chief reason for the love she bears her college; and also explain the large function exercised by that college in the organic life of the American Nation.

THE WOMAN IN THE PLAY

VII

THE WOMAN IN THE PLAY

THE office of the play, the canons according to which we may permit ourselves to judge the acting of the player, the function and the influence of the stage—these are questions which students of the drama and lovers of dramatic art are never loth to discuss. The problem as a whole has a peculiar fascination, partly due, no doubt, to the presence in it of more than one of those quantities designated in mathematics as indeterminate. Most of us know what the office of the play has been, all of us are even more definitely aware of what we believe it should be; but can any one of us tell, with the smallest degree of certainty, just what that office to-day is? Are we able quite satisfactorily to explain even to ourselves why we are so irresistibly attracted to the play? When we turn to a consideration

of acting of the player, in "what a case" do w still more deeply bring ourselves! In H let's words to the players, especially in thc which refer to the "purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, 'twere, the mirror up to nature," ressed very nearly the total ns of dramatic criticism.

This cir es not assist us so extensively were we not at such odds with re ur conceptions of the real meaning of the term "nature," and consequently so prone to disagree regarding the verisimilitude of the reflection in the mirror of the particular player's art. If, for instance, Miss Julia Marlowe's representation of Juliet has convinced us, we cannot accept Miss Maude Adams's rendering, nor the reverse.

Regarding the function and the influence of the stage, how much wider and more marked are the divergences of our opinions! It is not strange that students of the acted drama are unfailingly ready to enter upon discussions of these many phases of a subject at once so perplexing and so important.

THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

To no other of the arts are we in America more keenly responsive than to the art of acting. It arouses in us a species of fine delight and half-incredulous admiration. We are never done wondering at it. Learned scholars may write any number of very learned essays about "As You Like It," for example, and while we are immensely interested, we are not amazed; gifted musicians may set Amiens's songs to the most exquisite music, and though we are charmed, we feel no lingering surprise; but let some person endowed with what we name the dramatic gift do what, for want of a better word, we call act the part of Rosalind, and for many, many days afterward her face will smile at us and her voice speak to us from all the pages whenever we open the book of the play. Why this is true none of us can quite say; but we have only to consult our own personal experience, and to give attention to the experiences of others, in order to prove many times over that it is indeed an actual fact. If it be true for those of us to whom the acted drama is so wonted, to whom the witnessing of representations of plays is so usual a part of life, it is no less but rather more true of those other lovers of dramatic

art who see few plays and see them very seldom, and who, moreover, are not vexed with "obstinate questionings" as to why they like to see plays, and when and how. It is enough for them that they may see—sometimes them that they have seen—

One ls I came to know a woman to mory of one play had been the ost the only beauty in a life s y toil and suffering. She live on rts of a remote Western village, and I met her, as I met so many persons during my journeyings, by the merest accident.

Driving with my host and hostess one gray afternoon, I chanced to notice a small, weather-beaten house standing alone on the snowy prairie, outlined against the cold sky.

"Does any one live there?" I asked.

My hostess replied by telling me the names of the people to whom the house was a home; and then, in answer to my next inquiry, she added that the family consisted of a man who was partly paralytic, and of his sister—a comparatively young woman—who, though not very strong physically, supported herself and her brother by sewing.

"Tell me about the woman," I asked.

"I don't know her very well," said my hostess; "she is very reserved. She sews well, and she never complains."

With so much information I was obliged to be content. For the moment I made no further inquiries, but the remembrance of the small solitary house remained insistently in my thoughts, and one morning when I was accompanying the physician of the town, an old friend, upon his calls, I said to him:

"Do you know the people in that little house out on the prairie?"

"Know them!" he echoed; "I've known them for years. I go there constantly; in fact, I'm going there right now to see the man. He is partly paralyzed."

When we reached the house the doctor appeared to hesitate before he helped me from the carriage.

"The woman—" he began.

"I have heard," I said, "that she is very reserved."

"Yes," acquiesced the doctor; "she scarcely ever says a word, even to me."

The woman received me with the silence that I had been led to expect. The doctor, going into another room to speak to the in-

valid, left me alone with her in the tiny apartment which served as a sewing-room. After inviting me to come nearer the stove she took up a garment from the chaotic mass of fabrics and paper patterns lying on a table beside her chair, and, bending over it, seemed quite to forget me in her work.

I looked out the window for a brief time, but there was li[illegible]e beyond a dull sky, an expanse of [illegible] the distant houses of the village. [illegible]glanced around the room. With tl[illegible]ion of various conveniences for s[illegible] had in it few other objects, and of [illegible]y one was especially suggestive. [illegible] was a volume of Shakespeare, [illegible]o be a single play, too small to co[illegible]he plays. Involuntarily I turned to the woman. As I had been told, she was young; her quiet face was very delicate and sweet. While I was still looking at her and wishing that she would talk to me, she unexpectedly lifted her head and met my gaze.

"Are you cold?" she asked, and though I answered her that I was not, she arose and mended the fire in the small stove.

"I should think you'd find the winter climate out West rather uncomfortable," she

added—the doctor had mentioned to her that I was a visitor.

She afterward insisted that my reply to this remark had been the outcome of a real inspiration; and I could not gainsay her, for undoubtedly the presence of the volume of Shakespeare did suggest to me to say:

"It is somewhat rigorous, especially the wind; but I have become almost as philosophical about it as the Banished Duke—"

A faint color came suddenly into the woman's pale face.

"Have you seen her?" she asked with gentle eagerness; "or have you only read the book?"

"Her?" I questioned.

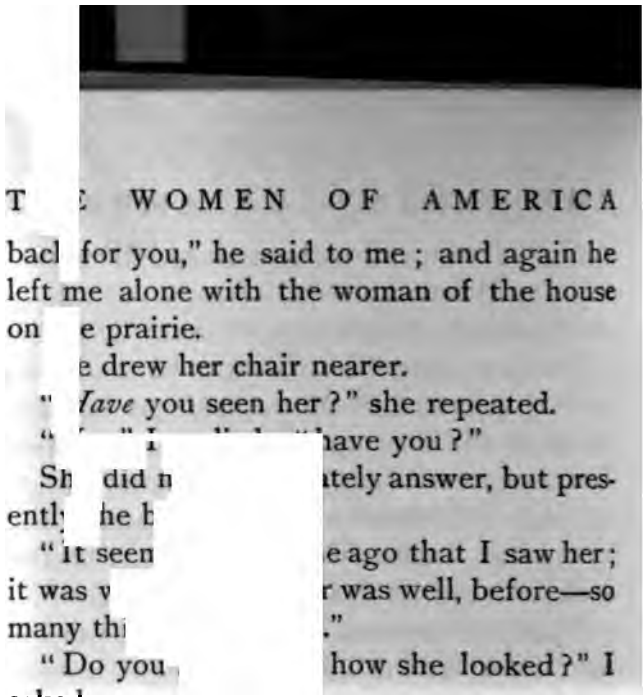
"Rosalind," she explained.

Just at this moment the doctor returned to the room, having left the sick man falling into the sleep in which he lay during so many hours of the day and night.

The woman, of whose silent reserve I had been warned, wavered for an instant, as I reluctantly prepared to go with the doctor; then, a trifle tremulously, she said:

"Need you go yet?"

"Why, no," the doctor replied for me; "I'll make the rest of my calls, and come



back for you," he said to me; and again he left me alone with the woman of the house on the prairie.

She drew her chair nearer.

"*Have* you seen her?" she repeated.

"[illegible]have you?"

She did not immediately answer, but presently she [illegible]

"It seem[illegible]e ago that I saw her; it was w[illegible]r was well, before—so many thi[illegible]."

"Do you [illegible]how she looked?" I asked.

The woman smiled.

"I shall never forget," she said. "I was visiting," she continued, "in a town where there's a theatre—you know there isn't one here—and she was there, and some one invited me to go. I'd never been to a theatre before—I've never been since."

"And you haven't forgotten?" I exclaimed.

"A person couldn't forget Rosalind," the woman went on, her soft eyes brightening. "There she was, her very self, in the forest of Arden, with all the others."

"Do you remember the others?" I questioned eagerly.

My new companion reflected.

"Yes," she answered, "I do; but I remember Rosalind best."

Then, no longer recollecting that I too had seen the play and had not merely "read the book," she told me all about it, and described Rosalind with such loving accuracy that I had no difficulty in recognizing, as I had more than half expected to recognize, the impersonation of Miss Julia Marlowe.

"There has been a great deal in my life since then," said the girl, with the quiet which even with the melting of her reserve she had not lost, "to make me forget any happiness I've had. And I have forgotten a lot of things; but, somehow, I've always remembered the time I saw Rosalind; and often when I sit sewing, or watching my brother, I let my mind go back and think of her, in the forest of Arden; it doesn't change things any, I suppose, but it makes me feel better."

"You have the plays," I presently observed, indicating the volume I had noted.

"It isn't mine," said the woman, taking the book into her hands; "it belongs to the Library Society." She was silent for a short interval, and then she said: "A person gets so attached to Shakespeare's people."

Whom do you like best?" I asked.

"Why, Rosalind, of course!" exclaimed the girl. "I only know about the others because I've read what they've said and done; but Rosalind—I've seen Rosalind!" She smiled reminiscently. "I liked seeing her in [illegible] began; "and—I like even [illegible]mber her," she concluded.

[illegible]en [illegible] the acted drama who are inclin[illegible]ature and training, to be chary of [illegible] been quite won over by Miss Marlowe's Rosalind, to the length of writing many pages of enthusiastic comment; other players—most exacting of all critics—have commended it with the greatest warmth; and many persons not ordinarily ready with happy words have been charmed by the Rosalind of Miss Marlowe into actually glowing eloquence; but have all of these together, in all their encomiums, rendered quite so high a tribute to that Rosalind as the tribute of the woman in the little house on the prairie? In the long months of her unremitting work and sorrow she did not lose the memory of that "merry hour" in which she had found the way to the forest of Arden; when her burden was heaviest she

yet could sometimes forget it for a brief time while she lingered with Rosalind under the forest trees.

Among the books which I had taken to bear me company on my long journey there were several volumes of the Temple Shakespeare; one of these, by a rare good fortune, was "As You Like It"; and when I went a second time to the house on the prairie I took it with me to give to the woman of the house. The book had been in the country with me the previous summer, and as my new friend turned its pages, the clover blossoms and daisy petals and bits of leaves which had slipped into it from the fields and woods fell fluttering about her hands. This simple happening gave the woman what Matthew Arnold has called "a shock of pleasure." She looked at me with shining eyes.

"I feel as though it had come from the forest of Arden," she said. "I shall always think you got it there, under one of the trees."

It is somewhat remarkable that in America the development of the most complex of all the arts, the acted drama, has been so far in advance of the growth of any approach to a national expression in music, or paint-

ing, or even in literature. We write many books, but very few of them are so deeply and broadly American in spirit as to appeal to the people of the United States, as a whole, more strongly than do contemporary foreign books; we have very little American painting, and less American music; but we have an American stage. The plays we see may be English, or French, or Norwegian, but the playing is American, particularly and especially when the player is a woman. Mr. Robert Edeson's Gavin Dishart may have suggested some faint traces of Scotch origin, but Miss Maude Adams's Lady Barbara had all the "glad wild ways" of New World girlhood. Mrs. Fiske's Cyprienne is completely American; and in Miss Marlowe's beautiful representation the utterly Italian Fiammetta ceased to be Italian at all.

However perfectly an American actress may conceive a character, however clearly she may perceive the French or Italian or Norwegian national element in that character, the spirit of her own nation forces itself into her expression of the character, and, against her will or with her connivance, lends to her Norwegian or Italian or French impersonation a peculiarly American lustre, as

of "the freshness of new creation." It produces also an effect of *naïveté* which bewitches an audience in America as all Madame Bernhardt's technique never can.

It is this intangible quality in her lovely art which has given to the American actress her far-reaching and abiding influence. She has thereby made her art democratic; to the sympathies of the simplest people it addresses no less direct an appeal than to the appreciation of the most sophisticated. Only a few persons in a few audiences in a few American cities have felt even the interest of curiosity in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's extraordinary acting, and fewer still have been profoundly moved by it; but Mrs. Fiske, whose technical method is infinitely more delicate, absorbs the entire attention of any audience of any American community, large or small, and, through the mere sincerity of her artistic expression, leaves a deep and lasting impression. Our recollections of Paula Tanqueray and Melisande become dim, but Tess does not fade from our memories. We easily forget Beata, but the remembrance of Mary of Magdala continues to stir us to a larger human kindness.

One day last winter I chanced to go to a

tow small it is true, but yet of sufficient
size possess a theatre, to which represen-
tati players were in the habit of coming at
intervals for a single night's performance.
Amo the persons of the place whom I met
there was constant play-goer,
who ente greatest zest into a
protracted every play given in
the tow to the most recent.
It happ Campbell and Mrs.
Fiske village during the
course of th on.

"I was interested in Mrs. Campbell," said the play-goer, "because she mystified me."

"And Mrs. Fiske?" I questioned.

"Oh, I was more interested in Mrs. Fiske," was the instant reply, "because she didn't mystify me!"

So far from mystifying her audience, does not Mrs. Fiske invariably win that audience to a clearer vision? I once received a most striking proof of the presence in Mrs. Fiske's art of this very clarifying quality. A woman, who came sometimes to a college settlement in which I was interested, borrowed from me one evening a copy of "A Doll's House," the title of which had attracted her atten-

tion. To my surprise, she read and reread the play with the greatest interest, and often alluded to it in conversations with me. She was a married woman, with two small children; and, so far as I was aware, her life was happier and freer from care than is often the case in the lives of women living, as she lived, in the tenements.

For this reason I was rather amazed by her keen interest in Nora, and more than a little disturbed by her frequent assertions that "Nora should 'a' done jest w'ot she did 'bout goin'."

"Don't you think she should 'a' gone?" she suddenly demanded of me one day, when talking of this subject.

"I can't think about her at all," I replied, "because I don't quite believe a real person was ever like her."

"*I* think she should 'a' gone," the woman maintained stoutly.

While she was still urging me to a more positive opinion regarding the matter Mrs. Fiske's forthcoming production of "A Doll's House" was announced. The woman went to see the play on its first night.

"What did you think of it?" I asked, when next we met.

"Well," said the woman slowly, "I don't see how Nora could feel it was right to go off an' leave her little children."

"I'm glad you no longer think she should have," I said.

"The queer thing," observed the woman, perplexedly, "is that in the book it seems like she should 'a' gone, an' in the play it seems like she shouldn't; an' yet the words is the same." She looked at me waveringly for a moment, and then she said, earnestly, "Which 'ud you choose, the play or the book?"

"The play," I assured her, not without emphasis.

Not very long ago I saw her. More than a year had passed since Mrs. Fiske's production of "A Doll's House," and in all that time the woman had not mentioned it to me, but she began, without preamble: "I chose the play, an' I'm glad I did."

"The play?" I questioned—and then, recollecting, I continued: "You mean 'A Doll's House.'"

"Yes," returned the woman, "I chose it; I didn't go."

Observing that my amazement was too great for words, she explained:

"Me an' my husband hadn't been agreein' for a good while, an' when I read 'bout Nora I thought I'd do like her, an' go. But you kep' sayin' she wasn't like no real person, an' I couldn't decide. Then I saw the play, an' it came over me no woman oughter leave her children, even to go. So I stayed, an' one night me an' my husband talked things over, an' we agree better now; an' I'm glad I stayed."

One of Mrs. Fiske's critics, in referring to her impersonation of Nora, said that it "lacked that nameless, elusive essence which particularly distinguishes Ibsen's dramas." The influence of that impersonation upon the woman from the tenements would seem to show that it unquestionably had. Mrs. Fiske, by the lucidity of her art, actually succeeded in substituting for that somewhat stifling essence a clearer and purer atmosphere.

Perhaps nothing has so tended to make and to keep the art of the American woman of the stage democratic as the unclouded sunniness of her dramatic expression. A foreign critic, exclaiming in surprise over the fact that no American actress had appeared to feel any desire to produce M. Maeter-

lin 's recent play, "Monna Vanna," which, as he observed, offered so decided an opportunity for the exercise of dramatic skill, said, "But no doubt an American representation of it would be useless. The great mass of Amer le feeling for the abnormal."

This d he part of the masses in America ıre willing to acknowledge witl ghtest regret. Aside from its in , it does much to neutralize the he occasional exhibitions of the abnormal made on our national stage, and does even more to inspire and to encourage in America the embodying of the normal in every art, and especially in that most personal of all the arts, the acted drama.

Not only, however, are the majority of the people in America who comprise audiences out of sympathy with the abnormal, not only for this reason was no American actress strongly impelled in the direction of availing herself of the obvious dramatic opportunity in "Monna Vanna." The American public has quite as much feeling for the abnormal as the American woman of the stage. To the extent to which a distorted phase of life

is represented by an American actress, to that extent does the American public apprehend it; but is the extent very great? When an American actress ventures into the gloom of the abnormal, her own inextinguishable light baffles her purpose by dispelling the very darkness in which she has invited her audience to grope, and leaves that audience in a state of such frank relief, and still more evident perplexity, that the situation becomes mutually embarrassing.

An incident which occurred in connection with Miss Marlowe's production of "The Queen Fiammetta" served to establish the rightness of this theory somewhat firmly in my mind. One afternoon, as I was going from the theatre, after seeing Miss Marlowe's exquisite impersonation of the "little flaming queen"—an impersonation which had been not fiery at all, but tender, reflective and gentle—I met one of my friends, a Polish girl, whose interest in Miss Marlowe's acting had been the means, when first I made her acquaintance, several years earlier, at a college settlement, of enabling me to persuade her to study the English language, an effort to which nothing but a desire to read Miss Marlowe's plays would induce her. Her

opi ons upon any acting, and particularly upon that of Miss Marlowe, in which she especi lly delighted, invariably showed the keenest insight; and I was much pleased when she told me that she also had been seeing "[illegible] metta."

" d you asked.

T e girl

"T : q ke her," she said finally; "she : lady; but what happened to h : it not."

"Why ?' ed.

"It wass not what does happen to a noble lady," the girl replied.

Was not this why most of us who saw "The Queen Fiammetta" did not like what happened to her?

In M. Catulle Mendes's depicting of his heroine, she was a tempestuous, selfish and grossly sensual Italian woman of many intrigues, who by her own baseness and folly brought ruin and death upon herself. In Miss Marlowe's delineation she was a lighthearted girl of the most child-like purity and gentleness of nature, a victim of causeless cruelty, falsely accused, unjustly destroyed. Even if Miss Marlowe had played the part in the exact words of M. Mendes, it is doubt-

ful if the personality of Fiammetta would have been differently indicated by her; on the contrary, it is very certain that the "butterfly" would still have been, not a "butterfly" at all, but a "noble lady."

The art of the American woman of the stage is never brilliant and seldom sparkling, but it is always radiant. It does not dazzle, but it illumines; and its light is for the unlettered no less than for the learned. We are reminded sometimes that this particular type of diffusive brightness is merely the glow of youth; but is it not the glow of youth in any artistic expression which gives to that expression its persuasiveness? One of the contemporaries of Robert Louis Stevenson, that artist who amid the "changes and chances" of his mortal life never ceased to be a child at heart, once said of him that he fearlessly took the tired old world by the hand, and, smiling up into its sober face, coaxed it to forget its age for a day and frolic with him. We all know how the world succumbed. It hesitated at first, to be sure; and then half-indulgently it yielded, and then its vanished childhood suddenly returned, and it reveled as mirthfully as the child himself.

Somewhat as Stevenson did for English literature, Miss Maude Adams does for the American stage. Her glad, unflagging spirit will not be denied; it beguiles the most surly into a sympathetic gayety.

Last wint[illegible] ourse of my travels, I went to a [illegible] Middle West, familiar to me on [illegible] several earlier visits, my primary [illegible] ng a wish to learn, in the intere[illegible] estigation, some facts regardi[illegible] eachers of the place. My hostess [illegible] devoted two days of the three which I spent with her to accompanying me through the numerous rooms of the village school-houses, and to introducing me to all the many teachers. Then she urged me to forego investigation, and to give the remaining day of my visit to renewing old acquaintances in the town.

To this I at once assented; and my hostess speedily began to arrange her teacups and to issue impromptu invitations.

One of the former friends who kindly came to greet me was a young girl whom I remembered as a lonely little child, an orphan, cared for by a conscientious but austere grandmother.

"I invited her," my hostess explained to me

as we seated ourselves before the fire for a quiet talk after the departure of the last guest, "because you had her about with you so much when she was a child."

"She was a pathetic little girl," I said; "but she seems happy now."

"Do you recall her grandmother?" queried my hostess.

"I certainly do," I replied; "she told me once that there was one desirable thing about children—after a while they were sure to be grown up!"

When my hostess had ceased laughing, she remarked, "Well, she told me the other day that children would be children—and she was glad they would!"

"She must have changed," I commented.

"Yes," was the reply, "she has changed lately. She seems to be more fond of her granddaughter and to understand her better. I suppose that's why she looks happier."

"She was always sensitive," I said, "I wonder," I continued, interrogatively, "what has changed her grandmother?"

My hostess had scarcely finished saying that she did not know, when the girl of whom we had just been speaking was again announced.

"Grandmother sent me back to ask if you won't come over to see her for a little while," she said to me.

I was rather surprised, for my early acquaintance had been almost solely with the wistful little girl; but I immediately prepared to go.

"You used to like my granddaughter," said the older woman as she had made me welcome, with teness I recollected, but also with a quired warmth.

"I like her st lied; "she is even sweeter now as when she was a child."

The grand ad left the room to attend to some d duty; but even in her absence the g ther did not praise her with effusion. "She is a good girl," she said, briefly; then, as if involuntarily, she demanded, "Do you think she's happy?"

"She looks very happy," I said.

"Well, young people ought to be happy," said the older woman.

As she spoke her eyes strayed to a small picture frame on the crowded mantel shelf. There was a print in the frame, and as I glanced at it, I saw, to my astonishment, that it was a picture of Miss Adams as "Lady

Babbie." I knew that Miss Adams had never been in that village ; I had not supposed that the little granddaughter had more than twice in her life been elsewhere.

"She must have taken great pleasure in seeing 'The Little Minister,'" I observed.

"She? Oh, my granddaughter didn't see it; I did. I was visiting over in the city, and the people I was staying with took me. I've never seen many stage plays, and the others I saw I didn't care much about; but I liked the girl in this one. She did a lot of wild things I wouldn't have allowed if I'd been one of the people having the bringing up of her." My acquaintance paused, and then she smiled faintly. "And yet," she continued, "some way, I liked her. She made me remember how I used to feel when I was a young girl."

I unconsciously turned to look again at the picture on the mantel, with the laughing eyes, and the eager lips, and the wind-blown hair, and the rowan berries.

The woman whose austerity had for many years been a subject for comment in her town, noting this, said, in a low voice: "A person of my age can't change her ways suddenly. After I'd begun to recollect how I felt

about things when I was a girl, it came to me that all girls are alike—my granddaughter among them. And to keep me in mind of it, I cut that girl's picture out of a magazine and set it up there." She smiled again. "She was very flighty," she mused; "but she was so light-hearted about it, I couldn't blame her as much as I wanted to—especially when I began to rememb 'd been in my own feelings at her

As the grand left me a little later, at the door of ess, I said to her: "Your grand ed me if I thought you were happ

The girl's fa l shyly, "I am," she said, impulsiv gh I wasn't when I was smaller. I was ely. I have grown old enough now to be companionable with grandmother," she concluded, with naïve seriousness; and I did not tell her that, on the contrary, her grandmother had grown young enough to be companionable with her.

Truly, if the sacrifices of the American woman of the stage for her art be, as none of us can doubt, numerous and large, her rewards are proportionately great and many. It has been given to her in large measure to inspire, to enlighten, and to refresh. If the moment

of her expression be fleeting, the influence of that moment endures; and the influence is that which makes for happier and better days, days like the morning of the birthday of Colombe, in which "sunshine's everywhere."

THE AMERICAN WOMAN OF LETTERS

VIII

THE AMERICAN WOMAN OF LETTERS

IN reading the various lengthy volumes, and the even more widely various brief essays, written by Americans and by foreigners with regard to the development and characteristics of American literature, it is interesting to note that, however irreconcilably their opinions concerning certain aspects of the subject may differ, upon two points at least, they are apt to be invariably in entire agreement. These two points, it need scarcely be said, are : that into the making of the literature of America has entered much that is neither of America nor for America ; and that in the use of their favorite literary form, the short story, not only American men of letters, but American women of letters too, have acquired a peculiar and particular excellence.

The influence exerted by the Old World upon the literature and art of our New World has long been a topic of comment—comment as diverse as it is tentative. What is the nature of this mysterious influence? does it affect the method or the spirit of the American worker? Is it an influence touching mere craftsmanship? or does it penetrate and affect, not [illegible]er of making a picture, but the pi[illegible]elf? In Mr. Howells's delightful [illegible]The Coast of Bohemia," there is a [illegible]tion of an impressionistic painti[illegible]listinctly and completely Americ[illegible]: which may not inaptly apply to [illegible]the literary results achieved in A[illegible] Americans. "It's like it," says the g[illegible] the story, of the scene depicted in the painting; "that's the way I've always seen it; and it's beautiful. But somehow—it looks as if it were somewhere else."

If men of letters in America have—as even their most friendly critics must admit—so made their verbal pictures of American life as to cause that life to look, sometimes, "as if it were somewhere else," American women of letters have occasionally gone somewhat further in the same direction. Even the

American studies of Mr. Henry James do not equal those of Mrs. Wharton in the continental quality of their treatment. On the other hand, not even that most broadly American of all Mr. Howells's novels, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," is recognized by Americans of all conditions of life as being so deeply national in spirit as Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's stories of the coast of the single, and markedly provincial, State of Maine.

In journeying about the United States, I was more than once amazed to find, not that Miss Jewett's books were more widely read than those of any other woman of letters in America, but that they were read with a certain fullness of appreciation by persons to whom their peculiarly local background was utterly unfamiliar; by Westerners, to whom the East was at most but a tradition; by Southerners, to whom the actual New England, and much more, the New England of the books of New Englanders, has been by no means easy of comprehension. How shall we explain this, except by saying that the New England of Miss Jewett's stories is in America, not "somewhere else"? And, however we may chance to differ in that we

are ı ortherners or Southerners, Westerners or ısterners, we are all alike in that we are ımericans, possessing more mutual grour ds of understanding and sympathy than we always quite realize. If other writers of America prone to forget this, Miss Jewe her exquisite pictures have for and subtle familiarity, whetı m from the West or from the th native New England eyes.

From m ns regarding the literary work ... can women which I heard last year in various parts of the United States, it was proven to me many times over that circumstances of American life as remotely removed as possible from any similarity to New England conditions and habits of thought were still no real hindrances to a feeling of actual kinship with the people and the environment of Miss Jewett's stories. Memories of those discussions linger in my thoughts only less vividly than a series of experiences which I had in connection with that loveliest to me of all Miss Jewett's pictures, "The Country of the Pointed Firs."

In the train, on my way from Denver to

Portland, Oregon, I met a woman who, as she shortly told me, lived on a ranch in Montana. As I soon discovered, she had a remarkably intimate knowledge, not only of Montana, but of the neighboring States of Wyoming and Idaho. Her journey lasted only one day of the several days of my journey, but during that time she told me more concerning the far Northwest than I could otherwise have learned in as many years.

"You know it well!" I exclaimed.

"I ought to," she replied; "I was born out here; I've always lived out here. I've never had the opportunity of knowing anything else."

"Have you never been East," I asked her, "nor in the South?"

"No," she answered, with a smile; "I've only been West—in the three States I've been telling you about. What is the East like?" she inquired, with sudden interest. "Nothing like this, I suppose?"

She turned and gazed out of the car window as she spoke. It was late in the afternoon of a March day, on a plain in Wyoming. Excepting for the low sage-brush and the buildings of a far-off ranch, the plain was empty. It met the sky at the horizon, as the

sky nd the ocean meet off the shores of New England.

" othing like this, I suppose ?" repeated my companion ; and I tried to tell her how unlike it was.

One of ad advised me, while tra g ov thwest, to read " The Virgin " ful of the pleasant counsel, I with me on that journey from Oregon. My new acquaintance he book, and we had discussed it gth during the morning of her day's journey. She had, in fact, opened conversation with me with some question concerning it. As I paused, after my attempt to answer her queries regarding the East, she said, indicating " The Virginian," and reverting to her own opinion respecting the verity of its delineation of Western frontier life, "Is there any book that describes the East as well as this one describes the West?"

" There is indeed," I replied; " and I will send it to you, if I may ; if ever you go to Maine, you will see how well it describes it."

She gave me her address ; and, so soon as I was able to procure it, I sent her a copy of " The Country of the Pointed Firs." After

a considerable lapse of time, she wrote in acknowledgment of the book. Her entire letter was interesting and suggestive, but one or two sentences in its last paragraph were of especial significance. "You said that if I ever went to Maine I'd see how truly the book tells about it," she wrote, "but I can see it without going there. I can see it all; Mrs. Todd's house, and the pasture on her mother's island where the pennyroyal grew, and the sea, and the boats, and the island where poor Joanna lived. I can see the people, too; I feel like I knew how they felt about things." After a few more references to various characters in the book, she concluded with this unconscious and beautiful tribute to Miss Jewett's rare achievement: "I had no idea people in Maine were so much like people out West, at heart."

Her letter reached me just as I was about to go from a somewhat large city in the far South to an isolated Southern town of small size. A suddenly awakened desire to read "The Country of the Pointed Firs" in the new light given me by the letter from the ranch in Montana led me to replace the book in my small library without the delay usually attendant upon similar replenishings.

Very nearly the first question put to me by my hostess in the small town was an inquiry which I had already learned to expect from those persons in the South whom I had formerly known: "What is New England *really* like?"

The question was a formidable one, and my difficulty in trying to answer it had not been slight.

"Tell me what New England is really like," my mother said again one day, as we searched for violets beneath the trees in the avenue leading to the quaint old house of her grandfather.

I was about to begin as usual by pleading my inability to make anything but a hopelessly inadequate reply, when I remembered the book which I brought in my traveling bag.

"Have you read 'The Country of the Pointed Firs'?" I asked.

"No," returned my hostess regretfully; "you know we see so few new books here; that is new, isn't it? What is it, a New England story? I've read dozens of them, but I can't tell from them what New England *really* is like."

When we returned to the house I offered

her the book, which she received with courteous interest, but without any evidence of particular enthusiasm. Obviously, stories of New England had never hitherto appealed to her very greatly, notwithstanding the number of them that she had perused. She read "The Country of the Pointed Firs" one evening while I was absent engaged in my investigation. When I returned I found her sitting with the closed book in her hand, her brightened eyes gazing unseeingly into the cheerful open fire.

"Oh, you have been reading it!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she said; "and I know *now* what New England is like and what kind of people New Englanders are!"

"You haven't been there?" I ventured, but my friend interposed.

"Reading that book is very much the same as being there," she affirmed, and I agreed with her. She had recognized the truth of the spirit of the book with the same unassailable certainty with which even those of us who are not French and have never been in France recognized the verity of George Sand's "La Petite Fadette."

She had read many other books dealing

with New England and the people of New England; she had, indeed, read two or three others of Miss Jewett's books, but "The Country of the Pointed Firs" gave her a delight and satisfaction charming to see. Its pages were [illegible] her very frequently during the [illegible] my visit. As I went about the h[illegible] before my departure gathering t[illegible] scattered possessions, I observed [illegible] volume lying on the library t[illegible] windows which opened upon the o[illegible] Southern trees leading up to the old Southern house in which is lived still the gracious and graceful life of the Old South.

"I am glad you care for 'The Country of the Pointed Firs,'" I said to my friend. "May I leave it for a farewell gift?"

"Oh, I've been longing to ask you if you *would!*" my hostess exclaimed impulsively "It has brought New England nearer to me than anything I have ever read." She reflected for a moment, and then she added, meditatively: "It is so intensely local, and yet some way it doesn't exclude one—I suppose because it takes even a Southerner's perfect understanding for granted."

More than a month afterward I was tell-

ing one of my friends in the East something of the happy welcome with which "The Country of the Pointed Firs" had been received in two such different sections of the United States. In the days of my brief visit with her our conversation returned often to a further discussion of the significance of both incidents; and when she bade me good-by at the train she gave me another copy of the book.

"Being the third copy," she said with a smile, "perhaps you may be able to keep it."

But I kept it for even a shorter time than I had kept either of the other two copies. The train was crowded. As I sat reading again the account of the Bowden Reunion I was dimly conscious that my immediate neighbor, a woman of middle age, was no less deeply interested than I in the pages before me. Presently I said to her:

"Would you like to look at my book? I have already read it a number of times."

"It has a kind of interesting look to it," she confessed as she turned to the first chapter.

Our journey was nearing its end before my companion had reached in its due order

the owden Reunion. Reluctantly she closed the book.

"I'd like to read it all," she said, with involuntary wistfulness. "It sounds so natural to me—like I was talking with old friends. I'm a State oman myself."

Needless t ged upon her the acceptance of t ntly acquired volume; and when sh , I sought to dissolve her polite y saying to her that, being a St woman, it really belonged to her an to me. As she had not at once accepted the book, neither did she immediately accept this reasoning. She considered for a moment, and then she said, holding the book in both her hands and turning kindly eyes upon me:

"I guess it belongs where it's given, anyway."

Does not the potency of Miss Jewett's work rest in this very fact—the fact that anywhere in America it may be given, that anywhere in America it may be received; that to every one in America, in other words, it belongs?

A tendency towards the employment of the short-story form as a medium of literary expression has almost from the beginning of

the history of American literature been characteristic, not only of American men of letters, but even more decidedly of women of letters in America. The exigencies of American life have given rise to the American magazine, which, while it may or may not be a "book of all time," is always a "book of the hour"—that dubiously leisure hour of the too frequently overcrowded American day. The magazine has demanded the short story; the complete, if brief, expression. The uncertainty attaching itself to the leisure hour of the next week, the next month, is impatient of the uncomprehending presupposition of surety suggested by the complaisant words, *To be Continued.* To most American readers a novel in the form of a magazine serial is tantalizing.

"I never read a serial story," a woman said to me recently in the most sober fashion imaginable, "until it is published in book form!"

Most of us, however, have never been convinced that a mere question of expediency has been more than superficially instrumental in impelling in America the creation of such short stories as those written by Mrs. Deland and Miss Alice Brown and Mrs. Stu-

art. The distinctive quality of the work of the American woman of letters is the vividness and force of its characterization; a quality so essentially dramatic that its presence in a story which contains no vestige of that other dramatic require[illegible] plot, will sometimes be sufficient reas[illegible] converting that story into an acting [illegible]; in the case of Mrs. Rice's widely [illegible] account of "Mrs. Wiggs of the C[illegible] Patch." Not in the recording of tl[illegible]sses of character-development, not [illegible] setting forth of the myriads of influences and counter-influences which have made or marred an individual, but rather in a presentation, so life-like at times as to be startling, of the individual himself or herself, has the woman of letters in America most signally excelled. She has not called upon us to follow her through the intricacies of a series of mental and spiritual phases; she has introduced to us a person, and commended that person to our affection, our sympathy, our reverence, or, at worst, our pity. To effect such meetings between the reader and the scarcely less real individual of the writer's imagination three long volumes are scarcely needed. Sometimes, as in real life, it happens that a few brief

words suffice, that a mere glance into a new face fixes it unfadingly in the memory. Such a person is the mother of Mrs. Stuart's "Sonny"; and the girl-wife Letty in Miss Brown's Tiverton tale, "The Stolen Festival"; and Evelina in Miss Wilkins's story, "Evelina's Garden"; above all, such is Rachel King, in Mrs. Deland's town of Old Chester.

My own impression as to the especially vivid actuality of Rachel King I might in time have regarded as partly personal had it not chanced to be corroborated by one of my friends, a woman living in a city tenement, whose response to literary beauty and truth I had invariably found to be singularly trustworthy. One evening several years ago, hearing that she was ill, I went to see her, taking with me for companionship in the trolley car the current number of "Harper's Magazine," which number contained "The Child's Mother," that one of the "Old Chester Tales" in which the reader is permitted to meet Rachel's eyes for the first time—"mild and brooding gray eyes—the eyes of a woman who was essentially, and always, and deeply, a mother."

My friend, herself a good mother, asked

me, as was usual when she was ill and I called, to read to her; and because the story in the magazine seemed to me more likely to appeal to her than either of the two books I happened also to have with me, I read it. The description of [illegible]less woman's eyes led the mother of [illegible]nents to exclaim, "It was too bad sh[illegible] have no children, being a woman[illegible]"

The meani[illegible] daughter's brooding care for her [illegible]y friend did not perhaps quite gr[illegible] the no less subtle expression of the unsatisfied maternal longing of the woman who was "essentially and always and deeply a mother" found her keenly and utterly appreciative:

"If there was sickness in a neighbor's family, Rachel King took possession in a tranquil, sensible way; when there was death, her large, gentle hands were ready with those sacred touches that are so often left to hirelings; when there was sorrow, her soft breast was a most comforting pillow."

The woman of the tenements interrupted me at this point in the story. "She needed a child to do for!" she said.

But when the little Anna of the story was given to Rachel, my friend was still not con-

tent, though she requested me to read again these tender and intimate words:

"The baby slept, warm and quiet, on Rachel's bed; she bent over it to feel its soft breath on her cheek; then she gathered its feet into her hand to be sure that they were warm, and lifted the arm which was thrown up over its head and put it under the cover. It seemed as though she could not take her eyes away from the child, even that she might undress and lie down beside it. And when she did, it was not to sleep; a dozen times she raised herself on her elbow to look down at the little figure beside her and listen for its breathing, and lift its small relaxed hand to her lips."

When the end of the last sentence was reached for the second time, the woman of the tenements, the mother of four children, said softly: "*She* should'er had a child of her own!"

So often have I seen my friend since the evening I read this story to her, so many other stories have we read together since then, and regarding so many other things have we conferred, that the remembrance of her instant acceptance of Rachel King as an actual person for whom her comprehending affection

was eady, returned to me only a few days ago. I met her in a street-car; and chancing to have with me a photograph of another frie , wonderful in its Madonna-like suggestiveness, I showed it to the mother of the tenements, feeling sure that its rare beauty would appea

She gazed long time; and then she said, ge ooks like Rachel King would'er 'd had a child of her own!"

"You s Rachel!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes," said the woman; "and even if I didn't I could read about her. I've still got the magazine that tells about her—you know you gave it to me, 'cause I liked Rachel. I like her yet."

And the story that tells about Rachel is a short story, not two fifths of which is concerned with Rachel at all!

No doubt this almost instantaneous portraiture has it disadvantages. If a picture is drawn with a few swift strokes, the necessity for making those lines firm may tend to make them hard; and a type, rather than an individual, may be the artistic result. American women of letters have produced many "types

of characters"—Southern types, Western types, and, perhaps most profusely, New England types; types in which the outlines are uniformly accentuated, and the modifying gradations of light and shade are omitted. American life, even when it is most complex, lends itself to this method of representation; it is the life of a youthful nation, a nation still so young that its face is unshadowed, and without the deep furrows and seams of an older world's face. Excepting in their more extreme examples, the simple and definite pictures of it made by women of letters in America are not without a happy appropriateness. Whatever these portraits may have missed of true likeness, they are unmistakably successful in that they have caught that look of youth, eager, sturdy, and warm, which the face of the American Nation yet wears.

American women have written but little verse; and that which they have written has more often than not suggested with especial emphasis a foreign influence. Occasionally, nevertheless, it chances that out of many songs not of us may come one which we can claim as our own. In Miss Josephine Preston Peabody's book of verse, "The Singing Leaves," for example, one finds numerous intimations

and echoes of the world across the seas. The small pages of the little volume are still large enough to recall to one's mind Robert Louis Stevenson, and Swinburne, and Mrs. Browning, and the Rossettis. One hears a multitude of alien refrains; and then, suddenly, unexpectedly, one hears this song indigenous to our own land:

(USE

My hon o great;
But I keep.
The so e to me
Tl sleep.

The lit have
I sl dly pray
To-morro.. .. give more;
To give away.

Yes, in the dark sometimes
The childish fear will haunt;
How long, how long, before
I die of want?

But all the bread I have,
I share, and ever say,
To-morrow shall bring more
To give away.

Is not this indeed a song of our own people;

so beautifully, so utterly true a voicing of one of the most deeply rooted of our national feelings that we listen to it with a certain glowing warmth of appreciation? It is, to be sure, an essentially dramatic song; it appeals with that curiously personal appeal, only one half of which is of the song, the other half being of the singer; real, or, as in this instance, fancied.

So dramatic, in fact, is the literary manner and method and impulse of the American woman of letters, that her so frequent choice of the short or long story, in preference to the drama, as a means of expression, is a matter for surprise and conjecture. The reason for the seeming preference may be the great difficulty connected with the mastering of the technical skill required for play-writing; it may be—as has been explained—a disinclination to cope with the perplexities attendant upon stage-representation—which the playwright must needs eventually consider; or—perhaps more probably—it may be that a prospective spectator induces a constraint not imposed by the vision of a "gentle reader."

Occasionally, however, an American woman overcomes all these obstacles and writes an American play, a play which does not look

"as if it were somewhere else;" a play, too, which is notable chiefly, not for plot-construction, not for minute character-analysis, but for vivid character-portrayal. One of the most finished dramas yet written by an American wo[illegible]isly, a drama with but a single ac[illegible] by Mrs. Sutherland entitled "Po[illegible]rash."

"The pl[illegible]ote the directions to players—" [illegible] The period is the present. T[illegible] the exterior of Suke Dury's [illegible]: edge of Oloochee Swamp." Suke Dury is "of the class known as 'po' white trash;'" and Drent Dury, a half-grown boy, the principal person in the play, is her nephew. His mother had been of the station of Suke, but his father was of the dominant class.

Thus much do the other persons of the play tell one of the boy, who "moves listlessly and is pale," but sings with a voice like "a mocking-bird's;" who shrank from the iron while it was heating to brand a calf, but fearlessly pressed it against the snake-bite in his own flesh; who one moment "picks upon his banjo again, with a listless, tired sigh," and the next instant "suddenly starts erect," and, flinging himself before Carol Payne—a

woman of the play—receives in her stead the strike of the snake in her path. The drama is subtitled "A study of a little-known phase of American life;" but it is less a study of that phase than it is that phase itself. It does not speculate with respect to the possibilities and probabilities of the consequences to Drent Dury of his inheritance on the one side of the unquenchable vitality and over-keen feeling of his father's race, and on the other of the acquiescent languor and dullness of sensibility of his mother's class; it brings forward the boy; and he lives and speaks for himself; and we see him and hear him as we should hear and see him in actual life, on the edge of Oloochee Swamp.

A finer, more subtly faithful bit of characterization than that effected in Drent's explanation to the doctor of his empty game-bag it would not be easy to find:

"An' then, Doctor, I saw that coon's eyes —I saw that coon's eyes. Doctor, I—I never saw a coon's eyes befo'. I reckon—I reckon —thar wouldn't be so much hurtin' done in this world ef jes' befo' yo' hurted yo' saw the thing's eyes! An' I looked at him—an' he looked at me—an' his eyes said, 'Be yo' goin' to kill me? Be yo' goin' to kill me?'

Thar worn't no trees—no sky—no nothin'—jes' only that coon's eyes. 'It's on'y cowards kill what can't fight,' they says. 'It's on'y devils kill fo' fun,' they says. Everythin' thet hed ever been 'fraid—an' I've been 'fraid!—looked out o' that coon's eyes. Everythin' thet hed eve —an' I've got beat!—looked out o n's eyes. Everythin' thet ever be n', God-a-mighty! I've been hurt!— it o' that coon's eyes. 'Be yo' go ne?' they says. 'Be yo' goin' to An' I flinged my gun's far's she'd flew, ... says, 'No, yo' mean, scared, hunted critter, yo'!'"

I recently read that one fragment of the play to a Southern woman who had devoted a number of years to the assisting and befriending of as many persons in Georgia of the "class known as 'po' white trash'" as she could possibly reach.

"It is true to the life, isn't it?" I asked.

"It *is* the life," she said with the convincing emphasis of one who knew whereof she spoke.

The propensity to value the literary or artistic result of an American the more highly if it be an embodiment of some aspect of American life, true not merely to the sem-

blance, but also to the spirit, of its prototype, is occasionally condemned as an exhibition of a provincial bias which should without delay be straightened. "Art," we occasionally hear, "should not be narrow." But in that it has been, intangibly but surely, of the nation whose people produced it, has not great art always been narrow? The Madonnas of Raphael are first of all Italian; the plays of Shakespeare are predominantly English, and the sculpture of the Greeks became feeble in proportion as it permitted itself to be shaped by extraneous influences.

As a preparation for writing stories of America, are we wise in applying ourselves so assiduously to a long course in the decadent school of present-day English fiction? That we may make dramas dealing with American life, are we justified in looking so confidently to the plays of Maeterlinck and Ibsen for assistance? Are the pre-Raphaelites safe teachers, when we seek to instruct ourselves in order that we may compose American songs?

It may be that this instinctive turning toward the elders of the nations for help is but another attribute of our own youth. There can be little question, however, that only in

so ar as America has looked to itself has it produced abiding literature; and that only to the degree to which she has chosen to make her work narrow, in the sense of making it of her nation, has the woman of letters in America wrought that which shall endure.

[redacted]

WOMEN AND PHILANTHROPY

IX

WOMEN AND PHILANTHROPY

IN nothing do American women of to-day more clearly reveal the active presence in themselves of a spirit which was at most dormant in the American woman of yesterday, than in the character and quality and magnitude of their efforts in the direction of caring for others. In former years a charitable woman gave to the extent of her ability to those whom she found who needed her bounty; almost invariably she gave financial help, or that which represented financial help, such as food, or fuel, or clothing, or the service of a physician. The gift was prompted by a sense of duty, an impulse of kindness, or an instinct of pity; with it ended the giver's consciousness of responsibility; so far as she conceived her obligation, she had fulfilled its requirements.

At the present time very nearly the reverse

of this condition prevails. The rendering of aid, so far from removing or lessening the burden of the benefactor's feeling of responsibility, rather inclines to fix it the more securely and to increase it. She believes that not only must she relieve a present need, but that also she must earnestly and untiringly search for the cause of that need, and, finding it, devise [illegible] and effectual means wherewith it [illegible]faced. The task she has set hers[illegible]t; but it is scarcely greater than [illegible]ith which she has undertaken its [illegible]nce—that perfervid zeal, as yet [illegible] by weariness, which goes into t[illegible]ng of a new day's work.

This larger care [illegible] to the other person's welfare is unquestionably of comparatively recent development in the philanthropic work of women in America, and for this very reason, perhaps, is distinguished by that glowing warmth which has done, and does, so much to insure its effectiveness. In the hope that she may discover the best way in which to help the unfortunate, the American woman of to-day is not only willing but eager to try many ways. Baffled again and again, she remains still undaunted, unwearied and

optimistic. The day of her task is yet "at the morn."

It was this enthusiasm on the part of the workers which, more than any other quality or circumstance, impressed me in my observations of the philanthropic activities of women in various parts of the United States. Upon this enthusiasm seemed more than a little to depend the successful outcome of those activities. A settlement worker of unusually extensive experience in charity organizations asked me recently to describe in a word the philanthropists whom I had met throughout the country.

"They are enthusiastic," I said after a moment's thought.

"Well, they need to be," returned my friend.

Of a certainty, they do! Among my acquaintances I number a young woman who, when I met her for the first time several years ago, had completed her course at a normal school for teachers, and was just beginning to teach an intermediate grade in a public school situated in a tenement block of a large city. Her pupils, needless to say, came from the neighboring houses and streets. Such children my acquaintance had not pre-

viously seen, for she knew little of tenement districts. More than fifty small girls and boys were daily in her charge during the long school hours; she did all that she was officially required to do for them with the utmost [illegible] completeness; and then, being, [illegible]ne recently declared, "inevitably [illegible]pic," she sought opportunities [illegible]uch more.

The affe[illegible] her pupils speedily learned to [illegible]r naturally prompted some of the[illegible] her to visit them in their homes. She accepted these invitations with suddenly aroused interest. It was not long before she began to acquire a slight knowledge of at least one tenement district, together with a strong desire for information concerning other similar districts. Her free hours were more and more largely devoted to calling upon her pupils, making friends of their parents, and familiarizing herself with the circumstances of their environment.

"I do it partly because I want to do it, and partly because I think I should," she replied slowly when one of her friends asked her why she thus lengthened her hours of labor on behalf of her pupils.

Her answer has a significance of which she, when she made it, was unaware. Is it not from the twofold motive she suggested that most of us have added to the number of our hours of labor for those whom we would help? We are inspired not alone by duty, but also, and no less abundantly, by sympathy.

So great was the inspiration in the case of my acquaintance that at the beginning of her second year's work in the tenement block she went to live in a college settlement in the vicinity, that the friends she had made among the families of her pupils might, as she explained, return her calls. Her visitors were many, and their visits were frequent. Gradually they became also the guests of the entire settlement family, and partakers of the benefits offered by the settlement. The school-teacher, on her side, found the settlement and its residents valuable aids in her efforts to obtain further information respecting the district, and thereby to give to her friends in the locality more intelligent and acceptable aid. In less than two years' time she had learned enough about the conditions of life in the tenement districts to realize that in order to better those conditions she must first seek out their causes.

"I'm not sure that I am going about it in the right way," she said not long ago. "Next year I think I'll take a room in one of the tenement-houses and live there. I can't be of any real help until I understand; and perhaps if I [illegible] of the people I want to help, and [illegible]elp, I may understand more cle[illegible]" she added, "I know beforehar[illegible]g in a tenement won't really be [illegible]ves. However, it may be a littl[illegible] right way." Without a doubt, t[illegible]sm which she needs, the school-teacher of that tenement district school has; it is an enthusiasm which called by another name is patience.

The feeling that before the people of the tenement districts can be assisted, they and their surroundings must be more intimately known than casual visits make possible, led the school-teacher to residence in the settlement. An identical theory had caused the establishment of that settlement, and of similar communities in the tenement localities of very nearly every large city in the United States. The settlement has become a well-defined and widely chosen means for the furtherance of philanthropic enterprises. As some one once said, it seems to be the near-

est approach to that best way of helping the poor which has yet been discovered in America.

It is interesting in the extreme to note that a majority of the settlements in the United States have been organized by women, maintained chiefly by women, and, with regard to large affairs as well as small, conducted almost entirely by women. In lesser details, doubtless, no two settlements are entirely alike, but in greater matters probably no two are wholly different. In all instances settlements are concerned more with causes than with effects; their aim is not so much to support the weak as it is to help the weak to grow so strong that self-support becomes possible; their activities are, in the main, educational.

The nature of the education afforded varies as widely as the need of one of its recipients varies from that of another. It may be chiefly manual, as in the several settlements in Cleveland; it may be principally intellectual, as in most of the settlements in Boston; it may be largely social, as in a settlement in San Francisco; or it may be all these in equal proportion, as in Hull House, in Chicago. In any and every instance it proceeds, as all true education should proceed, to de-

velop its beneficiaries in those directions in which development is most wanted. "Why do you have so many social clubs?" I asked the head resident of the settlement in San Francisco.

"Because we need them," she instantly replied. "The people for whom we are working are not poor, like so many of the laboring people in Eastern cities; and they are not only ignorant. It isn't necessary to teach them how to make money, or to save it; what is to teach them to spend it."

She went on to tell me that the young men and women who came to the settlement were inclined, not to buy such clothing as was beyond their resources, for instance, but rather the reverse. "We felt as though we had accomplished a definite good," she said, "when we had led some of the boys to understand that self-respect demanded that they dress, neither above nor below their incomes, but in accordance with them."

When she added that the classes for study held at the settlement were few, and I inquired the reason, she said, "There isn't much demand for them, nor much response to offers from us to form them." She ad-

mitted that the marked indifference to such classes was one of the problems of her work.

As I left her and went along the sunny street, beneath the cloudless Californian sky, I found myself understanding her statement that "the climate in California tempts the mind away from the study of books."

The converse of her problem had once been my own. A boy of sixteen, whom I knew through a settlement in Boston, came to me one day, not to request that advice concerning his industrial affairs which he unquestionably needed, not to seek an opportunity for the social development which also he sorely required, but to ask if I possessed any book through the reading of which he, a native of Poland, might, as he quaintly expressed it, "acquire a knowledge of the proper employment of the elegancies of English."

Since that day he has learned consciously to desire also those other things of which he was in want, and to search for them as ardently as he sought such books as he wished to read. If the boys and girls of the laboring classes in San Francisco need a greater scholastic development, they will, no doubt, eventually become as ready to receive it as

the workers in the settlement are to give it.

Though many of those women in America who have been impelled to give to the people living in the tenement districts of cities that help which can rightly be given only by one friend to another have made their endeavor and accomplished at least some portion of their purpose by the medium of residence in a college settlement, others of these women essayed a different approach to the way of helpfulness for which all alike strove with equal earnestness and faith; and ... gone to dwell, not merely in tenement localities, but in tenement-houses, not only near the people whom they would befriend, but with them.

I met several women in as many cities who were trying this more personal and individual manner of living in the tenement districts, with the hope that it might serve to bring them into more sympathetic relationships with those persons whom they were determined, if it proved not impossible, to comfort and to help. My visits to two such homes in particular I remember with especial clearness, partly because they were such novel visits, but chiefly because the two women who, respectively, ordered the affairs of the

two households were testing their new modes of life with a simple and serious dignity, great enough to win respect and confidence even from an entire stranger.

One of these households was in Cleveland, in a section of the city so disreputable and so dangerous that, as I was told, one of the city police officers had impressed upon the young woman at its head, when she moved into the neighborhood, the necessity of putting a telephone in such a place in her house that at any time during the night she might reach it without a moment's delay, and summon immediate assistance and protection.

She was a young woman ; very eager, very single-minded, and absolutely fearless. The rooms of her small house were like the rooms of girls in college dormitories. I dined with her one night ; and she entertained me so precisely as college girls had entertained me that, had her friends in the neighborhood not called so frequently during the progress of the meal, I might have forgotten that I was not in the " study " of one of the " double suites " in a pleasant campus-house of a well-ordered college in a serene and law-abiding university town.

Her callers were boys of all sizes and ages.

Th quite filled her little drawing-room, and overflowed into the hall, and lined the stairs. They sat in little groups, and waited quietly until their hostess and her other guests joined them; then they sang innumeral iano accompaniment of an old hanged bits of news with their wandered about examining ooks and bric-à-brac; all with le ease which comes only from It was evident that their host respect and regard; and as obviou r friendship, her approbation, and her judgment were valued by them. I was afterward informed that they had previously been such boys as form those "gangs" which are so great a menace to any city in which they exist.

Somewhat later in the evening, when I and the young girl who had come with me from the college settlement in Cleveland at which I was stopping were about to go, two of the older boys offered to escort us to our car, and carefully guided and guarded us through the very streets which they had formerly been inclined to help render unsafe. It was a bleak night in January, and the first street through which we started to go was not only

dimly lighted but icy. Observing that I hesitated, one of the boys looked at me keenly. "I shouldn't mind it's being dark," I said in reply to his unspoken question, "if it were not for the ice. Have you any idea where it is least slippery?"

His answering laugh had a ring of pleasure and relief. "Oh, it's *that* you was stoppin' fur!" he said, merely; but meager as his words were, they still sufficed to reveal how incalculably much his hostess had done for him. From an irresponsible boy of the slums she had made a gentleman, self-respecting, trustworthy, and acutely sensitive to any challenge touching his honor.

It is doubtful if that boy, or indeed any of his associates whom I saw at that household in Cleveland, would have ventured into a settlement. Their hostess might, through a settlement, have influenced other boys; but, as she said, she had been able to help those particular boys because she had made friends of them simply by receiving them as guests in her own home, in a certain personal manner impossible of accomplishment outside a home. Her household was the more easy of acceptance by the neighborhood as a whole for the reason that its other

two members were a woman of their own station and a little girl, whom the young woman at the head of the house had invited to share the benefits and the duties of her home. They were not in the least out of accord with the naïvely academic rooms and the charmingly ardent owner of the rooms. Indeed, the entire circumstance of the combination of [illegible] its inmates and its guests con[illegible]inct sense of easy harmony w[illegible]ief justification as well as the [illegible]n for its decided attractivene[illegible]ne corner of that one city som[illegible] the great problem of all cities w[illegible]lved, and the process of solutic[illegible] be peculiarly natural and unstrain[illegible]

The other home, similar to this one in ideal and achievement if in nothing else, which I visited, was in San Francisco. I learned of its existence by the merest chance late in the morning of the day upon which I had planned to leave the city. I was asking some further questions regarding the philanthropic work of the women of San Francisco. "Is it all organized?" I inquired, "or is there some independently individual effort?"

"Well, there is one person who is making an independently individual effort whom you ought to see," was the reply. "She is a doctor or a trained nurse—I don't remember which—and she lives with several others in a little house in one of the poor districts, right among the poor people. She does all kinds of things for them. You ought to meet her."

Realizing that, if possible, I certainly ought, I secured her name and address. I found that she possessed a telephone, and after a hasty consultation of a railroad time-table, I substituted a later train for the one I had planned to take, and telephoned to the "little house in one of the poor districts" to ask if its mistress was at home, and if I might call upon her. She was at home, and she at once said that she would gladly welcome me, and, when I would have explained more fully the promptings of my impulsive request, assured me that no explanations were necessary.

Her house was located on a side street, which in comparison with corresponding side streets in Eastern cities was cleanly and quiet and pleasantly open to sun and air. My hostess received me with a certain

grave and gentle but spontaneous friendliness that evidently was characteristic, and probably accountable for her unquestioned influence in her neighborhood, an influence concerning which one of her friends afterwards spoke to me [illegible] nest possible terms. She was ve [illegible] it her face had that beautiful te [illegible] n sometimes in the faces of wom [illegible] der, women who during so man [illegible] lived for others that not even [illegible] its any longer come near them.

She had said over the telephone that she was a trained nurse. As we sat together in her cheerful room, with its pictures, and books, and vases of yellow poppies, she told me somewhat regarding her work, which was voluntary district nursing. She knew the people of the neighborhood very well, she said. "A nurse can usually gain confidence with especial ease and rapidity," she added, "because the people to whom she goes know in advance that they need to have some one do just what she can do and offers to do."

She went on to say that she lived in the neighborhood simply because she wished to be near her work. "The neighbors understand that," she said. "I live here exactly

as I should live anywhere else. I know my neighbors just as I should know people in any vicinity. Some of them are friends, some are only acquaintances; and some of them I don't like." She smiled; and then she continued: "I didn't begin to feel that I was succeeding in my life down here so long as my neighbors kept me on a pedestal and looked upon what I said as oracular. I wasn't happy until they began to disagree with my opinions, and to put their own over against them. I'm a human being, and they are human beings. It seems to me that people must meet on that common basis before they can make any mutual advancement at all."

She told me that she invited her friends in the neighborhood and her college friends to dine on the same evening, and that no slightest embarrassment on the part of any of the guests ever disturbed the serene enjoyment of the occasion. That this was due to some extent to her own personality I am very sure. She was, I learned, peculiarly dear to all her friends; however they might otherwise differ, in their feeling for her they could be subtly sympathetic.

Her exquisite generosity extended even to me, whom she had known for scarcely an

hour. I had mentioned to her my delight in Mr. Keith's paintings, several of which I had seen in Portland, Oregon; and she not only showed me another, in her own possession, but gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Keith himself, in which she described me as her friend, and so commended me to him that when I met him he exhibited to me very nearly s studio. As I left her, she dful of the golden poppies. "T brightening," she said. She w: e them; she, too, was so brigl

By no m philanthropic work of women owever, is of a directly perso A very large proportion of it, on the contrary, is decidedly impersonal. It is concerned with bettering certain conditions, not in the interests of one person or one district, but for the sake of all persons and all districts upon which those conditions press. Except through the concerted effort of many, it cannot hope to achieve its end. Organization is forced upon it as a necessary precaution against the confusion always to be feared when great numbers of people seek a common result without first binding themselves to the use of a common

rule. Every city in America has its enormous charity organizations—organizations in which the large majority of the women of the city are in some sort interested, to some degree active. Before I went to Buffalo I chanced to hear much regarding the remarkable scope and efficiency of its philanthropic enterprises. I was therefore not surprised to discover while in that pleasant and hospitable city that not only those women who were residents in settlements, or at the head of day nurseries, or in charge of dispensing bureaus, were engaged in philanthropic effort, but that very nearly all the many other women whom I met were making a thoughtful study of the situation in their city, and assisting materially in the solution of its difficulties. Their charitable work was regarded by them as a duty no more to be neglected in the performance than the ordering of their homes, the training of their children, or the performing of whatever other duties had fallen to their lots.

We are all aware of the great reforms in labor regulations brought about by the Consumers' League. A devoted member and officer of the association said to me in discussing it: "Its work is accomplished in

propo tion as the number of its faithful members increases."

I r peated this, I remember, to a very lovely woman whom I met in Minneapolis, a woman deeply interested in all the charities, pul , of her city.

" In pers r others one person can often a k of two," she commented, " b onal endeavor no one can do mor is or her own share; if that isn't is just so much loss; if it is done uch gain. Yes, the success of organized philanthropy depends upon not only faithful but large membership."

It is, indeed, a matter for deep gratitude and happy encouragement that in America we are gaining in steady increase the faithful membership of the many, in organizations having for their object the succoring of the weak, the relieving of the distressed, the uplifting of the fallen.

So keenly alive have we of America become to the bond which unites us as human beings to all other human beings, that our most private and personal charities involuntarily change, by a process of mere expansion, into institutions and organizations

composed no longer of one who gives and one who receives, but of many donors and many more recipients.

One of the most interesting examples of this process of evolution is to be found in a free night school for working men and boys in New Orleans, which for twenty years has been not only managed but principally supported by one woman. The school was founded by her in the simplest and most significant manner.

One day she happened to meet a young man of twenty, an acrobat, who had come to the city with a traveling circus of a low order. He confided to her that he was dissatisfied with his life, but that, having neglected the opportunities his childhood had afforded him, he was fitted for nothing else. She immediately said to him that she would help him by giving him such teaching as he needed. He eagerly accepted her offer, and she instructed and encouraged him until he had so developed his latent possibilities that he was able to abandon his former existence and to fill a position of trust and honor.

Last April, when I visited the school, its teachers numbered thirty-five, more than half of whom contributed their services, and its

stud ts were enrolled to the number of fifteen hundred, the youngest pupil being a boy of ten and the oldest a man of sixty. The regul r grammar-school course of the public schools is given, as well as practical and practicable c anical drawing, stenography, bc nd higher mathematics. In th since its foundation the school such standing in the city that n s have acquired the habit of for employees. It has, moreo d not only a number of excellent bus rs and business men, but also several lawyers.

The requirements for admission are only two: the applicant must be a working man or boy, and one who is not able to pay for tuition elsewhere. The school is open to all kinds of people, from those men who come to it to learn to read and to write in order to fulfill the educational qualification of the franchise law to the Cubans who took refuge in New Orleans after the Spanish war, and who have appealed to the school for aid in learning the English language.

As I went from room to room in the spacious Southern house in which the school meets, realizing more and more fully each

moment how great must be the meaning of the institution, not only to its students, but to all New Orleans, which is still a city without municipally supported free night schools, I said to the woman who had founded it:

"How did you make it grow?"

She smiled. "I didn't make it grow," she said; "I only planted it."

I still do not wholly agree with her; she did not make it grow, perhaps, but she did more than plant it; she watched and tended it while it grew.

Not alone in the large cities of America, but also in the little towns and villages, has a larger sense of responsibility for the welfare of others been slowly but certainly developed. The philanthropic work of a small community is almost invariably impelled by a purely religious motive, and is usually organized and directed by the church or churches in the community. It does not wittingly concern itself with the intricacies of social science and economic theory, but in the present day these perplexities are not to be escaped; in little villages as well as in great cities they must be faced.

In a small town in Michigan I had several long conversations with two young women

who regularly conducted a sewing-school made up of sixty children. The school met on Saturday afternoons in the choir-room of the church.

"The children are going to learn to make aprons next old; "they all have their materi You see," further explained one s of the organization, "they can g rial; what they need is to be ta use it, so that's what we are tryi them."

The que just what was needed had been most carefully weighed and considered.

A woman in a New England village with whom I became acquainted superintended a cooking class of young housekeepers. It held its meetings once a week in her own kitchen.

"I could *much* more easily do their cooking *for* them on that day," she said, "but it wouldn't help them longer than that day if I did, so I try to teach them how to do it themselves."

To her also the common problem had offered itself, if not for solution, still for reflection.

So far, indeed, the vast problem as to the

manner in which we shall best fulfill that duty towards our neighbor enjoined upon us has not yet even begun to be solved. What shall we do? we inquire of ourselves. What shall we refrain from doing? do we also ask. That the great mass of women in America are putting these questions to their own minds and hearts, and, in small measure or in large, answering them by word and by deed, would seem surely to be true.

They are doing what they can, personally and through organization; and they are seeking to do more, and to do it more wisely and fully. Of a truth, they have enthusiasm, the beautiful, untiring enthusiasm which is born of unselfish love and desire.

That which they have already done is very much; but it is only a small part of what they are hopefully endeavoring to do, and, without a doubt, eventually will do. Their aspiration might well find expression in the words of the Reverend John Howe, who, so long ago as 1681, said of charity, "God grant that we may use it more, and need it less!"

THE SCHOOL-TEACHER

X

THE SCHOOL-TEACHER

A LITTLE girl who is one of my friends was sitting on the floor near my chair one evening not long ago, reading with absorbed interest "The Taming of the Shrew." Presently, with a nonplused smile, she looked up and said, pensively:

"This all happened a long time ago, didn't it?"

"A very long time ago," I replied.

"I thought so," the little girl commented. "Everything is so different now in the way it's done," she added. "I mean," she continued, in explanation of this comprehensive statement, "everything about school."

"School?" I inquired, somewhat blankly.

"Why, yes," returned my little friend. "Think of these two girls, Katharine and Bianca. They didn't go to school, and it was

just by accident they had any lessons at home, and then they had such a few things; and so much of them—two kinds of music, and two kinds of Greek and Latin—"

"And mathematics," I said after a cursory glance over the red book of the play.

"Yes," the little girl. "And they o when they wanted to. I do atharine; she was a drea verything. But even Bianca t er teachers she'd say her lessons en she felt like it; and the teachers didn't mind; and every one called her a nice girl!"

"Nice girls are different now," I ventured.

"Yes," agreed the little girl; "and teachers are more different."

She took her book from my lap as she spoke, and, opening it, gave her whole attention once more to the perusal of its story of a manner of life so unlike that to which she had been born and bred as to fascinate her fancy by force of mere contrast. And I found myself thinking of modern educational ideals and practices from her viewpoint. How different, to be sure, in the way it is done is everything about school at the pres-

ent day compared with the day of Shakespeare's play, or of Shakespeare himself, or even of the days of our grandmothers, and —yes, even our mothers! Girls are different, of course, and so are boys; but how much more different are teachers!

My small friend's observations had contained even more suggestions of amazement regarding the exemplary Bianca's treatment of her teachers than surprise at the species of lore with the rudiments of which those instructors had undertaken to acquaint their pupil—whose astonishing insubordination received from them not so much as the faintest rebuke or the smallest question. In nothing, perhaps, are the teachers of the present time so different—to use again the little girl's adjective—from the teachers of former times as in their standing, not alone in the minds of their pupils, but in the estimation of the world at large. Education has grown to be regarded as one of the most intricate as well as one of the most exact of the sciences, the direction of educational processes has attained to the dignity of a profession, and the teacher has become, in more than one sense of the word, an authority.

Particularly is this the case in America,

not nly in the colleges and universities of the ountry, but also, and more significantly, in public schools, those schools of which we are, as a Nation, so frankly and so justly proud. Of the excellence of our educational system this o be said, and of the sl with system has been employe s of America there is even r r to that very proficiency o remarkable effectualness. istinctly the result of careful an preparation, a "slow-develop'd strength," sought as a definite means to a no less definite end.

It happened one winter that most of the members of the family, as well as many of the non-resident helpers, of a settlement to which I frequently went were students in a neighboring training-school for kindergarten teachers. They were more completely immersed in their work and its attendant interests than any other group of students I have ever known. Not only was it their chief occupation; it was also their principal enthusiasm, and the subject around which invariably any conversation with them eventually centered.

"A great number of our associates are

qualifying themselves for kindergarten teaching," I heard the head resident say to a guest one day. They were, indeed! And they devoted themselves to the processes of qualification with an unwearying energy which was as superficially delightful as it was deeply significant.

They were making ready to give to little children, if not quite, still almost the first instruction of their lives. Several of the students were very young and none of them were very old, but they all seemed to appreciate to a marked degree the gravity and responsibility of the task which they were about to undertake.

In some particulars the members of the school for kindergarten teachers were exceptional; but in their realization of the meaning and the purpose of their training they were like the many other students whom I met last winter in pedagogical institutions of various descriptions; they were learning to teach. A girl whom I saw in a normal school in Massachusetts made a casual remark in this connection which had a wider application than she could have supposed.

She was showing me some admirable me-

char al drawings she had made. "You are inter sted in doing these?" I suggested.

"I am interested in finding out how to interest other people in doing them," she replied.

A you a training-school in New York, paring herself to teach domestic s ne that she and three other you the institution were, in ad o scribed work, keeping house t rforming without assistance all luties attendant upon housekeeping. "We have divided the work into four departments," she said; "and we take the departments in turn, so we have a chance to try everything, from cooking and marketing, to dusting."

"Isn't it rather a care and inconvenience for such very busy persons?" I asked.

"It is practical experience, which is always a great help to a teacher," was the reply.

As if all this practical experience were still not enough, that student of domestic science had taken charge of a class in a college settlement. I visited the class one evening; and so infectious did I find the interest and pleasure of the teacher in her work that I forgot my part as a mere observer, and became as

engrossed as her pupils in the details of the lesson itself.

I was speaking somewhat of these incidents to an Englishwoman who visited America last year in company with the Mosely Commission; and she, not unnaturally, asked me if the so fervent enthusiasm to which I particularly called her attention was not, in some measure, due merely to the charm of novelty. "After those students have been teaching a few years, will they not grow pale and dispirited?" she inquired.

This question had frequently suggested itself to me, when the National Educational Association convened in Boston, and teachers of more than a few years' service came from all parts of the country to attend its sessions. During the days of the Convention I gave many hours to observing the delegates to that Convention. The weather was extremely warm; the rooms in which the various meetings were held were, in many instances, uncomfortably crowded. The most glowing and buoyant person might easily have been excused a certain degree of consequent pallor and depression; but most of the teachers whom I saw—and I saw not a few—were scarcely less, but, on the contrary,

rath more alert than any of the normal
schoo students I had met, and, as might have
been pected, more firmly poised. To them,
unque tionably, education was a science, and
teachi g a profession of the first rank. As for
thems acquiring, whether
knowin usly, a still greater
public as al authority, in that
they wer increase of training
for thei They were typical
American rs.

Very n m were women. The overwhelming majority of teachers in America, as we all know, are women. The numerous other occupations now open to the American woman have not, apparently, usurped that supreme position in the industrial woman's world which for so long has been held by the school-room. Of her many callings, this essentially womanly one is still the most appealing. The explanation, as so often has been suggested, reaches back to the primal organization of society which placed upon the woman the duty of rearing the child.

In the course of my travels over the United States I met an enormous number of teachers; for I visited at least twice as many

schools as all other institutions together. In an unfamiliar city or town, an hour spent in one of its public schools I found to be an excellent preface to an investigation of almost any condition of life in the place. Even to an entirely new acquaintance the teachers were courteously ready to impart somewhat of that extensive and accurate information concerning the community which I was never disappointed in expecting them to possess. Not only in strange places, however, but also in villages and cities already known to me did I go to many schools, led thereto by invitations given sometimes by teachers, occasionally by parents, but most frequently by school-children themselves, who seemed invariably eager that their offers to take me "to visit school" should be accepted.

A certain broad similarity of circumstance caused the schools in communities of any considerable size to appear so nearly identical to an observer who might not linger for a lengthy observation, as to make it almost impossible for such an observer to detect, for instance, any very important differences between a school in Oregon and a school in Massachusetts. The systems were similar, the methods of the teachers were similar, and, as a

friend of mine who is a teacher added when I said something of this to her, "the children were most similar." I spent a morning in a public school in a little town in the interior of Mississippi; and, excepting for the peculiarly [illegible] with which the pupils had adorned [illegible] of their teachers, and for the un[illegible]outhern voices of both pupils an[illegible] might easily have forgotten th[illegible]isiting a public school in one of [illegible]f Boston.

Several y[illegible]king a short journey in the State of Minnesota, I was obliged to await a train, delayed by several hours, at one of those little way stations of which there are so many in the West. It was June; and the great prairie was gay with flowers. An old and congenial friend chanced, happily, to be my companion; and we pleasantly whiled away the first hour in a search for a wild orchid, native to Minnesota, which another friend, a botanist living in New York, had asked me to omit no opportunity of finding for his collection.

At the end of the hour, being both tired and warm, we looked about for some refreshing diversion. The possibilities of the station-house we had already exhausted. Near

this house there was an uninviting building, which announced itself in large letters as a "first-rate eating-house;" and close to that edifice was a disabled baggage-car. So far as we could see there was, excepting at a distance of several miles, nothing else on the wide prairie save flowers. We decided to return to the station-house, and were slowly walking down the railroad track toward it, when we saw another building within easy reach which had been hidden from our view by the "first-rate eating-house."

"It has the outward aspect of a country school," remarked my friend.

"Yes, it has," I agreed; but let's go and see."

We took our way across the prairie, and very soon reached the little frame building. The door was open, and some time before we stood before it we had seen enough to assure us that the house was, in very truth, a country school.

The teacher was evidently not accustomed to visitors, but she welcomed us cordially, if a trifle shyly. She had not more than fifteen pupils, and their ages, as well as the instruction they received, varied greatly. My friend and I made a protracted call, but even con-

sid g its length, we listened to the recitation of an uncommonly large number of cla . Very nearly every class, moreover, cons ed of but one pupil; the work of the teacher resembled in kind the work of a governess.

" T l so variously develope she n I said this to her; " I c o the regular public-school girl, who reads well enough ourth grade, doesn't know s tic to enter the second grade; y, whose writing is so good, reads very poorly indeed."

When the recess period left her free, the teacher, discovering in us most interested hearers, talked to us more fully concerning her school and its members, who were children from surrounding farms. " I really have to teach all the grades here," she said with a smile.

" Should you prefer teaching a single grade in a town school ? " I asked.

" For some reasons I should," confessed the teacher. " I have sufficient training. At the same time," she continued, " I'm glad to teach here. These children particularly need trained assistance, and it is the being able to

teach under unusual conditions that makes a teacher so valuable," she concluded, with a *naïveté* the delicious charm of which has done much to keep the visit to the little schoolhouse on the prairie vividly in my memory.

It was the remembrance of that visit which suggested to me last winter and spring to go, not only to schools in which conditions might be described as being usual, but to find, if possible, some other teachers who, like the teacher of the prairie school, were teaching under conditions more or less unusual.

One such woman I met in a country school near the little village of Cartersville, in Georgia. An acquaintance in Atlanta, with whom I was discussing the encouraging advancement in educational matters in the rural districts of the South, chanced to mention the school to me.

"You'd like to see it," she said, meditatively; "it certainly is interesting." She reflected for a moment, and then, encouraged perhaps by my instant response to her tentative suggestion, she added: "It is a two-hours' journey on the train, and a little walk, probably, from the train—but I shall be happy to make certain about all that, if you care to go."

I went the next morning. At the end of the two-hours' journey I left the train at a station which was nearer the school, my acquaintance had said, than the station at Carters ille. It was April, and the day was hot and dazzlingly bright as April days often are in the house closest to the station was ngly far away, and no vehicles v

"Can y where the school is?" I asked nt, who, oddly, was a woman.

"When is t train back to Atlanta?" inquired a friend who was accompanying me.

Though she at once attempted to atone for this question—which, while being merely the outcome of that forethought so needful in regions of but two or three trains in twelve hours, had all too evidently been received as an unfavorable criticism of the particular region to which we had come—my friend was not so immediately successful as we both could have wished. After a little time, however, we learned that a train did not return to Atlanta until late in the afternoon, that no conveyances were to be obtained, but that if we walked "up the road

for a considerable distance," we should "come to the school."

The distance proved to be very considerable; the road was dusty, but, fortunately, it was more shady than otherwise; and when, finally, we came to the school, we discovered that it was situated on a clearing in a beautiful pine grove. It was a small wooden building, with but two rooms. The pupils, who were having a recess when we arrived, were neither so numerous nor so interesting in appearance as to render the prospect of an entire day in their company an enlivening one to my warm and dusty companion.

"Do you really consider this so particularly thrilling?" she demanded, whimsically, but with a good humor which was most praiseworthy; being without that insatiable eagerness for new experiences, however devoid of thrills, which I possessed, she was, not unnaturally, more oppressed by attendant discomforts.

However, one glance into the face of the teacher, to whom we were presently escorted by the children, was sufficient to cause her to agree with me that, even on the late train, we should still be returning to Atlanta quite too soon.

e teacher was a young woman, with quiet eyes and gentle manners. She greeted us kindly; and, when I told her my errand, invited us to be her guests, not only at the school throughout its session, but also during her fre her home, which, she explained, of the homes of the community

When w ewhat rested I began to put ur hostess, to all of which she the readiest friendliness. T e one of those "model schools" which the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs has undertaken to establish in the rural districts of the State, simply by supplying funds wherewith industrial training may be given in the country schools, in addition to the usual instruction. Of the several such "model schools" in Georgia this one was the newest; and I was all the more happy in visiting it when our hostess told me that the financial means for its work had been sent to the Georgia Federation of Clubs that year by the Massachusetts State Federation, and that the flag decorating the school-yard was the gift of one of the editors of the "Youth's Companion."

"Do you teach everything?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," said our hostess with a laugh "I have only the industrial classes; my associate has the other branches."

We very shortly met her associate, and attended one or two recitations in the larger room of the school building, which was apportioned to her. Even the "spelling match," which constituted one of the recitations, had not for me, however, the attraction afforded by the classes in cooking held in the much smaller and, by reason of the fire in the stove, very much warmer room. The members of the little class were girls, some of them almost grown to womanhood. As I well knew, they came from homes which were at best ill-kept and dreary, homes ordered by mothers who were ignorant regarding the most ordinary habits of good housekeepers.

The lesson of the day was the making of what in the South are called tea-cakes, and in New England are designated as cookies. The pupils bustled about with delightfully happy energy, and the teacher counseled and warned and guided them into the thousand dainty ways of true housewifely art, with a patience and a cheerful tact too gracious and lovely to be easily forgotten.

"What a difference this kind of education must make, not only in the lives of these girls, but in the lives of their mothers!" I exclaimed to our hostess when, the tea-cakes having been successfully baked, we sat in the doorwa d off and eat," as one of the

"Y s her, "it helps the girls to h tl somewhat *now*; and when tl s, it will help them to keep th s and to teach their own dau o keep *their* houses and teach *their* daughters. The effect even of the simplest industrial education is never ended," she added.

As she left us for a moment to speak to one of her pupils, my friend supplemented, "Neither is the influence of such a teacher."

She taught other branches of industry. The walls of the smaller room were hung with baskets and mats of various sizes and kinds woven by her pupils. More interesting even than these were several picturesque hats, which the girls had made by cutting corn-shucks into narrow strips and then sewing these strips together, either by hand or on a sewing-machine. Not only were such hats worn by the girls and their families;

they also, we are told, found purchasers whose number was steadily increasing.

Thinking that they might interest my Northern acquaintances as curiosities, I bought two of the corn-shuck hats. One of them I gave to a friend in Boston, who assured me that she considered it perfectly appropriate for country wear. An artistic friend in New York, to whom I gave the other, went further. She had the hat trimmed and wore it in the city, where, she said, it passed as unnoticed as though it were an ordinary article of clothing, instead of being extraordinary indeed, in that it represented the beginning of a new manner of living, awakened by a teacher in a little schoolhouse on a clearing of a pine grove in Georgia, from whom children, poor by reason of industrial ignorance, were learning not only to use their hands, but, more important still, to turn to account such materials as came most immediately to their hands.

A good teacher is, in truth, a person whose influence is never ended. Sometimes that influence makes of another person another good teacher. Not long ago, in searching among a pile of club reports, I found one of the calendars of a mothers' club, instituted

by a friend of mine in the small New England town in which she lived, and, glancing over it, another teacher who had shown her value by her success in dealing with unusual circumstances was recalled to my mind.

She was [illegible]rtner, who, going to the particul[illegible] open a kindergarten, made an [illegible] with my friend, the mother [illegible]hildren, whereby the school w[illegible] a co-operative basis. My frien[illegible]erest in educational matters was [illegible] gladly offered to the kindergartner two rooms in her own house to be used as school-rooms, and subsequently lent her piano and her services as a pianist; in return for all of which the kindergartner gave to her two children the full opportunities and advantages of the school.

The kindergarten was thus pleasantly conducted for three successive years. During that time my friend's children learned much from the kindergartner, and my friend learned even more. She became no less absorbed in the methods and theories of Froebel, and of Froebel's successors, than the students whom I had known at the settlement. A tender mother to her children she had always been, but, as she was the first to say, she became,

if not more loving, yet wiser in her care for them.

One evidence of her increased sense of responsibility was the formation of a mothers' club, which, though several years have elapsed since its initiatory meeting, and my friend's home is now in another town, is still in active existence. The club, needless to say, concerned itself almost entirely with the study of such matters as affected the care and education of children. More than one able speaker has addressed the association; and in the calendar which I so casually found it is interesting in the extreme to note among the announcements of its prospective lectures such titles as "The Training and Physical Care of Children," and "Froebel's Mother Play" and "Teaching Patriotism," and especially "The Training of Mothers."

"What so deepened your interest in all these things?" I said to my friend recently.

"A kindergarten teacher whom I came to know," was her reply.

Nothing has more impressed me in my acquaintance with school-teachers than that general efficiency on their part which enables them to perform with success almost any task they may choose to undertake. I was

told by a clergyman that no better workers in the church were to be found. "School-teachers accomplish what they attempt," he explained. "They *do* what they *try* to do."

This statement was again and again confirmed, last [illegible] own personal experience. [illegible]id to a teacher who had done to[illegible]e had tried to do—and it was [illegible]es teaching make one capable?"

"No," [illegible]; "one makes one's self capabl[illegible]

I met many, many school-teachers last year in the course of my long journey, and, almost without exception, I liked them, and admired them, and felt that in the hours spent with them I gained much for which to be grateful. I remember them well, and with rare pleasure. But there was one of their number who appealed to me more than all the others together; and I remember her best and most happily.

On my way from a little town in Michigan to Minneapolis I was obliged to change cars and to wait for more than an hour at a small station in Wisconsin. The main street of the town was invitingly near, and, walking somewhat idly up this thoroughfare, I came

to a little bookstore. My curiosity at once aroused, I entered the shop, to find that the one salesman was already occupied with a customer, a woman.

Her clear voice made it impossible to avoid hearing all that she said; and I soon knew that she was desirous of obtaining a book for children dealing with plant life, a copy of Eugene Field's "Love Songs of Childhood," and a vertical-writing book; none of which things the shop contained. The salesman's voice as he thus informed the woman was regretful; and, glancing at her face and perceiving that she was unusually disappointed, I said to her, "Isn't there, perhaps, another bookstore in the place?"

"No," she replied sadly; "and I do so want the things. I live fifteen miles out of town; my husband had to come in to-day, and I arranged matters so that I could drive in with him, just to get these things for the children."

"I'm so sorry," I said, sympathizingly. "I suppose they need them for school, too."

"For their lessons at any rate," the woman corrected. "They don't go to school; we live too far away for them to walk, and the horses can't be spared to take them back

and forth every day. I teach them myself."

"You do!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," returned the woman. "I feel that I am perfectly capable to do it," she added, misunderstanding my surprise. "I was a teacher before marriage. I had the regular normal training."

"I was wo[illegible] you found the necessary time[illegible] to explain.

"It isn't[illegible]," the woman admitted; "a farm[illegible] my husband is a farmer—is a [illegible]. But my children must have schooling. I am glad I am able to give it to them."

She then told me that her children were two little girls, whose ages were respectively seven and nine. "They are quite absorbed in nature-study just now," she said, with a sigh, "and I did so want to get a book about plant life!"

"I am on my way to Minneapolis," I found myself saying; "in fact, my train goes in less than half an hour. Please let me send you the things you need, from there!"

Her answering delight was pleasant to see. After a brief scrutiny of my face, her eyes brightened, and she accepted my offer with childlike trust. "How *lovely* that would

be!" she said, fervently. "I'll walk down to the station with you, and we can plan it all out."

We quite finished planning it all out even before we reached the station. The train was not due for still some few moments. "Tell me more about your school of two, won't you?" I could not resist asking; and, nothing loth, my new acquaintance complied. "We have half of our lessons in the morning," she began, "after breakfast is over—my little girls wash the breakfast dishes—and the house is in order. Then, after dinner—which is at twelve o'clock—we have the other half. I do not keep a servant, so, besides teaching the children to read and write, I also must teach them to be my helpers about the house," she went on. "You see," she concluded with a smile, "I am obliged to be a 'professor of things-in-general'!"

A friend in Minneapolis who assisted me in choosing the book about plant life, and afterward in finding the copy of Eugene Field and the vertical-writing book, was so touched by the bravery and sweetness of the "professor of things-in-general" that she added to the purchases I had been commis-

sioned to make a volume relating to bird life, and that charming book for little children, "Seven Little Sisters."

"I like to think of that school of two pupils," she said simply; "and," she added, with an acce mth, "I *love* to think of its teache

Not v was walking along a village st ied by the small girl with whon ussed the difference between fairs as depicted in "The Tam hrew" and such matters as they exist at the present time. Suddenly she caught sight of a young woman passing us on the opposite side of the road, and she smiled and bowed with unfeigned pleasure.

"Is she a friend of yours?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the little girl; "she is my school-teacher."

We are at no loss for good words with which to describe the American school-teacher of to-day; we can say very much in her praise and to her honor; but are we able to find a better word than that of the little girl's choice? Can we, however eloquent, say more than what she said—that in America the school-teacher is the friend of her pupil?

THE MOTHER IN THE TENEMENT HOME

XI

THE MOTHER IN THE TENEMENT HOME

WHATEVER else we may relinquish as the world grows older, whatever else we may acquire, it is certain that we shall never lose that reverence which a mother inspires in our hearts; it is not conceivable that we shall ever find any person, however gifted and good, whose title to our deep regard can exceed that of the true mother. Notwithstanding occasional attacks, the underlying principle of human society remains unshaken; and the members of that society whose vision is clearest continue to see that if a home is to be made, a woman must make it; that the woman who best makes it is a mother. The making has never been easy for the mother even when she has had every aid; but it has always been possible for her if she has had but one aid—

her own tender and brooding love for her children.

The mother who is compelled by conditions over which the most brilliant sociologists have not yet discovered a means of control to make a home in a tenement-house in a large city, ntly has but little else to help he der her she almost unfailingly h carcely less great than her love it patience, the courage, and the s ul with which so often, even und ifficult circumstances, she accepts portioned to her, and endeavors to fulfill its requirements faithfully and fully, are as significant as they are inexpressibly beautiful.

In the course of my work in tenement districts I have found many such mothers; each one making a home which, however poor it might be in respect to material things, was very rich indeed in the more abiding things of the spirit. One of these women comes swiftly to my mind whenever I think of the power and the mystery of that marvelous love which it would seem that motherhood alone can give or understand.

At the time when I met her first she was earning a somewhat meager living for her

husband, who was an invalid, and for her five little children, the oldest of whom was not yet nine years of age, by washing dishes and scrubbing floors in the kitchen of a small restaurant. One of my friends had mentioned her to me, and asked me to help her. By way of immediate response, I had adapted for the use of the woman's oldest little girl a dress given to me for the purpose by the small daughter of another friend. The former owner of the dress had been in the habit of having its extreme simplicity modified for her by the adornment of a lace neck-frill; and almost unthinkingly I had fastened a similar dainty arrangement in the collar of the dress before sending it to the little girl in the tenement.

Her mother sent a message of thanks to me. "She wished me to tell you that the dress fits perfectly," the messenger began, "and to say that it will keep her little girl neat and warm all winter. She was delighted with it."

"I'm glad she was pleased," I commented, during a momentary pause on the part of my friend.

"Well," continued the messenger, "she certainly was pleased—particularly with the frill."

"The frill?" I questioned.

"Why, yes," was the reply, "the little frill in the collar. She liked that better than anything else about the dress. It was so lady-like, she said."

My interest was completely awakened by the choice of this particular adjective on the part of the woman from the tenement; and one day, knowing that she was at home, I went to call upon her. Her home consisted of two tiny rooms in a dark and squalid tenement-house; but those two rooms, as I immediately perceived, were exquisitely clean and orderly. The floors had been newly scrubbed, the stove, and even the kettle, shone; and at the windows there were little curtains, fresh and smooth and white.

The mother was a young woman, with eyes like blue field flowers. When she had greeted me, she said a few words to her older children, and they came slowly forward and offered their hands, lifting their eyes—blue, like their mother's—bashfully to my face. A number of years has passed since then; that mother has become one of my dearest friends; and I, consequently, see her children not infrequently; but they have never lost that [illegible]et shyness in my presence with which

they welcomed me for the first time. They are such children as we meet in Mrs. Deland's "Old Chester."

"Your children are lovely," I said to my friend recently, "and every year I find an improvement in them."

"Well, I try to bring them up right," replied the mother. "I work for 'em all the time; and all the time I'm thinkin' of 'em, and plannin' about 'em, and prayin' for 'em."

"It isn't easy to bring up children," I said.

"No," agreed my friend, "it ain't; but mothers of 'em don't care how hard it is, if the children only turn out good when they're grown up." And then she said, wistfully, as every true mother, whatever her rank or her place in the world, more often than once must say very wistfully, "I do my best for 'em, and I hope they'll be good when they're grown up; but I lay awake at night lots of times, wonderin' if they will, and askin' myself if I'm doin' for 'em all I can do."

Her work for her children has never been light. From very nearly the beginning of her married life until his death several years ago, her husband had been an invalid. Obliged to be away from her home throughout long days of wearisome labor, she could

find o hours save those of the night in which to rform her household duties and train her ttle girls and boys. Yet, going to her home many times when a visitor was least expected, I have always found it either in order o ... f being put in order. Her son earted boys, and her daughters elf in the kindness of their imp delicacy of their intuitions.

Never I a woman of more exquisite cou hat mother. I sometimes go to call upon her in the kitchen of the pleasant lunch-room for which she is now cook. She never fails to introduce to me any new employee who may be present, and invariably makes it possible for each one of my other acquaintances in the place to speak with me during some few of the brief moments of my visit. Not very long ago, as I was preparing to end a short call at the kitchen, she detained me. "Do you see that girl who's stirrin' the soup?" she said, in a tone so low that the girl to whom she referred could not overhear.

"Has she come here recently?" I asked, thinking that my attention had been directed to her because she was perhaps, a stranger.

"Well," said my friend, "she was here the last time you came in. I introduced her to you," she added, suggestively; she paused; then, tentatively, she mentioned the girl's name.

My previous visit to the kitchen had taken place more than a month earlier. I had forgotten that I had met the new employee, but my friend had remembered, and the recollection was sufficient incentive to her to protect the girl from even so slight a hurt as a failure to recognize her as a former acquaintance might have inflicted. "How tender you are!" I exclaimed to her as I returned from the exchange of greetings with the person to whom her thoughtfulness had reached. "It is because you are a mother, I am sure," I involuntarily supplemented.

My friend smiled, and a beautiful light came into her face. "Well, it do make a difference in a woman's feelin's about things, being a mother," she said.

It sometimes gives to those feelings a sweetness as delicate as it is enduring. Among my friends in tenement-houses I number a woman, still very young, whom I knew long before her marriage. She had been a merry, unthinking girl, and for almost a year after

bec ıing a wife she appeared, even to me who ıad known her so intimately, to be but little ıltered. Then, one evening, she came to me, an unaccustomed depth in her eyes, a new note in her voice, and asked me to help her ırments for the child whose bi ginning to await.

Duri that followed, she ceased to girl; her awakened womaı tself in all her words and ways; y laugh softened into a broodin nile which illumined her young face as an the mirth of her girlhood never had. She did not speak much of her approaching experience, even while she sat busied with that sewing which trembled sometimes in her hands, as it has trembled in the hands of many another woman with her hope and her expectation. She spoke very little; but eloquence such as hers has small need of words.

When her child was not yet two days old, I went to see my friend. She uncovered the baby's face, in silence; and then she said, "He has on one of the dresses you made; it's the second one he has worn."

"What dress did he wear first?" I asked as, at her suggestion, I took the baby in my

arms and seated myself beside her, holding him.

"One that I made," she said, softly; "he wore one that you made second, because you are my best friend. But I'm his mother—so he wore one I made first."

Nothing more beautiful than that explanation has ever been heard by me, nor, I am sure, by any one else.

That mother has two other children now; and though she lives in two rear rooms in a tenement attic, and lacks many things, she is happy, and her home is a pleasant place. One day, recently, I was calling upon her; and, incidently, beguiling her little girl, who was ill, with a fairy tale. It was a story of kings and queens; a recital dealing with magnificently royal splendors. The small girl's eyes opened wider and wider as the tale progressed.

"How awful rich they must have been!" she sighed as the story ended.

Her mother smiled; but she made no allusion to the fairy tale until, at the conclusion of my visit, she was accompanying me down the long flights of stairs to the street. Then she said, meditatively, "They did have a lot, those kings and queens in that story. But I

don begrudge it to' em. I feel just as rich. My husband's a good steady man ; and he's real fond of me and the children, and," she added, with the brooding smile I so loved to see brightening her face, "I've got the three nicest chiid saw—and I've seen hundreds o'

When I ier good-by and to receive her g before starting on my long journ gation, she reminded me, in the c conversation relative to the citie intended to go, that she had an only sister , whom I had never met, whose home was in Chicago. "I'd like my sister to know you," she said, "and I'd like to hear what you think of her children—she's got two, and I ain't ever seen either of 'em. I often wonder if they's anywhere near as nice as mine."

She looked at me expectantly, and I replied: "She probably has that very same wonder about yours! I should be glad to know your sister ; I'll tell her all about your children, and when I return I'll tell you all about hers."

My friend's delight was very lovely. She gave me her sister's address ; and told me that she would immediately write to Chicago

concerning the approximate date of my expected visit.

One of the first things that I did after reaching Chicago was to find my way to the street and the number given me by my friend. "Yes, she lives here, on the third floor," a neighbor of whom I made inquiries, as I stood before the house I had been seeking, informed me; and I went up the stairs to the third floor, and knocked on the door at the end of the hall. The door was at once opened by a woman, older than my friend, but so resembling her in appearance that I immediately said, "I am sure you must be the sister—of"

Before I could finish, the woman seized both my hands. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she exclaimed with impulsive warmth. "You must be my sister's best friend."

"Did she tell you I was?" I asked, not without pleasure.

"No," said the sister of my friend; "but she told me you was the person she'd named her little girl after"—she looked at me with gentle eyes; "that's how I knew," she explained; "people has to care a lot about other people before they names their children after them," she concluded with simple dignity. Of a truth, she was the sister of my friend.

r children, I was pleased to discover, were quite as "nice" as that sister could have desi d; and her home appeared to be no less sunny. "I have a good husband, too," she said, when I had answered her eager, affectionate my friend; "and no one co and prettier children than mine

Some not long ago I was speaking omen exclaimed, sadly, "If only a g in tenements might be as happ hings might be as well with all tenement homes in which there are good mothers!"

But upon the tenement home, as upon any other home, can fall great and terrible griefs; and, as in any other home, the weight of these sorrows presses most heavily upon the heart of the mother of the house, and presses all the more heavily if she be a good mother. So pitifully often, in tenement-houses, a child dies; and too frequently the bereft mother is left with no one who can even begin to comfort her. Were it not for the other true mothers among her neighbors, she would many times be forced to endure her bereavement without even the consolation which sympathy can give.

The sympathy of these other mothers is always tender, and sometimes it is so subtle in its utter comprehension that it is wonderful. During a very warm summer, several years ago, when so many children in tenement districts were defeated in an unequal struggle for existence, the baby—and the only child—of one of my friends who lived in a tenement-house died. After the funeral, I lingered with the mother in the one stifling room which represented her home, trying to find something to say, something to do, to comfort her ever so little. Her husband lay on the bed at the farthest side of the room, in a drunken sleep. Through the open windows came the roaring noise and the burning heat of the city streets. The mother sat motionless and silent; her eyes were dry, but into them had crept already the wounded look which comes into the eyes of a woman whose child dies.

As I waited, silent too, for lack of adequate words, a fretful childish wail rang out from the home on the next floor above in the tenement. The woman beside me started violently; and I went hastily from the room and up the stairs, thinking that I might at least be able to still the cries which must needs be so unbearably painful to my stricken friend.

"[illegible] your baby ill?" I asked the woman who stood in the doorway at the head of the stairs, a crying child in her arms. "Oh, no," she said. "And this ain't my baby that's cryin', this is my next to the youngest. He's tired and [illegible]n't sick either." She stopped, a[illegible] me keenly for a moment. T[illegible]en [illegible]ied in a subdued tone, "You've h[illegible]—downstairs?" She said, que[illegible]

"Yes," I [illegible]

"Takin' [illegible], is she?" she queried.

"You have children; you must know how you would—" I began.

"Oh, don't!" she interposed, sharply; and then, as I did not at once speak again, she asked more gently, "What are you sayin' to her?"

"Nothing," I replied. "There isn't anything to say."

"What are you doin' for her?" was the next inquiry, made with increasing kindness.

"Nothing," I said again. "There seems nothing to do."

The other mother pondered for a long interval, and then she said: "There's nobody in my room to-day but me and my two babies. My next to the youngest, he wants to be took outside to get the air, if there is any."

"Shall I stay with your baby while you take him?" I suggested, glancing through the doorway at the bed upon which a very tiny baby lay contentedly blinking at the reflection of the sunlight on the window-pane.

"No," said the baby's mother; "but maybe you'll go down and ask *her* to come up and mind him so's I can go!"

After a moment's hesitation I did as she suggested. My friend's face quivered for an instant, and then she whispered: "Tell her I'll go up as soon as she's gone downstairs."

I went downstairs also; but in the evening I returned to sit again with my friend. Her face, as she turned it to me in the fading light, had lost a portion of its mournfulness. "Holdin' the baby upstairs eased me," she said; "it wasn't my own baby, but it eased me some to hold it."

When one day I asked the mother of that other baby how she knew what solace to offer, she merely said, "Mothers understan' the feelin's o' mothers."

The grief caused by death is not the only grief which comes to the mother in the tenement home; to her, as to the mother in any other home, come other sorrows, which, if not more poignant, are yet more bitter. But, even

in t[illegible]e, the strength of her love for her children [illegible]stains her, though all else may fail.

On[illegible] winter, in a tenement neighborhood in wh[illegible]ch I had many acquaintances, I chanced to hear much free and full discussion of the unhappi[illegible]n, a stranger to me, living in [illegible] Her husband is cruel to her," [illegible]nds said to me one day; "I [illegible]e ought to stay with him."

"Has [illegible]n?" I asked.

"Yes," [illegible]ormant; "she has two —she had th[illegible]e died. She makes a livin' for 'em all, and for her husband too. I don't think she ought to stay with him," she repeated; "he's cruel to her."

Long before I came to know the woman well, this statement was verified to me, not only by many persons in the neighboring tenements, but also by a school-teacher whose knowledge of the woman's life was very minute and intimate. "I think I agree with the people who live near her," she said to me earnestly one day; "I almost think she shouldn't remain any longer with her husband. His treatment of her has been—and is — atrocious."

"Does she ever speak of it?" I questioned.

"Never," the school-teacher replied. "But that doesn't alter the state of the case any," she protested. "I wonder what you will think she ought to do when you know her," she added.

It was shortly after this conversation that I met the woman for the first time. Her gentleness of manner instantly appealed to me, and we gradually became close friends. I saw her frequently, both at her own home to which I went to call upon her, and at a college settlement where she often came to visit me. She talked to me of many things and of many persons, but we had been friends for a number of months before she mentioned her husband to me. One summer evening, as she sat with me in the shelter of the settlement doorway, she suddenly began, "I suppose you've heard folks say my husband ain't good to me?"

"Yes," I was obliged to make reply.

"And I suppose you've heard 'em say they think I ought to leave him?"

"Yes," I said again.

The woman grasped my hand and held it closely. "What do *you* think about it?" she asked in a tremulous voice.

"I think you are the only person who has

any right to think, or to say, anything about what you ought to do about it," I found myself replying. "No one else can possibly understand about it as you can."

The woman moved nearer. "That's just the way [illegible] hispered, "and I can't make up m[illegible]eave him, though folks beg me to—[illegible]n't a very kind man."

She was [illegible]r a moment, and then she said, i[illegible]ow that I barely could hear her—[illegible]usband; he ain't a very kind man, [illegible]'s my children's father. He's the father o[illegible] ones I've got, and—o' the baby that died. I can't leave him, 'cause he is; 'specially 'cause he's the baby's father—the baby that died!"

The hardest task which the mother in the tenement-house must perform is the preservation of the privacy of her home. Her doors open upon a semi-public hallway, and every loud word spoken in her home may be heard by persons on the floor above and on the floor beneath her household. Excepting during school hours she must keep her growing children within the folds of her too small and too few rooms, or subject them to the dangers of the city streets. Seldom has she any one to help her, and very often her burden is so

heavy that her ability, and, furthermore, her willingness, to bear it is a marvel.

One of my oldest friends in the tenements is a woman, the mother of six children, whose home is in one of the darkest and most dingy tenement-houses that I have ever seen in any city. By the severest kind of toil she supports her drunken husband and all her little children.

The child twice removed from the youngest is a small girl, with waving brown hair and shining gray eyes, and the most captivating of sunny smiles. One day I was calling upon her mother, accompanied by another friend, a childless wife, whose love for children is peculiarly deep. While I talked with the mother of the tenement-house, she played with the little girl, who was at that time about two and a half years old. Suddenly she turned to our hostess: "I'd like to adopt this baby," she said.

The child's mother snatched the small girl from her arms. "Well—you can't," she returned, with an intensity so great that it was harsh.

As we left the house, my friend, the wife who is childless, repeated to me, "I'd like to adopt that baby."

ree times, without avail, she went and ask d the mother to give her that one of her six children. Then she came to me, and re- que ted me to go and use every persuasion in y power to gain the mother's consent to the proposed adoption. "She has five other chil d, when I would have demurr ren't any."

W gs, I went to the ten- ement h tle girl in question ran to mee weet, confiding friend- liness ched my other friend's heart. " er that people want to adopt her!" I began as I sat with the baby nestling in my arms.

The plurality of my noun was wasted upon the baby's mother. "Well—she can't," was the reply. "She's been here three times, askin' me for her; and I've told her she *can't have her.*"

"She could do a great deal for the baby," I suggested, in pursuance of my promise to my other friend; "she could give her a great many things—"

The mother interrupted me. "She couldn't give her her own mother's love," she said, as she gently stroked the little head cuddled against the soft silk of my scarf. "She couldn't do for her as her own mother can."

"You have five other children," I continued, after a severe if brief struggle between my promise and my inclination.

"That don't keep this one from being any less mine!" the mother retorted.

A short silence followed this reply. Then the baby's mother said, very gently indeed, "I'm awful sorry for your friend that's got no children; I'm as sorry for her as you be; but she can't have any o' mine. They belongs to me; and I want 'em. She'd be good to my baby, I know, and give her lots I can't give her; she'd be *like* a mother to her, I 'spose, she seemed a real nice lady; but she wouldn't *be* her mother. Nobody can be that but just *me!*"

The small girl is now old enough to go to school. One day, not long ago, when I was visiting her mother, she came dancing in, bringing a note from her teacher to her mother regarding the increasingly satisfactory progress she had been making in her classes and in her deportment—which latter had been wont to be marked by a certain over-exuberance.

"Now read that," exclaimed the mother, happily, as, having herself read the note, she handed it to me. "I'm real proud o' you,

de ie," she said lovingly to the child, who, hea ing herself praised, hid her face shyly on her nother's shoulder. "Your teacher says you ve been a nice, good girl."

l ater, when the little daughter had been sent on an errand, the mother said to me, "Poor pe much else! but they has their l they cares an awful lot about

"I ofte ," I replied, taking her general s individual a sense as she had a the day when I went to plead w half of my other friend. "You certainly care a very great deal for your children."

In the tenement districts I have met many mothers not unlike that mother; women who indeed could claim as their own not much else besides their children; mothers who realized their grave responsibilities and their beautiful opportunities as mothers to a degree which it would scarcely be possible to exceed. However ignorant they may otherwise be, the mothers of tenement homes know well that upon them has been bestowed that joy which is highest and purest, since to them has it been granted to be mothers. They are never bedazzled into seeming to see that any wealth

can surpass that richness which they, possessing their children, possess so fully, so entirely, so unalienably. Of the incalculably large service they render to the State and to the Nation they are, perhaps, unaware; but the greatness of the service is not therefore diminished. Its benefit is no less great, no less enduring, than the love which, unconsciously often, painfully sometimes, patiently always, confers it.

Among my friends in a certain tenement neighborhood there are two mothers at whose respective homes I usually spend an hour on the afternoon of Christmas Day. One Christmas, as one of these friends was leaving me at the outer door of the home in which she lives, she said, as if moved by a sudden reminder, "The woman on the top floor had a baby—a boy—born to her this mornin'; her first child, too! Think o' that; born on Christmas!"

A college girl whom I had met in the car that day on my way to the tenement district had given me a white rose, and though I had made two calls I still retained it, its petals yet fresh and the delicacy of its fragrance in nowise lost. "I wonder if I might take this rose up to her," I ventured to say.

"Why, yes," was the encouraging response. "She'd like it; it's lovely."

The tenement-house was very far from being a model building. The stairs were steep and narrow, but I presently came to the end of stood before a closed door, upon light from a tiny skylight for a few moments, and then, hearing sound from the room beyond tapped very softly.

A faint bade me enter, and, opening the door, I went into the room. It was small and meanly furnished, but, like the topmost landing of the stairs, it was flooded with light from the window in the roof above.

The mother was alone with her child. Her face was very pale, and the dark color of the folded coat upon which her head rested appeared to give it an added pallor. She turned her glorified eyes to me as I approached her. "It's Christmas," she whispered; "and my baby was born this mornin'; my first baby—a boy. My husband, he's gone to tell the priest; we are both so glad!"

The bed on which she lay was hard, and its coverings were thin and rough; the room was none too warm, and the food left on a chair within reach of the bed was insufficient

and coarse. But when I paused at the door to look once more at the mother before leaving her, her eyes, lifted to the skylight, were very bright, and her lips were smiling. One hand touched her child, and in the other she held the white rose.

We find, in our cities, a continually increasing number of persons more fortunate in many circumstances of life than the people who dwell in tenement-houses, and these persons are earnestly and unselfishly trying to alleviate the want which oppresses the mother in the tenement home. They give—and in still fuller measure they will give—to that mother such assistance as she sorely needs. But, large though their aid may be, it can never equal that help in living her life which she has by virtue of her own tested womanhood—her great, unquenchable love for the children to whom she has given birth.

THE WOMAN ON THE FARM

XII

THE WOMAN ON THE FARM

IT is an interesting circumstance that, while a person who has never lived even for a brief summer on a farm may hold somewhat pessimistic opinions of farm life, and descant at great length upon its loneliness, its endless toil and narrow opportunities, in the mind of a man or woman who has been an inmate of a farm-house, either as a member of its household or as a guest, farm life would seem never to lose a certain beauty and sweetness—the beauty of simple living; the sweetness of labor which, beginning with each sunrise and ending with each sunset, as a crowning reward invites the laborer at the close of the day to rest, "to look, each night, on some plain work well wrought." All the tortuous noise and haste and fever of the city cannot take from one who is country-bred the memory of that quiet which with

the coming of evening crept over the spirit of the farmer's household.

One day in Chicago, at the Board of Trade, to which the weird recollection of a much earlier visit had impelled me to go for a newer im anced to meet a woman, an ce, whose childhood had been farm in Minnesota. She had es as many years in Chicago a ; but as we slowly left the ba ich we had been gazing, not v pathetic excitement, upon the tumultuous scene below, her sole comment was:

"To have seen wheat produced, and then to see it sold, constitutes to my mind what Thomas Hardy would call one of 'Life's Little Ironies'!"

Her words recalled to my mind a farm in Nebraska, upon which, many years ago, I once spent a long and sunny summer day. The farm at that time was new and not very large; its household consisted of its owner, a young man who performed unaided more than half of the outdoor work of the place; his wife, a woman not so old in years as the average junior in a girls' college, upon whom not only the entire care of the house, but

also much of the labor connected with the minor enterprises of the farm itself, devolved; and their first and only child, a baby girl, with wide blue eyes, whose name was Ruth.

"I thought Ruth *just* the right name to give to a little girl who would grow up with wheat and corn fields around her," the mother had said in quaint explanation when I had asked why the baby had been given a name not borne by some relative or friend.

With the remembrance of that day at the Nebraskan farm came also a desire to know what had since befallen the small blue-eyed Ruth. Before I left Chicago I wrote to her mother. Being the much older sister of a schoolmate of mine, and a schoolmate, moreover, in a boarding-school, I had known her very slightly.

"You may perhaps have forgotten me," I concluded my letter, "but I remember you, and your baby, too—and the wheat and corn fields surrounding your home."

Long before, in the course of my investigation, I reached Nebraska, I received a reply to my letter, inviting me to come again to the farm to spend a day, "though the month being January, not 'a summer day,'"

an lling me that the baby girl, now fourteen years of age, was in Omaha for the winter, going to school, and hoping to go subsequently to the State University.

"He has grown like the *other* Ruth, 'mid the golden corn,'" wrote the mother, using the form of expression which had been her during the small girl's b father and I couldn't *wish* a than she is. You admired her s a baby, and I think you'd *love* 's hard for her to be away from er was before—and it is hard for us to have her away; but she wants the education, and we want her to have it."

It was not possible for me to go to the farm, even for one day; but while I was in Omaha, in February, I had the great pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with the little daughter of the farm. Her mother had given me the address of the cousin with whom the little girl was making a temporary home; and one cold and windy afternoon I found my way to the house. After a prolonged interval of waiting on its wind-swept piazza, a German servant-maid opened the door in answer to my repeated ringing of the bell.

"Nobody's home," she instantly said; "'cep' the childern," she amended, "and they's out coastin'."

She finally yielded, though not without reluctance, to my request that she ask them to come in, if only for a moment, to see me; and even relented to the extent of suggesting that I come in myself out of the cold. She left me in a room the furnishings of which betokened an elaborate and somewhat lavishly gratified taste; and while I waited I could not forbear comparing it with the small, plain living-room which had been to me one of the pleasantest places in the house among the fields of corn and wheat.

While I was still reflecting upon their distinctly interesting differences the servant-maid returned, followed by two little girls of very nearly the same size. One of them greeted me with shy and pretty courtesy, and then slipped quietly away; but the other, after a most affectionate welcome, seated herself upon a hassock at my feet, and, taking both my hands in hers, gazed up at me and said eagerly:

"My mother wrote that you remembered *exactly* what I was like when I was a baby!

Yo must remember *just* what *she* was like, too, hen! Please tell me!"

As I told her I looked at her. She was a ra nt little girl; her tumbled brown hair had bright strands in it, her blue eyes shone, and, notwithstanding her extreme youth, her lips were v e and sweet.

"You r your mother," I said, as I fi account of my one visit to t

"*Do* I imed. "I'm *so* glad when I re of her. Oh, it's been *lovely* to h e was like when I was a baby!"

"But, surely, a great many persons can tell you that," I suggested.

"Yes," agreed the little girl; "but I specially wanted *you* to, because she says you remember exactly about me; so I *knew* you would about *her*. I've been so *anxious* to see you *ever* since she told me you were coming!"

The charm of her fervent italics is as indescribable as it was subtly reminiscent of her mother, regarding my recollections of whom she could not hear too much.

She put many questions to me respecting my one brief visit to her home; some of

these inquiries were with regard to her father, several of them related to her own characteristics as a baby, and a few were concerned with the farm itself; but the large majority of them had reference to her mother. All her questions, while not unnaturally childish, were yet significant, and the queries touching her mother were of especial interest; but more significant even than the number and proportions of her inquiries was the explanation she presently gave me of the peculiarly intimate friendship which she, though only fourteen years old, so obviously had with her mother.

"You know, I've always lived on the farm until this winter," she began, when I said finally that I had told her quite everything I could recall in connection with that pleasant summer day of which she had no memory whatever; "so I've been with my mother a *great* deal!"

"Isn't one, usually, up to fourteen, even though one doesn't live on a farm?" I ventured, as she paused.

"Not *nearly* as much!" dissented the little girl emphatically. "Now, there's my cousin—the one who came in with me; she's my *second* cousin, of course, you know—she

doesn't know *her* mother *half* as well as I do *mine*."

"She may know her *differently*," I suggested, falling into my small companion's italics; "but probably she knows her quite as *well*."

The child from the farm considered for a moment, and then she lifted a thoughtful face.

"I don't think so," she said slowly. "You see, I've seen my mother almost all the *whole* time ever since I was born. I almost *always* could do everything she did, and go everywhere she went. It was so unusual when I couldn't that I always heard afterward every *word* about what happened. Now, my cousin —the one you saw—doesn't do that way with her mother. They *couldn't!* Her mother goes to too many places and does too many things that—she says—aren't for children. And it takes her so much time to do them that she wouldn't have time to *tell* about them even if her daughter wanted to hear, which she doesn't much. There are a lot of things of her *own* that she's interested in doing, things that don't happen on a farm; and she has a good many friends of her own age, which I, of course, couldn't have at

home, because no one lived *very* near. Oh, she's perfectly happy; it's what she's used to; but—you see, I *have* been more with my mother?" she concluded, interrogatively.

"City life has its complications," I said, forgetting that the speaker to whom I had been listening was a very little girl; "especially for a mother."

"*Yes*," instantly agreed the child beside me; "it *has!* That's why I'm glad *my* home has been in the country. If my mother had lived in the city, I suppose she would have had to do the way my cousin does; but on a farm she doesn't have to, because she *can't*." The little girl was silent for a moment, and then, with a lovely smile, she said, softly, "I'm *glad;* and I think *she* is, too!"

As we were going together to my car somewhat later, I said to the child:

"I suppose you saw your mother during the Christmas holidays."

"Oh, yes," she returned; "I went home then; and I shall be at home Easter, too; and all next summer. We write letters, too; I never had letters from home before, because I never was away before." She looked at

me soberly for an instant. "I miss my mother *dreadfully*," she continued; "that's because I have been with her all the time, always." She reflected for another moment. "Do you know the saying, 'What is home without a mother?'" she inquired with quaint gravity. "Well," she went on, without waiting for my reply, "it might be *something* of a home, perhaps, in the city, where there is so much else; but it wouldn't be *anything* on a farm!"

This speech recurred to me very often as I journeyed about the United States, meeting many women and visiting homes of many types. However one's wider experience may lead one to qualify that portion of the little girl's broadly general statement appertaining to the city home, with those of her words which described the home in the country even the most carefully statistical person may entirely agree. The life of the farmhouse, as she implied, springs from, and is molded by, the mother who dwells in that house. Without her untiring love and her never-failing care it cannot be either established or sustained. In the truest meaning of the term, the mother on the farm is a housekeeper.

The farm, in the very nature of things, must be comparatively far removed in distance even from the nearest neighboring farms; and this enforced isolation necessitates a daily life so apparently limited in opportunities for social intercourse that only a wise woman's "sweet ordering, arrangement and decision" can make it happy, and good, and complete. The woman who lives on a farm must be not only the guide and teacher —often the sole teacher—of her children; she must be also their companion and their friend. Not only does her husband look to her for the inspiration of sympathy and the help of counsel in his effort for the maintenance of the family; he turns to her for aid in the actual performance of that work itself. In addition to her household duties she attends personally, as a matter of course, to a certain fixed part of the common labor of the farm. Her children, even while they are still very young, are trained to assist both parents to the extent of their several abilities. Of this community of closely mutual endeavor and achievement the mother is indeed the animating spirit. In the deepest sense she orders, arranges and decides. Whatever else the farm might be, lacking

her, it could not be, even in the most infinitesimal degree, a home.

It had been suggested to me at the beginning of my investigation that the increased means of communication with the outside world which a greater number of railroad stations, the rural mail delivery, and, in many cases, trolley cars and telephones, now afford farming districts, must unquestionably have altered very considerably the conditions of farm life; and—especially—have enriched incalculably the opportunities of the woman of the farm-house. Feeling that no one could possess so valuable an opinion on this subject as that woman herself, I asked questions relative to it at each farm to which I went. Two of the replies which I received were particularly interesting and indicative.

The first of these was given me by a woman at whose farm in Oregon I spent two of the happiest of the many happy days of my journeyings. Her home was among the mountains, three miles from a little town in the valley, to which she sent a boy with a wagon to meet another guest and myself on the night of our arrival.

It was a very dark night. The only lights were a lantern, with a flickering flame, car-

ried by the boy, and the stars. My companion and I had traveled since early morning on the small trading vessel which had left us at last on the sandy shore at the foot of the great mountain range. As we drove up the steep road, through the soft darkness, listening to the murmur of cataracts and the whisper of the wind in the trees, my friend said involuntarily, "How far away the world seems!"

For the moment it did seem very far away, but when presently we reached the farmhouse, and were met by the woman of the house, we realized that that which makes the world sweet was very near. She was a quiet woman, with a gentle and beautiful face, a face revealing reserves of tenderness and strength to which one might trust many times over, and trust again, and yet again, and still not be disappointed. As my companion afterward said, she had "the mother look."

Her only child was a daughter, who, in appearance and in manner and in the ease with which she did many diverse things, reminded me of girls whom I had met in Eastern colleges. She helped her mother in her household duties, sewed upon the daintiest

possible gown for herself, and, from a picture, wove into a basket which she was making an intricate Indian design, all with that blithe readiness so familiar to me because of my acquaintance with college girls.

The month being March, we saw none of the larger activities of the farm. Could we have seen them, they would without doubt have been ing interest, for the somewhat e: rm-lands, as we soon learned, we or the cultivation of strawberrie aborers employed to do the wor lds were Indians.

It was hostess had been telling me th hat I approached her for her judg e comparison between present and ies with respect to the isolation of the farm.

"This farm isn't isolated," she said; "there are other farms around it, not far away; the town, and the railroad, and the Portland boat are only three miles off. There is a rural delivery mail-box at the gate if we care to use it, and I have a local and long-distance telephone. New York isn't so far from Oregon as Oregon is from New York!" she concluded, with a smile.

Even before my visit was finished I felt

almost constrained to agree with this latter opinion. Certainly, New York is not immeasurably removed from that particular household in Oregon. My hostess had remarkably clear and well-grounded views concerning the social and political situation in that city—views which gave evidence not only of keen thinking, but also of deep, if not wide, reading. Her interest in National questions was no less vivid and real. With regard to the difficult problem of the negro, she gave expression, I remember, to opinions such as are held by some of the closest students of the perplexing subject. Yet, as she told me, she was born and had always lived within sight of the snow-capped mountain peak which on fair days was faintly visible from the windows of her house.

On one of the days of our too brief sojourn my traveling companion and I went for a drive with another temporary resident of the farm-house. The March wind had in it a promise of spring that was more than half a fulfillment; the distant mountain ranges were folded in a purple mist; in the fields edging the road meadow-larks were singing, and on the sheltered slope of a hill, under the fallen needles of the pine trees,

we und quantities of delicate little purple flowers.

"The world *is* far away," once more said the friend of my journey.

"Yes," agreed our other companion, "but the people in it aren't!"

The c appeared to be very distinctly members of that household m in Oregon. To be sure, t ge of it was impersonal; being btained through reading and he than by seeing and feeling.

In June, during the course of a day that I spent on a farm in central Massachusetts, I discovered that knowledge thus acquired was not always so satisfactory as it had seemed to be to the family in Oregon. "Do you think farm life is less isolated now than in the past?" I asked my hostess, as I sat in the kitchen doorway talking with her while she prepared the noonday dinner and I made daisy-chains for her small daughter.

"Well, in theory it isn't," she replied; "but in practice I think it is. I mean," she elucidated, "that we have a good many more things than we used to have, but we don't come into actual contact with many more

people. It's the lack of people, not things, that makes life isolated."

"But you get more letters, and—"

"Is that quite the same?" said my hostess, musingly. "I don't think it is. Correspondence isn't quite equal to conversation. Handwriting isn't quite like the sound of a voice."

"No," I agreed; "but—"

"I'm not grumbling," interposed my friend with a laugh; "I'm only explaining. In my case, the isolation has its ample compensations. I have my husband and my children. Farm life can never be a life with many people in it," she went on. She left her work and came to the doorway; seating herself beside me, she drew the small girl into her lap and kissed her lingeringly. Then she looked up with shining eyes. *I* don't feel especially isolated," she said.

It seemed to me, indeed, that, excepting when the farm was a ranch, not ten, or even fifteen, but fifty miles from the nearest neighboring ranch, the women whom I met who lived on farms had little sense of their isolation. On the contrary, they gave, if not invariably, yet very frequently, the impression of a greater interest in and a keener sympathy with the outside world than the wo-

men whom I saw in small towns and villages. They were, as one of them said to me, more often lonely than solitary. "What I mean," she explained, "is that they are interested in more people than they see, and sympathize with a grea of things than they do."

The speal ed a number of years in a village king a home on the farm—whic in New England and comparativ access from several cities and t lso she had had some slight experience of metropolitan life. "It is odd," I commented, "that women in small towns are so much less concerned with the outside world than the women whose homes are farms."

"It isn't odd to me," said the woman whose opportunities for forming a leisurely and unbiased opinion on the subject had been exceptional. "The small town is an outside world in itself; it has so many enterprises of its own to concern itself with that it has no time left for more remote affairs. As for people—one knows many more people in a village than one does in a city." She smiled, and then she added, "Sometimes I think that the two places where one gets the truest

breadth of mental view are a city and a farm. The people who live in them are different in other ways, but they are alike in being interested in the whole world, not just in their own little corner of it."

Not long ago I repeated this statement to a woman living in New York, in whose clearness of vision I had much faith. "Do you consider it excessive?" I inquired.

"Why, no," responded my friend, decidedly; "just think of the history of the United States; its greatest leaders in thought and in deed have, in almost every instance, come either from cities or from farms."

"Yes," I assented; and then I told her about the little girl in Omaha, who had said that in a city a home might be something, without a mother, because a city offered so much else, but that on a farm it could not be anything at all. "The responsibility of sending the leader from the farm would seem to rest almost entirely upon the mother of that leader," I remarked.

"Why, of course," exclaimed my friend in New York, "it always has; upon whom else could it rest?" Then, more quietly, she continued, "Think of the endless sacrifices women on farms have made in order to give

th sons the best educational advantages! Our colleges for men have had many a student who might never have beheld the inside of a college but for his mother's unselfish ambition and loving toil."

On f s parts of America I met ma se labors had secured, or were ieir sons the very finest of c tions; and I met also mothers by the spirit of this new age, rduous in their efforts to give to ers a similar training. One such w nember with especial distinctness.

Her home was a New England farm, and she was a New England woman, like other New England women whom I had known, in that she was as reserved as she was intense, and no less sensitive than she was courageous. It was in a manner rather amusing, even at the moment, to me, and, somewhat tardily, not without its suggestion of humor to her too, that we came to be friends.

One warm afternoon in the late spring, toward the close of a day in which, in the absorbing work of my investigation, I had walked more miles than I quite realized, the

turn of the dusty road brought me to her garden gate. She was busily working over the flowers which grew not far from the gate; but she stopped when I spoke to her, and came slowly to the fence.

"Would you be so good as to give me a drink of water?" I asked, suddenly recollecting the fatiguing warmth of the day.

The woman gazed at me with a displeasure that was almost personal. "Why did you walk so far in such hot weather?" she demanded.

My reply did not meet with as happy a reception as I could have wished; but my new acquaintance opened the gate, and bidding me, somewhat sternly, sit on the bench under the apple tree, and rest, disappeared into the house. She returned shortly, bringing a glass of milk and a saucer of preserved strawberries, of which, rather summarily, she bade me partake. I complied, without raising any objection whatsoever. As my weariness gradually left me, the disapproval with which my hostess had too evidently regarded it vanished also, and we entered upon a conversation the memory of which will not soon be lost.

"I'd like my daughter to know you," said

my hostess, presently; "she'll be home from col ge in a few days, now, for the summer."

"What year is she, in college?" I asked, as soon as I had recovered from my surprise; the farm-house was a very small one, and in spite of I had found it in the course of a particularly accessible. It did no intimate union with the college wh my hostess had mentioned.

The m ne; and then she repeated, "I to see her."

It happened that I was planning to go to the daughter's college the next week; and I, of course, said this to the mother, and added that I should be most happy to meet her daughter upon that occasion. "Perhaps you will give me a letter of introduction to her," I suggested.

"If you just tell her you know her mother. I guess that'll be introduction enough," said the woman, simply.

"She must take great delight in college life," I said, after the brief silence which followed.

"Yes," said the girl's mother; "she does. She is getting a good education, and she enjoys everything about it. I always meant

she should have it," went on the woman, with quiet satisfaction, "from the time she was a little girl; and every summer, for years, I've taken boarders to earn money so she could. It's been hard work, but it's been worth doing. If I do say it, being her mother, a girl couldn't suit me better than my daughter does. She's a good girl, and her mind's bright."

When, a little later, my new acquaintance was leaving me at the door of my temporary abiding-place in the neighborhood, to which she had very kindly driven me in one of the farm wagons, she said with a tender smile which made her firm lips very softly beautiful:

"Write and tell me how you like my daughter."

Very nearly the first thing I did the next week when I went to the college town was to present myself to the daughter, according to the mother's simple injunction. She was a charmingly fresh and eager young girl; and, as her mother had said, no introduction beyond my acquaintanceship with her mother was even remotely needed.

"Do you know my mother *very* well?" she asked.

Oh, no," I replied; and I recounted to he in detail my single and entirely accidental vi to her home.

I suppose you will be there after Com- m cement," I said, partly to break one of the hich I found myself m ith her than with her mc

wered; "and then the boa mother has taken sum- mer b ce I can remember, so I n ge. I help her, but it's hard know, to do so much. After I graduate I'm going to teach; and when I've saved enough I am going to take my mother to Europe for a whole summer, where she won't *see* a boarder!" Then, less vehemently, she added: "Not many girls have a mother like mine. She's thought of me and planned for me all the time ever since I was born. It makes all the difference in the world to a person, because no one except one's mother ever does it, and if she doesn't one has to miss it." She looked at me shyly. "I'd rather miss almost *anything* else than have missed having that kind of a mother!" she concluded.

When I wrote to tell her mother how very

much indeed I liked her daughter, I told her this also.

One result of my visit to that daughter's college was the acquisition of an interest in summer boarders in connection with the lives of women on farms, which led me to ask one of my friends whose home is a farm-house, and who, moreover, has—to use the colloquial phrase—taken boarders during several summers, if she thought these city visitors exerted a good influence, as some persons believed, or, as some other persons feared, had a disturbing effect upon the life, not particularly of her household, but of any rural community.

After a few moments' consideration she replied, not without a certain degree of amusement at the expense of those solemn social scientists who seek to generalize on so variable a subject as the summer boarder, "It depends upon the kind of people they happen to be, and upon the kind of people the members of the rural community happen to be!"

So far as I have known them, these latter have been of a very fine kind indeed. All that I saw of their lives, and all that I learned of their ideals, aroused the homage which

good women always awaken; while all that I heard their children say regarding them kindled the affection which true mothers never fail to inspire.

WOMEN IN THE PROFESSIONS

XIII

WOMEN IN THE PROFESSIONS

"SHALL I tell you who are those women in America who interest me most?" a German woman, who has made several visits to the United States, wrote me recently. "Yes, I will tell you: they are the women who are in the professions; who are doctors and lawyers. They, and the nurses trained in hospitals, and the women in business—they interest me most. I wonder all the time why they are doing what they do! Is it that they are actuated by the desire for power?"

It happens that the mother of one of my former associates in settlement work is a physician, and almost immediately after receiving the letter from the woman in Germany I wrote to her:

"Your mother being a doctor," I explained, "you have already, no doubt, known many

more professional women than I shall ever know. Why are they professional women? 'Is it,' I quoted, 'that they are actuated by the desire for power?'"

To my great delight a reply to my letter came from my friend by return mail:

"Yes," she [illegible] ithout further preamble, "it is 'th [illegible] e actuated by the desire for powe [illegible] ower Ruskin speaks of: Power t[illegible] redeem, to guide and to guard! [illegible] ds may sound grandiloquent," sh [illegible] 'but the feeling they express is the [illegible] truth with respect to professional women. Haven't you usually found it so with regard to those you've met?"

It was just because I had invariably found it so with regard to the proportionally few professional women whom I had met that I was glad to receive from a woman whose opportunities in that direction had been at once so much more numerous and so much more nearly complete than my own, this assurance that my acquaintances among professional women, though few, might yet be considered representative. The feeling expressed in the words of Ruskin—to use my friend's phrase—was the feeling which

seemed to underlie all their work and all their hopes concerning their work.

Not long ago, looking through a collection of photographs, I found a picture of a small baby, which picture was one of many that I had taken during the course of a day spent several summers ago on the Boston Floating Hospital, in somewhat close company with a trained nurse whom I met upon that occasion. A doctor connected with the hospital told me that she was one of the best nurses he had ever known; and I remember still her tender efficiency in caring for the poor, helpless little babies in the wards of the hospital, and her infinite gentleness and patience with the ignorance of the mothers and fathers who came, bringing with them the children whose simplest ills they lacked knowledge and skill to alleviate.

The baby whose picture I chanced to find had been one of that nurse's especial favorites among her patients.

"Why does she like this one so particularly?" I asked one of the doctors as he, having persuaded the nurse to lend me the baby, who was convalescent, for half an hour, lifted it from the cot on which it was resting and gave it to me, with the remark that

it w he special pride and joy of its nurse.
" ll, I suppose because she has made such a success of it," the doctor said with a smil "Just see how well it is now; it's goi ome to-morrow. It's been here several eks it was a pitiful sight when it came!" he baby with obvious satisf orked hard for that child's life." rly. "The doctors here but without her"— and he in nurse—"the baby would have tended it day and night for a e's a fine nurse."

When, a little after the stipulated half-hour, I was carefully returning the child to its cot, I said to the nurse:

"The doctor has been telling me about this baby. He says you saved its life. It must be glorious to be able to save a child's life."

"Yes," agreed the nurse simply, "it is. It was because I longed to help save life that I decided to be a nurse," she continued. "I couldn't get my training fast enough," she added slowly. "I was so anxious to be able to begin. All I ask now is that I may become more and more able to continue!"

Her devotion to the profession she had chosen, and her eagerness for any new instruction or experience which promised to make her a more capable member of that profession, have often been recalled to my mind by another nurse whom I know, whose ardor in preparing for her work has been no less great, and whose effectualness in her profession bids fair to be equally large.

I met her for the first time a number of years ago in the surgical ward of a city hospital to which she had been taken as the result of a somewhat severe accident. Her recovery was slow and painful, and during its long process I went many times to see her. One day I happened to take with me, to give to her, a cluster of unusually pretty wild white violets. She accepted them with evident pleasure; but when I returned, after a visit in another ward, to bid her good-by, the flowers were nowhere to be seen.

"I gave the violets to one of my nurses," the girl said instantly. "They were so lovely, and she's so nice—and I knew you wouldn't mind."

During the weeks she spent in the hospital this was the only direct reference she made to any of her attendants; but one

evening, shortly after her return to her home, which was in a tenement district, she came to see me.

"I want to be a trained nurse," she began abruptly; "I want to learn how to make sick people comfortable, like the nurses at the hospital made me. I intend to be a trained nurse! How shall I commence?"

It took her but a brief time to discover how to commence; but the acquisition of the training she needed, and—as she frequently repeated with undiminished emphasis—intended to obtain, has been accompanied by numerous and unusual difficulties. Her hindrances and discouragements have been countless, but she has persevered, and her hospital training is now very nearly completed. Not very long ago I met her.

"My little sister has been sick," she told me, "and I've been at home for a while taking care of her."

The girl paused, as if for a reply, and I said:

"I hope your sister is better."

"Yes, she is," said the young nurse; "she is almost well, and I took care of her!"

"You were fortunate in knowing how," I

commented sympathetically. It was plainly to be seen that this was the girl's own thought.

"Wasn't I?" she exclaimed impulsively. "She had to have things done for her that only a trained nurse *could* do! And I'd do them; and then, after I'd made her comfortable, I'd just sit and watch her, and be glad because I knew *how* to do it!" She was silent for a few moments, and then she said in a low tone: "It is a grand thing to have the power to ease people who are in pain; it is the best thing in the world—"

"Except using that power," I added for her.

"Yes, except using that power," repeated the girl fervently.

Among the professional women whom I met in the course of my journeyings there was one who not only possessed, but also used, the power to heal those who were sick to a degree which, if not unusual, was still very wonderful. She was a physician in a city of considerable size, and I heard of her through a woman living in the poorest district of the city to whom she had been very kind—so kind, indeed, that the woman, during my visit to her, talked to me only about

'the doctor," and finally invited me to go with her to call upon the doctor in question, that I might see for myself how worthy she was of the rare esteem in which she was held.

This I was, of course, most ready to do; after some preliminary conversation with the doctor over the telephone, an hour was named at which the desired visit might be made.

"She's a beautiful-hearted woman, the doctor is," said the doctor's friend as we started together to keep our appointment. "Busy as she always is, and tired as she often must be, she is never too busy or too tired to go and do for any one who is sick and needs her. I know more than one person who would have died except for her—myself, for instance. She never sent me a bill, and I suppose there's lots of others can say the same of her. She's a beautiful-hearted woman."

The more I talked with the doctor upon the occasion of that first short visit, the more intimately I came to know her during a number of other hours which I afterward spent in making calls with her, the more clearly did I see how truly her friend's lovely ad-

jective described her. She was indeed a beautiful-hearted woman.

In addition to her regular practice, which another physician—a man—told me was justifiably large, she gave of the very best skill she had—which my informant said was of a very high order—to many a person who, like the woman through whom I had met her, never received a bill from her.

"She is a good doctor and a noble woman," said that other physician warmly. "I've never known any one who did more real good—and I've known a considerable number of rather fine people."

"I wonder how she happened to choose to be a doctor," I said; but the other physician replied that he was unable to tell me.

"You might ask her," he suggested; but, though I very much desired to know, I did not take his advice.

When, somewhat later, the doctor told me why she had become a physician, I was very glad that I had refrained from making any inquiries of her.

"Have you, perhaps, wondered why I decided to be a doctor?" she asked me, unexpectedly, on the afternoon of the last day of my far too brief sojourn in her city. We

were returning from a call made upon a young woman who had come in from the country to visit a relative in the city in order that she might have, for a few weeks, the constant services of a physician, of which services she was much in need. The sweetness and the youth of the sick woman, as well as the fact that she had come from an isolated farm, brought so vividly to my mind the remembrance of another pioneer woman whom I had but shortly before met, that I had been led into telling the doctor about that other woman, and thence into speaking to her further concerning the lives of women on farms and ranches.

"I don't know which is greater," I had been saying, "the courage of those women, or the danger they are constantly in because of their isolation."

And then it was that the doctor asked me if I had wondered why she had decided to be a doctor.

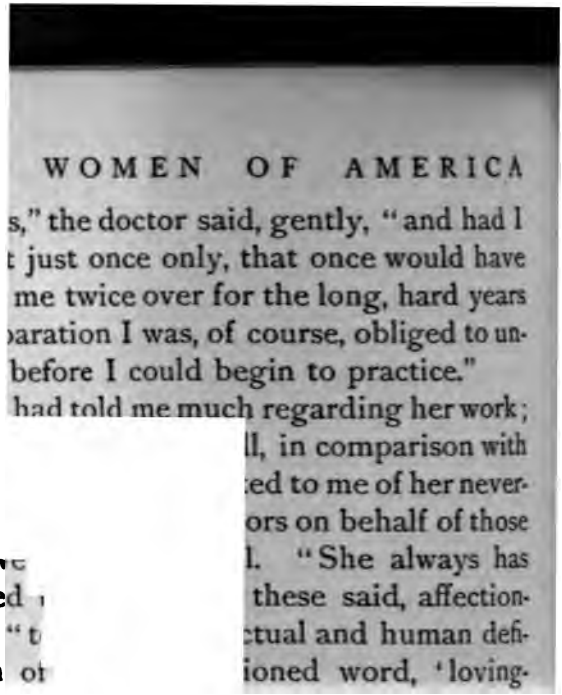
"Yes," I admitted, "I have."

"I might just as well have told you the day we met first," the doctor began, "but I am particularly glad to tell you now."

"I shall be glad to hear," I said, as my new friend paused.

"I lived on a farm during my childhood," she presently continued, "and my mother was just such a brave, sweet woman as that girl we have been to see; she was just like the women from farms and ranches you have been telling me about your meetings with on your travels this winter. When I was a half-grown girl, the only sister I ever had was born. She died when she was two days old; and less than a week afterward my mother died. If my mother could have had the medical attention she required at that time, she and her child might be living to-day. But we were poor, and far away from town. We did what we could, had what professional care we were able to get; but it wasn't enough. Nothing that I can ever do will make up to me for the loss of my mother, and for the lack of the happiness a sister would be to me. And before I was really grown up, I decided to become a doctor, in the hope that I might perhaps save the lives of other women and other little children."

"And you have," I exclaimed involuntarily, the memory of all that the other physician had told me concerning her work coming into my thoughts. "You have, many, many times!"



kindness.'"

Certain it is that to more—many more—than one person that doctor has been, in very truth, an embodiment of the beautiful word, which, though it may be old-fashioned, can never, while such women as she are in the world, become obsolete.

Nothing in connection with the women physicians whom I met in various parts of the United States appealed to me so strongly as the fact that, whatever else they might be engaged in doing, they were also, without exception, devoting a great deal of their time and skill to the aiding of persons who, lacking their help, might have lacked any help

whatsoever. Very often they rendered this service individually; but in some instances they offered it through institutions, conducted, and in several cases established, by themselves.

One of these charities I discovered, almost by chance, in the city of Washington. It was called the Woman's Clinic. Searching in the city directory for an address, I happened to see the name of the organization, and, impelled by a natural interest, I started without delay to go to it. It was a long distance from that part of Washington in which I was stopping; and, in spite of ample directions, I had some difficulty in finding it. Eventually, however, a little girl in its vicinity, to whom I turned for guidance, obligingly accompanied me to the very door of the institution, and, ringing the bell for me, said, leniently, "I s'pose you don't live 'round here; if you did, you'd know this is it!"

To my surprise, the building was a very small cottage. The bell was answered by a negro woman, who, when I had explained my errand, told me that the hour not being an office hour, none of the doctors were at that moment within the house, but that one of them would soon return, and that if I wished I might come in and wait for her.

the time the expected doctor did return, my terest in the Woman's Clinic had de- vel ed into a curiosity which longed to ask qu ions. "I hope you won't think me too inter ogative," I said, as the doctor—a woman wh vilege to meet—took me thr vards and consulting- rooms of ling, "but I should so like t you will tell me about the Clinic

"Ask a vish," replied the doc- tor, chee ll you as much as I can. I'll put up ptions while we talk."

She led the way along the narrow hall, into a small room, which was lined with shelves and cases of bottles and boxes. "It looks like a diminutive pharmacy," I commented when my companion inquired of me as to how it impressed me.

"Well, that's just what it is," she said, "though we call it the drug room. We put up our own prescriptions," explained the doctor.

"Why do you?" I found myself asking.

"It makes the necessary medicines less expensive for our patients," was the reply.

The patients, she added, were not only women, but also children, who required such care

as only a hospital could give, and who, but for the Clinic, would have suffered for the want of that care. "The wards we have are so small," she continued, "and we have so few facilities for hospital work, that we cannot take many cases into the house; but we do find it possible to help a good many during the course of our daily office hours."

In answer to my numerous questions, she went on to tell me that the Clinic had been established in the year 1890, in response to a public need which the founders of the institution felt to be really imperative; and that, small in size and in resources as it had been, almost two thousand persons had applied to it for treatment during the two years immediately following its organization. The physicians who composed its clinical staff, she told me, were women, all of whom contributed their services to the work. On its advisory board, she added, were several of the most widely known physicians in Washington.

"We do all we can, in the best way that we can," she concluded; "but it is a very minute part of what there is to do, and of what we could do, if only we had a larger house and more money. When I think of all the poor and suffering women that there are in Wash-

ington, and then think of how small a proportion of them we are able to relieve, I find it hard not to get discouraged. However, 'every little helps;' and perhaps in time this tiny little Woman's Clinic may grow into a great big women's hospital!"

"I hope it may," I observed.

"It is because I hope it may," the doctor said, "that I don't get discouraged."

It has been happily said that women, when they enter the legal profession, enter it as counselors rather than as combatants. One of my friends was narrating to me recently an incident relating to the professional life of a mutual acquaintance, a woman lawyer in Boston, the details of which incident might well have inspired such a statement.

"A man, an Italian, came to her," said my friend, "with a complaint against his landlord. They had had some quarrel; and the Italian had not only refused to pay his rent, but was determined to sue the landlord."

"Did she take the case?" I inquired, with interest, a vision of the lawyer, gentle, quiet-voiced, and sweet, appearing before my mind's eye.

"No," replied my friend, with a smile which was so evidently due to some recollection con-

nected with the matter, that I urged her to tell me all about it.

"Why didn't she?" I asked, encouragingly.

"Because she induced the Italian to abandon the idea of suing the landlord. She pointed out to him that such a procedure would be not only unnecessary but foolish. She persuaded him to pay his rent and to make peace with his landlord. He had another lawsuit pending; and she made him promise to give that up, too. Going to law on the slightest provocation had become a habit with him, she said—a habit which ought to be broken!"

My friend ceased for a few moments to enjoy the effect of this recital upon her hearer; and then she added: "She had him at her office, by appointment, an hour a day for a whole week—and she was particularly busy that week, too—and she talked to him about the conduct of life. In short, instead of taking up his case against his landlord, she gave him a week of lessons in right living."

The charm of this story led me to repeat it, the day after hearing it, to another lawyer of my acquaintance. He smiled, slowly, and, thinking to anticipate his expected comment upon it, I supplemented: "To be sure, she

might have done that even had she not been a lawyer."

"Yes," agreed the other member of the legal profession; "but the significant point is that she did it, being a lawyer!"

One of the most interesting happenings of my journey was concerned with a woman lawyer, whom I came to know in rather a unique manner. She lived in one of the large cities to which I went, and at the very time of my visit had charge of a case for the opposite side of which my host was counsel.

Observing to how great an extent the circumstance—mentioned casually one day—attracted my attention, my host talked to me considerably about the case in question; not, it must be confessed, with the entire approval of my hostess, whose conservative nature found something distasteful in the thought of a woman engaged as legal adviser in a lawsuit. "It doesn't seem womanly," she said.

"The lawsuit may not be," her husband agreed; "but I assure you that the lawyer in this particular instance is. She is a good lawyer, too; though she will lose her case."

The case, he explained, in response to my inquiry, had to do with a farm, located not far from the city, the title to which was be-

ing contested. "The people who are living in it claim it," elucidated my host further, "but they really have lost their right to the title. My opponent has their case."

"And you have the case of the other claimants?" I put in.

"Yes," said my host, not without a shade of regret in his tone, "I have; and they have all the case there really is. It is a pity, for though the farm is theirs by right, they don't need it; and the people who are living in it do."

As had been predicted, the woman lawyer was defeated. One evening, several days having elapsed since the receipt of this piece of sorry information, my host suddenly turned to my hostess and said, "What do you think that woman lawyer, of whom we have all been talking so much, has done since losing her case?"

"Tell us," invited my hostess.

"Well, the people to whom the farm belonged by right decided, as soon as their title to it was established, to sell it—"

"And the lawyer—" I interrupted.

"She got some rich woman she knows so sympathetically interested in the misfortunes of her client that the woman bought the farm

—it was cheap enough—and is allowing the people who have been living on it to continue to live on it—rent free."

There was a short silence; and then, half to herself, my hostess said: "I shall never again say that the law is a profession the practice of which tends to make a woman unwomanly!"

I was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of the woman lawyer before the end of my visit; and in one of the first of the several conversations I had with her I told her how peculiarly I had chanced to learn the various details regarding her recent case. "I have been very much absorbed in it," I admitted, "not only because of your part in it, but on account of the people to whom the farm was a home. I wondered what they would do if they lost the property."

"That was just what I wondered!" exclaimed the lawyer; "and, indeed, I still wonder what they would have done, if my kind and generous friend had been as financially unable as I was to come to their rescue."

Surely in the professional life of this woman, as well as in that of the lawyer who gave "lessons in right living," the determining motive is a desire "to guide and to guard."

Among the many women whom I met while engaged in my investigation, there was one whose work had seemed to me at the outset—at which time I chanced to hear of its intended scope and plan—to be almost too idealistic to be practicable. The organizer of the work proposed to elevate to the dignity of a profession certain kinds of labor which are ordinarily regarded as drudgery.

"How is she going to begin?" I asked the mutual acquaintance who had been telling me these things.

"She has begun," was the reply: "she has opened a lunch-room. She thinks that the proper preparation and the proper serving of food are as important and as scientific—as much a profession, in short, as any of the various other occupations that we are in the habit of calling professions."

"The question is," I said, as my companion waited for a reply, "will she be able to get a sufficient number of associates who can sympathize with that theory?"

"She expects to," my acquaintance returned. "I must admit," she added, "that the idea of the enterprise makes me think of Brook Farm."

As for the enterprise itself, it appeared to me also, as I gradually became acquainted with the several persons concerned in it, somewhat to resemble Brook Farm—in idea. But in actual daily practice it has proved to be not in the least like any of the pictures drawn for us of the interesting community in Roxbury. As its founder hoped to make, she has succeeded in making, an industrial organization in which even that labor commonly conceived to be menial, is regarded and performed in a professional spirit. She has accomplished this, moreover, with a remarkable lack of excitement and an even more remarkable lack of pose. Her lunch-room is—a lunch-room.

"Does there seem to you to be anything unusual about this place?" I recently asked a most practical friend whom I had invited to accompany me to the restaurant. I knew that she had no knowledge of the persons in control of the enterprise, and that her opinion relative to it was likely, therefore, to be quite without bias.

She glanced about the pleasant room. "It's an unusually nice place," she said, cordially. "It is unusually dainty, and pretty,

and comfortable. The food is unusually good, and served, with unusual care. Otherwise, there doesn't seem to me to be anything unusual about the place. Why do you ask?"

I hastened to explain to her why I asked. "Is it financially successful?" she inquired, when I had finished my account; and I was glad, indeed, to be able to assure her that, in spite of the fact that it had been begun with almost no capital, and had from the beginning met with somewhat formidable competition, it still had been so distinctly successful, financially, that its organizer had opened another establishment with a similar plan, though of a much more simple order, on a neighboring street; and that, in connection with the other organization, she conducted a bakery. I afterwards took to my friend a loaf of the bread from the bakery. "You don't think there's anything uncommon about it, do you?" I asked, eagerly.

"It's uncommonly good bread!" replied my practical friend.

My own interest in the purposes and hopes of the persons who had established these enterprises, which in ideal so instantly suggest Brook Farm, led me many times to the

rooms in which the experiments were being tried. I soon became acquainted with the various workers, and with much of the routine of their work. It was undeniably true that the majority of those persons, either knowingly or unconsciously, looked upon their work, whether it happened to be the choosing or the preparation of food, the superintending or the performing of manual labor, as work to be done, and done well, not alone for a monetary consideration, but also, and to an equal degree, for its own sake.

"How did you arouse this spirit in your employees?" I asked the director of the organizations.

"Very simply," she replied; "they couldn't help feeling, after a while, that their employers regarded work as a thing not entirely commercial; they couldn't help seeing that we thought our own work worth something, quite apart from its pecuniary value. They came to realize that we respected them as workers, and didn't merely think of them as conveniences; and so they naturally have come to think more highly of their work. That's all that we've aroused in them—a respect for their work. But," she added, "it is a respect for one's work which elevates that

work to the rank of a profession—a successfully practical profession, furthermore."

The significance of these words rests in the fact that the woman who spoke them has actually tested their soundness and practically proven their truth.

The success with which the entrance of American women into the professions has been attended is certainly, it would seem, a matter for hearty congratulation. These women have, as even the most conservative will grant, reflected honor upon the professions which they have chosen, and in the practising of those professions have, as even the keenest will admit, in no wise injured or distorted their own womanhood.

Only a short time ago I was discussing these matters with a man of many years' high standing in the professional world.

"American women have unquestionably been singularly successful in the professions," he remarked, "and justifiably so, I think."

"Why have they been, should you say?" I asked. "Because they have become professional?"

My old friend mused for a brief interval, and then he said:

"No; it's because they have remained womanly."

A somewhat radical woman to whom I quoted this observation so disconcerted me by expressing to me her opinion that professional women themselves would be little inclined to concur in it, that, not without hesitation, I submitted it to several such women whom I knew. With a single exception, they all agreed with it. One woman disagreed, but her disagreement was not very disturbing.

"Women have succeeded in professional life," she affirmed, "because they have become professional *and* remained womanly."

And, in a final analysis, does not this two-fold reason seem, beyond a doubt, to be the true reason for the steady advancement of American women in the professions?

THE SOCIAL IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

XIV

THE SOCIAL IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

THE day before I left New York to begin my investigation, it chanced curiously that one of my friends, who has traveled many times not only over the entire United States, but also through England and the Continent, felt impelled—though she was not yet aware of the subject of my investigation—to express to me at considerable length, and in the most strikingly interesting manner, some of the results of her own observations of the women of America. "In most particulars," she said, finally, "American women, irrespective of the sections of the country in which they severally live, are, broadly speaking, very much alike."

"In that they are all Americans," I remarked, as she paused.

"Precisely," agreed my friend, soberly.

" And they do most things, and think about most things, and feel about most things, after a similar—an American—fashion. Their philanthropic enterprises differ very little, their educational theories are almost exactly identical; even their conceptions of civic responsibility are intrinsically the same. And in more personal matters—things connected with the home—they are almost exactly alike in their ideals. But there is one thing about which they do differ, and differ fundamentally," she continued; " and that is, the definition of the word ' society.' Social conventions in various parts of America may be more or less similar, but social ideals are heterogeneous." My friend mused for a moment; and then she looked up at me, and said, half-interrogatively, half-affirmatively, and by way of conclusion to her long dissertation : " Do you know what I mean ?"

I was obliged, I recollect, to admit that I did not altogether know what my friend meant. " Your phrases are so Emersonian!" I pleaded in self-extenuation.

" Well," she said, meditatively, " my meaning isn't abstruse at all. It is simply this: that women in America, instead of having one social standard, common to the entire

country, have several social standards common respectively to the several main divisions of the country—"

"You mean," I replied, forestalling her expected question, "that social life in Virginia, for instance, has one basis, and social life in New York another?"

"Exactly," was the satisfied comment of my friend. "And," she added, "social life in Iowa, another."

As I journeyed over the United States, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, visiting cities and towns and villages in very nearly all parts of the country, my friend's words recurred to me very frequently; and, as my experiences in connection with social conditions in various sections of America increased, by so much less did those words seem to me to be, as at first they had appeared, expressive of an extreme opinion. As had been intimated, in nothing did American women show themselves to be so widely and radically dissimilar as in the standards according to which they made and fixed conditions governing social intercourse. Diverse as customary outward observances might be, they still differed one from the other in lesser

degree than the principles, or, more accurately, the impulses, underlying them.

In the cities of the Middle West, for instance, society—using the word in its narrower sense—is, as it is not in any other section of America, utterly democratic. One of the most gracious and charming women whom I met during my travels was a Western woman who had been described to me as one of the "leading society women" in her city, and who proved to be unquestionably representative of the most influential type of womanhood, not only in the town in which she lived, but also in the State, which numbers that town among its several large and prosperous cities.

My letter of introduction to her requested that she aid me in obtaining a right view of the philanthropic activities of the community, activities of which she was, as I soon realized, one of the chief inspirations. The assistance she gave me in the direction suggested was by no means small; but, large though it was, it still scarcely equaled the help she rendered me in the acquiring of what seemed to be an indisputably true impression of the social life of her city as it has been established and maintained by the wo-

men of that city. It was a society in which superficial distinctions developed no differences and minor differences raised no barriers.

In the intervals of my hours of premeditated investigation, I went frequently to the house of my new acquaintance, and there met many of the other women of her social circle—whom she invited me to meet, as I at once discovered, entirely for the reason that they were her friends, and not in the most minute degree because she felt that they might interest me as an observer. But so keenly did they interest me—in their relationships each with the others, in their likenesses and their diversities, and in the seeming contradiction of their wide understanding and narrow experience—that almost involuntarily I found myself asking my hostess to talk to me about her own social environment rather than about abstract sociology in its bearings upon problems touching the philanthropic enterprises with which she was concerned.

"Your acquaintances are so pronouncedly individual," I said; "their modes of living, judging from what they have told me and from what I have seen, are so very un-

like; and yet there is such undoubted and marked sympathy between them. In an Eastern city they would, in most instances, be strangers to each other; here they are friends."

My hostess mused for several moments. "Why would they be strangers?" she inquired, thoughtfully.

"Because they differ so decidedly in their occupations and in the circumstances of their daily lives," I replied.

"But," was the immediate answer, "differences of that kind mean very little out here. They are a mere matter of accident; there is nothing fundamental about them. You see," she went on, "we are so new! This city is still in its infancy. My father was one of its first settlers; I remember clearly its early days, when its houses might have been counted on the fingers of one hand. Those first settlers, those pioneers, were very *much* alike in 'their occupations and in the circumstances of their daily lives.' They came here to make a new town, and their [illegible] effort was bent toward that end. Every [illegible], every hope, was a common danger, [illegible] hope; every success was mutually [illegible] every disaster mutually disastrous.

So you see," she added, with a smile, "the children of those pioneers, among whom are most of the people whom you have met here, have a very firm basis for friendship. In the very nature of things, we *couldn't* be strangers. Our ways of living are different," she continued reflectively; "but *we* are very similar. We are so new," she repeated, "we haven't had time to grow radically different! We haven't had a chance to become 'better strangers.'"

"Is it a question of time?" I asked.

"I think it is more a question of opportunity," my informant answered. "Our fathers and mothers had identical opportunities; our opportunities have varied very little; but the opportunities of our children differ very greatly."

"And the difference will make them less democratic?" I queried, doubtfully.

"Who can tell?" exclaimed my hostess. "It certainly will make social intercourse in this city more complicated." She considered for an instant; and then, anticipating the request for an explanation which I was on the point of making, she said: "Our children are adrift, as it were. They inherit no traditions; in a way, they are pioneers too;

they must make their own standards. And with such various opportunities for development, it is inconceivable that they will make only one standard, or that their several standards will be in accord. If they inherit any tradition at all, it is a belief in the utter rightness of disregarding every tradition for which something better—and fresher—may be substituted!"

"But why do your children's opportunities vary so much more than yours, or than those of your parents?" I asked, in some perplexity.

"Because our community has grown," came the prompt reply; and, as it has grown, it has naturally become more complex. Our parents were engrossed in making the town; they had practically no outside interests. And we were brought up almost entirely within the limits of the town—the mental as well as the geographical limits. We haven't any outside interests, unless the widening interests of our children may be called ours. But with our children things are different. We have been seized with a desire to give them the things we lacked. Those of us who could afford it have sent them to Eastern schools and colleges, and even to Europe, in

order to secure for them the educational advantages that we did not enjoy—"

"Why didn't you?" I interposed.

"Partly because our fathers and mothers had not the necessary money," was the reply —as I had, indeed, expected it would be; "but chiefly, after all, because they were without the needful impulse. They were absorbed in making the city," reiterated my hostess.

"And therefore," I ventured, reverting to the beginning of our conversation, "the social life of the women of this city is democratic because the women who comprise that society grew to womanhood within its limits —geographical as well as mental?"

To my surprise, my new acquaintance, so far from rejecting this theory, received it with the greatest warmth. "Certainly," she agreed with emphasis; "they are like the members of one big household, diverse in small matters, but completely sympathetic in larger matters—simply because those larger matters have always been common to them all."

"And your children will change this ideal condition of things?" I suggested.

"How otherwise?" my hostess demanded.

"Their principal interests already diverge—"

"Simply because their opportunities have varied," I commented.

"Yes; almost entirely for that reason," said my hostess. "For instance, my daughter is in Germany, studying music, and a daughter of my closest friend in the city is in a business college studying bookkeeping. The two girls were playmates in their childhood, but they are not intimate now. My daughter has found friends—chiefly among other students of music—who are more congenial to her; and my friend's daughter has made friendships — principally with other members of her college—which mean more to her."

"And you think those circumstances will make social intercourse in this city less simple?" I asked.

"Why, of course," was the instant reply. "The two girls, when they reach womanhood, will find themselves against different backgrounds, so to speak, and facing different foregrounds. Instead of seeking each other, they will instinctively turn to persons who, respectively, have backgrounds and foregrounds like their own! And they are only two, of hundreds of girls in the city

whose mothers are friends, in all the finest meaning of the word, but who themselves will be, eventually, scarcely more than acquaintances. We have one social circle here now because the vital interests of the women of the city are the same; our daughters will form several social groups because their vital interests will be different."

This prospect I was disposed to regard as retrogressive and narrow, but my hostess, when I made these attacks upon it, came without hesitancy to its defense.

"Oh, I grant," she said, "that our daughters will be narrow—but so are we narrow! Only we are all alike in our narrowness; and they'll all be different in theirs!" She smiled and then she went on: "As for being retrogression, why, it's the next step of progress! And what else, I beg of you, could possibly happen? I admit," she added, "that my daughter, for instance, may develop into rather a snob, disdainful of vital interests that are not her own. I'm afraid that's an inevitable ill, which will show itself in the daughters of most of us here. But I am hoping that my great-great-granddaughter may, perhaps, be as genuinely a democratic woman as my mother is!"

"Or as you are," I added.

"Oh," exclaimed my hostess, "more so than I am! My democracy is a sort of reflection; my mother's is the thing reflected."

The subject had its fascination for her as well as for me. And for some moments longer she discoursed upon it. Then, with a sense of lingering finality, she said: "But you are not mistaken in thinking us socially democratic. We are! Only it isn't any particular glory to us. What else could we be, under the circumstances? Democracy, after all, is a question of likeness. Fundamentally, we are all alike, and we know it. Our daughters are, of course, essentially all alike, too; but they *don't* know it, and probably never will. Now, I am hoping our great-great-granddaughters may."

"You are hoping, then, that social life in your city may some day be able to be at once complex and democratic?" I remarked.

"Yes," said my hostess, fervently.

The more I observed of the social relationships existing between women, not only in the particular city regarding the social ideals of which that one of its "leading society women" told me so much, but in various other cities in the Middle West, the more distinctly

I saw that for the very reason that "society" was not complex was it so democratic; that precisely because it was so narrow was it inclusive. Like members of a large family, its members were each lenient with regard to even the most pronounced eccentricities and iudividualisms of the others, because like members of one family, they were united by a very definite common bond; but with respect to the slightest idiosyncrasy of a person not of them, they were peculiarly uncomprehending and intolerant.

Earlier visits to Western cities had shown me that its social life did not rest upon a monetary basis, and that in so far as it was influenced at all by the financial standing of its members it was affected, not by differences in the amounts of money possessed by those members, but by differences in the conceptions held by them concerning the uses to which their money should be put. That use is often a beautifully generous and unselfish one; very nearly always it is lavish and invariably, perhaps, it is an ungrudging one. Frugality, unless it be a necessary frugality, is not likely to meet with sympathy in a Western community.

I remember an Eastern woman whom I

met several years ago in a Western city to which she had but shortly before come to live; with even more clearness do I recall the perplexity with which she was regarded by the women to whom that city had always been a home. In apparent contradiction to the size of her house, and to the unmistakably fine though unobtrusive quality of its appointments, she employed no household servants —the simplicity of even the most elaborate manner of life in the place making this easily practicable. Assisted by her two daughters, she took upon herself the entire care of her home. The curiosity which this domestic arrangement aroused in the minds of many of her acquaintances in the town finally became uncontrollable in the case of one of these; and, in an impulsive moment, she asked the Eastern woman why, when she so obviously might have several servants, she had none.

"I told her that I wished my daughters to learn domestic science," said the Easterner, in response to the inquiries which I, on my part, made when she recounted the incident to me. "I explained that if I were obliged to devote myself to training such servants as I could get here I should have no time left in

which to train my daughters. I said that since there is no school here in which domestic science is taught, I must teach them—"

"Well?" I put in, as she paused.

"Well—I am afraid she didn't understand, even after all that explanation!"

That the questioner had not understood, I well remember. "She doesn't keep any servants" was her comment one day upon the woman from the East.

"Neither do others of your friends and acquaintances," I said.

"But they *would*, if they could afford to," was the prompt answer. "She can afford to —but she doesn't!"

"Do you know why?" I queried.

"Oh, yes," came the reply; "but I can't *see* why! I could understand her doing without them if she needed to, but she *doesn't* need to!"

That this was a literally exact statement of the case there can be but little doubt.

In another Western city I chanced to attend two meetings of a purely social club composed of women, which club met in turns at the homes of its respective members. The meeting, on the one occasion, took place at the house of a woman whose financial re-

sources were exceptionally large. Her house was as ornately beautiful as money had been able to make it; and there was a lavishness about the details of its hospitality which also gave evidence of somewhat unlimited expendit[illegible] The servants were much more numero[illegible]ney would have been, under simila[illegible]ances, in an Eastern city; the refi[illegible] were infinitely more elaborate. T[illegible] were decorated with rare and cos[illegible], and the apparel of the hostess [illegible] sumptuous.

On the othe[illegible]n the meeting of the club was held at the home of another member, whose little house was so very tiny that had the association not been a small one it could scarcely have been entertained within her walls. This member was without even one servant; the simple refreshments she offered she had herself prepared; the pretty but simple gown she wore she had made—and that at small expense—with her own hands. The flowers with which her rooms were adorned were the geraniums and hyacinths which her little daughter had cultivated.

The wide difference, with respect to accessories, between those two gatherings was ex-

tremely interesting, but it was, after all, less significant than the fact that, excepting with regard to accessories, there was absolutely no contrast whatsoever between the two meetings. They were in all other particulars exactly alike. As had been suggested to me, the reason, no doubt, was that the women of the club were, in essential matters, alike, however much their worldly possessions might differ.

There was not, as sometimes in Eastern cities, under similar circumstances, there is, an effort to make that difference less obvious. The woman with the larger income did not endeavor to conceal her wealth; more interesting still, the woman with the smaller income made no attempt to hide her pecuniary limitations. She did not, for instance, as occasionally happens under similar conditions in cities in the East, avail herself of a servant for the one afternoon; nor in any other minutest particular alter her usual mode of living. Neither consciously nor involuntarily did she take into consideration the differences between herself and her guests; because she knew, and they knew, that those differences were superficial and accidental; and still too new—to borrow the phrase I

heard so often—to have differentiated the basic elements of their lives.

A "society woman" in New York to whom I had been telling something of these phases of my experiences last winter in the Middle West said reflectively, by way of comment: "We are old enough in New York to have had differences in our bank accounts make differences in our social standings! But," she hastened to add, "*we* are socially democratic too. I am not sure that we are not quite as much so as the women of the Middle West. We, also, are held together by common interests. I admit," she went on, "but those interests have a financial foundation. But as your friend in the West said, 'How otherwise?' It is because we live in a similar fashion that we are congenial; it is because we have had similar incomes that we have been enabled to live in a similar fashion. It isn't money that binds us together; it is the result of the use to which we have put that money. You know how difficult it is for people who have suddenly become rich to effect an entrance into the highest social life in New York. They may have as much money as the people of that society, but they lack the interests which those people have devel-

oped through the use of money." She smiled slowly. "Their money is so new!" she exclaimed; and then, more seriously, she continued, "Perhaps there isn't any fundamental difference between us; but, as your Western friend said about the young girls of her city, we cannot quite feel that there isn't. After all, the oldest of us in America are still rather new! We are as democratic, doubtless, as we have had time to become. But we are not nearly so democratic, even as a nation, as we shall be when we are older. And in New York, even in their highest social life, are women very different yet from those youthful Western daughters? have they quite passed the rather snobbish period? are they not still a little disdainful of vital interests not their own?"

The basis upon which society—still using the word in its narrower sense—rests in the South is a subject regarding which even Southerners themselves are not always in entire agreement in their several opinions and theories. The reason for this may be the fact that social ideals in the South are at present in a state of transition and readjustment. At the time of the Civil War, even the women of the South who had been farth-

est apart were brought closely together by a cause that canceled very nearly all the differences which, without doubt, in more than one instance, existed between them. After the war, a common sorrow preserved the bond; a sorrow so strong and so terrible that it has held th and the granddaughters of thos gether, too. At the present day s between Southern women, sir they are Southern women — the words imply — a sympathy d extent of which it would be rpass—the sympathy of common memories. The question would seem to be, as to whether it is a sympathy upon which an enduring social life may be built.

Because it is not so much the past to which Southern women, living in the South to-day, must look, as it is to the present, and to the future. For the very reason that they love the South, they must persuade themselves to turn their thoughts from its former days to its approaching days, and induce their memories to yield to their hopes. It may be that in the necessity for this mutual self-surrender is to be found that common ground from which the social ideals of the

men, as well as the women, of the New South shall spring.

Not alone to the woman living in the city, whether in the East, the West, or the South, but also to the woman whose home is situated in a small town or a village, does the problem concerned with the rules which shall govern social relationship present itself—for consideration, if not for solution. Social intercourse is, perhaps, more important to the woman of the smaller community than to the woman of the city, because the city offers to its inmates, by mere virtue of its great size and multifarious elements, opportunities for development quite aside from the opportunities which are to be found in what is colloquially called society; opportunities, furthermore, which the village can never, to any marked degree, give to its inhabitants.

The social life of women in small towns in all sections of the United States shows, in its organization, in its maintenance, and in its line of growth, a very distinct reflection of the religious life of the women of those villages. It would seem, indeed, that to the degree to which the woman of a small town is actively allied with the work of the

church to which she belongs in that town, to that same degree does she become a member of its society.

The social impulse of the village receives its first encouragement from the church, for the reason that it is in the church that the people of the town are first drawn together by a comm[illegible]nd desire. In that coming tog[illegible] their social life; out of that co[illegible]r grows their social ideal—an ic[illegible] only recognizes that a common[illegible]h may be a basis for social org[illegible] holds that nothing else can be[illegible]sis.

It almos[illegible] is true of a village that it contains as many social groups as it contains religious bodies. Each church has its own established society; indeed, each church is, of itself, an established society, and no person can become a member of that society without becoming first a member of that church. There can be no question that the barrier suggested rests, not in a narrowness of mind, but in a difference of mind, if one may be permitted the phrase. And though people may often be able to agree to differ, they seldom are able to find in such an agree-

ment any specially tenable ground for any very real sympathy.

Furthermore, very nearly all the customs and usages of the various social circles in a village are intimately related to the several churches of the village; for it is in the interest of its church that each group, in the initial instance, is impelled to meet, not only in the church for its own good, but also, for the benefit of the church, in other places. Not alone in spiritual things are the members of each church in unison, but also in a most definite and detailed kind of effort for the well-being of their organization. Each church, however small, has its own daily problems and its own daily duties; in the very nature of the case, to the members of that church is attached the responsibility of solving those problems and performing those duties. And in the assuming of that responsibility those members are brought together with a nearness which would seem to be impossible upon any other ground.

Only the other day I said to a woman whose home has always been in a village—and a woman, it should be said, not without breadth and cultivation of mind—"Your next-door neighbor has a singularly attract-

ive face. Is she as lovely as she looks?"

"hy, yes, I have no doubt she is," replied my friend. I don't know her very well myself. We go to different churches."

"But she lives so near you!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said my friend, musingly, "she does; but he same things. And so, though her like to know her better, and bility she'd be willing to know m loesn't happen. We are both s we aren't busy about the same

"Things with your churches?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer, "and with the other people of our churches."

A clergyman to whom I repeated this conversation made a comment upon it which seemed to me to take account of its significance with peculiar accuracy and entireness.

"Don't you think?" I asked, as I finished relating the incident, "that if, in the small town, we might achieve social union, we should, in the process, achieve church union, too?"

"No," returned the clergyman. "But I do most earnestly think that if we could achieve church union, we should, as a result

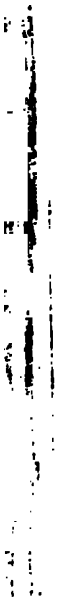
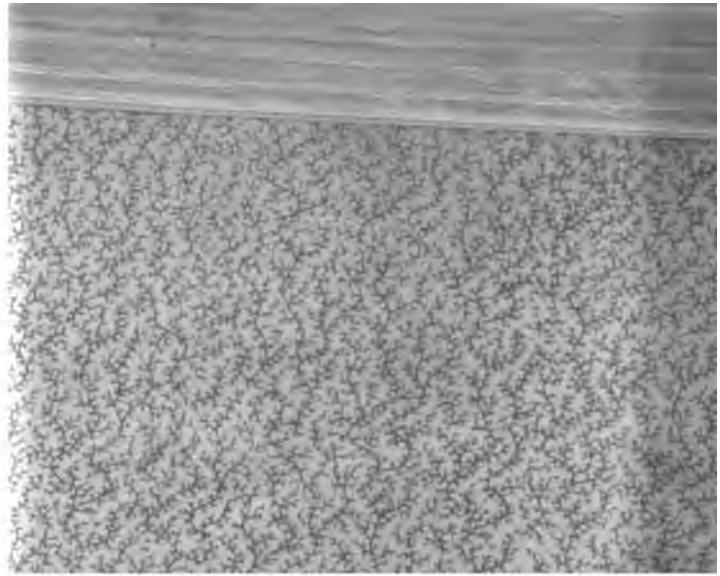
of the process, achieve social union, too. Church union must come first," he added.

It would seem that, in the village, church union must; certainly so far—and the extent implied is great—as women are concerned. Even the woman's club of a small town, with all its kindred interests and common aims, does not, to any very large degree, alter the social relationships of the women of the town.

One of my friends who, until a few months ago, when she went to live in a village, had lived almost entirely in cities, was writing to me recently about her new environment. "I already know all the women in town," she wrote, "for I belong to the Woman's Club, to the Woman's City Improvement Society, and to the Ladies' Guild of my church, and every woman in the place belongs to one, at least, of the three. But the women I know best are the members of the Guild. *All* the women I have met have been *friendly* to me, but the women in the Guild have been really *sisterly!*"

There can be but little doubt that however heterogeneous—to use my friend's adjective—the social ideals of American women at the present time may be, those ideals are more

homogeneous than they were a generation ago; for women in America are more democratic—or, as my acquaintance of the city in the Middle West would say, more alike—than they were a generation ago. American women of to-day have a greater number of mutual interests than were possessed by the American women of yesterday; and those interests are not only wider, but also they are more objective, than the interests of the women of the former time.

That keen sense of personal responsibility for the general good which is almost invariably to be found in women of the present day in America, not only in cities, but also, to an increasing extent, in small towns and villages, is, in itself, one of the most salient marks of distinction between the women of to-day in our country and the women of yesterday. And great though its effect has been upon the civic ideals of the American people, larger still has been its influence upon their social ideals. The necessity for organization in the interests of that civic duty which American women of to-day feel that they must perform has united, and, in continually increasing measure, is uniting, those women, as only concerted effort toward an

altruistic end can unite women. It is teaching them to see more and more clearly that between the citizens of a country established upon democratic principles even the widest differences are narrow. It is making them know, that, however they may vary superficially, fundamentally they are alike; because, whatever else they may be or may not be, they still are all Americans.